Collier's

IOLA, KANSAS

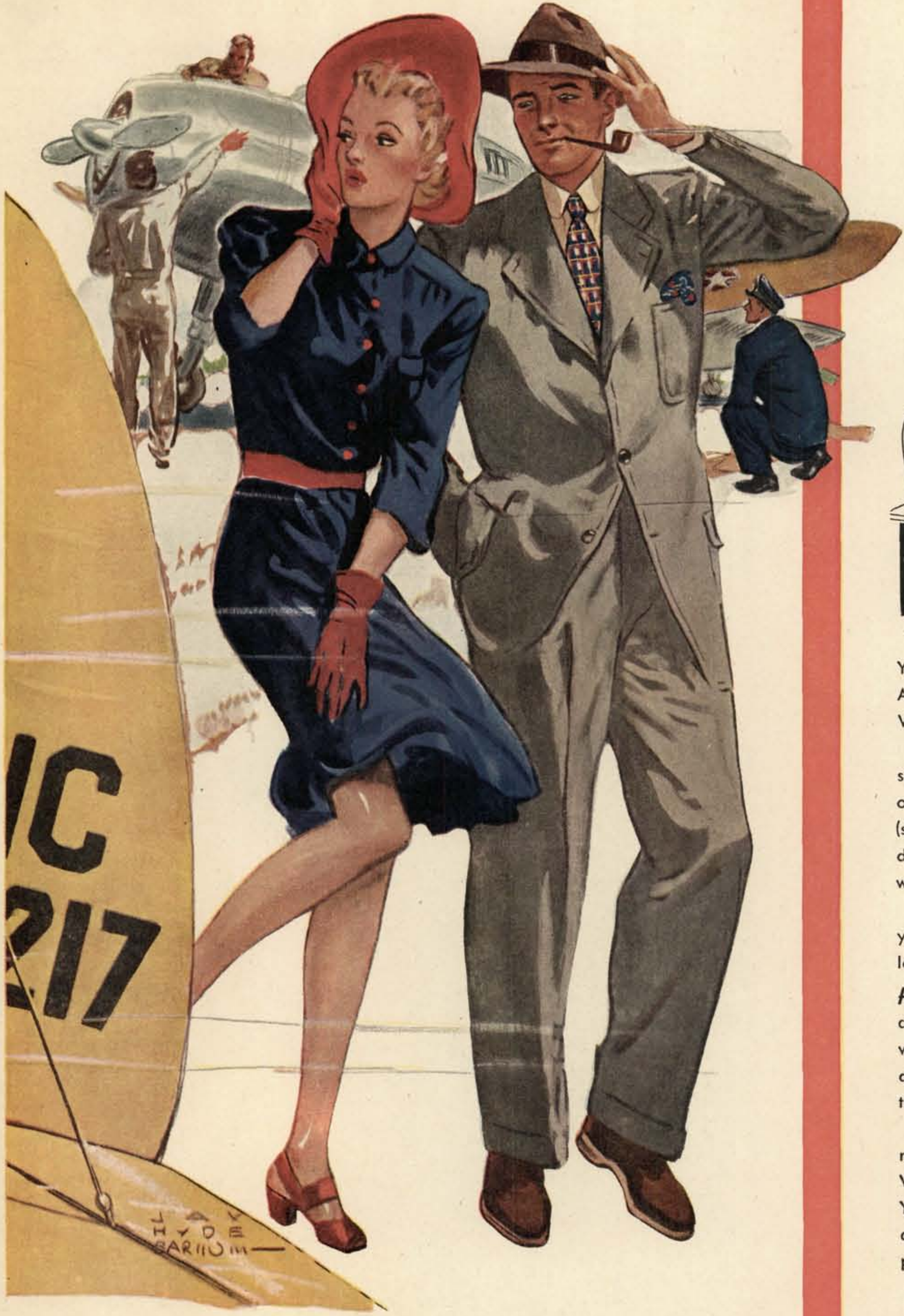
MAY 30, 1942 TEN CENTS

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Deep in the Heart . . . By Quen s

J H HENDERSON
417 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS
C
71499
C
RG
21 AU43

been short-suited, partner?



You're plenty vulnerable when you buy a suit today. And it makes no difference whether you're East, West, North, or South.

Be careful, therefore, in making your clothing selections this season. If you're not you may lose out in tricks such as poor fit, short, skimpy coats (similar to the one the chap above is wearing), indifferent workmanship, and inferior materials that won't wear or hold their shape.

The moral is obvious: look for a label you know you can trust. The label that never has let you down, and never will.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES will always adhere to high standards. They are all-wool. They are made by craftsmen to whom the cardinal sin is bad workmanship. As always, they have the style, the quality, the value you want in a suit.

In order to maintain these virtues we've had to raise prices slightly. But we haven't bidded 'em up! Visit your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer, and see. You'll find it a nice, comfortable feeling to browse around in a store where Quality is still king...yet prices are still moderate!

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

NOW MORE THAN EVER
A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
BUT A BIG THING TO FIND

Dixie Weave Suits

... by Hart Schaffner & Marx are the most comfortable and the smartest summer suits made. • Tailored of a zephyr-light, all-wool fabric, they are porous and cool ... actually let your body breathe. • Because Dixies are needled by experts who know how to tailor year 'round garments, these superb suits will look well *all summer long* ... and will hold their shape and their style no matter how high the thermometer goes! • A summer suit is a necessity today ... and Dixie Weave is the top ranking summer suit in the field! • Be sure and ask for it by name!

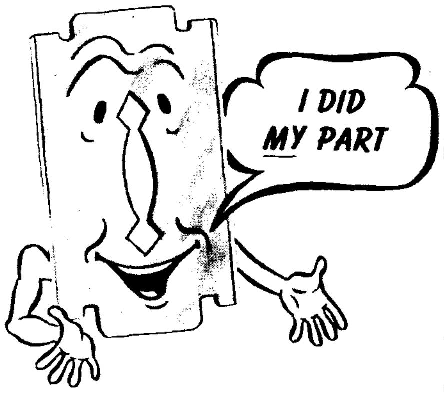
Agfa Ansco

PLENACHROME FILM

MADE IN U.S.A.

Isn't this a picture you wish you had in your family album? A swell picture of a swell kid! So sharp you can almost feel the texture of his corduroy pants! It was taken on Agfa Ansco Film—the *only* film guaranteed: *"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"*

For detail, clarity, and sparkle in *your* outdoor snapshots, try Agfa Ansco Plenachrome. Its extra margin of quality minimizes certain exposure errors anyone can make. Try it this week! Look for the orange-and-blue box. Your guarantee bond comes with every roll. ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, New York. 100 years of Service to American Photography.***



DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

If you get poor shaves too often . . . if your beard doesn't always "come clean", or your face feels raw and tender and irritated, don't be too quick to blame your blade. Blades today are really well made. It might be simply a matter of getting the right cream for your face, so

Change your cream. Try Listerine Shaving Cream *with the same blade you were complaining about!* No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. *That's* how sure we are that this *different* shaving cream will delight you!

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
Brushless and Lather

BIG NEWS
This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."
Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH
STILL -Only 23¢

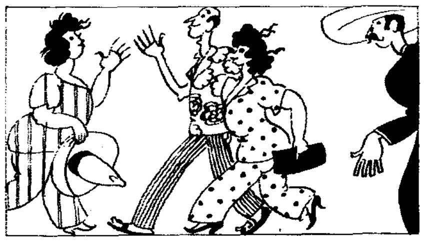
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

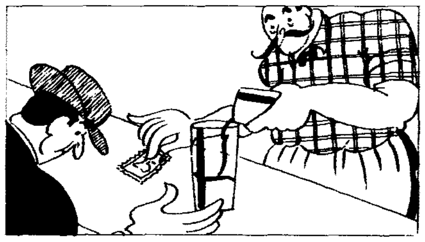
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Edit
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

ANY WEEK

A FRIEND of ours who is now in what he calls the International Black Market Racket asks us not to be bitter in our estimate of Pierre Laval. Our friend isn't talking without a certain right. He used to be a Parisian journalist and told us once that French newspapermen were not, as often alleged, the most venal of men. "With perhaps three exceptions, the French politician is the daddy of all slick mercenaries. After all," says our friend, "Laval is merely demonstrating what a politician will do for a job. It wouldn't have made any difference to Pierre what nation had conquered France; he'd have sold out to anyone it might have been. When it becomes clear to Laval that Germany can't win, watch him. He'll cross up Hitler so fast, still hopeful of getting a nice political job out of it, that he will again become democracy's hero. Remember all the nice things you American journalists said about him when he was boss of the French government and visited President Hoover? You called him the symbol of democracy and America lionized him. Now that he's merely stooping to a stretch of traitorism to get back into office you're sore. But wait. Pierre will be back on our side and we will love him again as a symbol of democracy. So don't be too hard on Pierre. I talked to him just after he returned to France from his American junket and he said that for the politician, America was the land of opportunity. If Tammany Hall had Pierre it would still be running New York—and how."



AND from Mr. Jorge Campollo, of Mexico City, we have an appeal to the American people to be a little more careful of their personal appearance. Mexico is doing her official best to love the gringo government, says Mr. Campollo. She is sincere in her democracy and determined in her war upon the totalitarian. "But from the depths of a heart stricken with apprehension," writes Mr. Campollo, "will you please refuse travel papers to the otherwise beautiful and doubtless righteous American ladies who walk our streets and roam our roads in slacks and pajamas? Here in the capital of your sister republic we say nothing and yet we cannot close our eyes. At a meeting of our citizens but a few days ago, orators were arousing in us a strong sentiment of fondness for you and your people, and success was about to descend upon our efforts. Instead, there descended upon us a large troupe of American tourists—the ladies in slacks and pajamas, wide of hip, large of bosom and of an age when one contemplates many years since the slimness and grace of youth. With these ample ladies in slacks and pajamas came their American gentlemen—most of them unshaven, in undershirts, in loose, hugely flowered print shirts like the coats of pajamas, to say nothing of sandals on the bare feet. Thus clad they enter our restaurants, our churches, our museums. The economic importance of the American tourist to Mexico is, like the tourists, huge. We try to be civil, hospitable. But if nothing can be done about the sagging informality of the American tourist cannot we at least limit the slacks and the pajamas to women of, say, less than the age of forty-five, or the weight of one hundred and fifty pounds?"



FROM Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock of Tampa, Florida, we learn something that we're hastening to pass on to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. As we understand it, Mr. Morgenthau hopes to sell his War Bonds with dignity. Consequently he's not selling as many as he'd like. But there's a Spanish restaurant and bar in Tampa managed by a man who knows what it takes. He is advertising and his waiters are plugging a drink they call Slapajap. One of the many desirable things about Slapajap is that it costs you nothing. You order one, the barkeep pours colorless liquids from four bottles, adds ice and shakes wildly for a full minute. You put down two bits, get your drink and twenty-five cents in war stamps. When you've tossed off the Slapajap you discover that you've had a nice long drink of cold water. But you've also got the war stamp.

WE'RE a bit more confused, however, by what Mr. Sammel Kullopp of Fort Smith, Arkansas, has to say. We can't set it all down here but give you a sample. Mr. Kullopp's objective is to make us all more conscious of our past mistakes, and therefore, less liable to repeating them in the future. It's

(Continued on page 55)

THIS WEEI

MAY 30, 1942

SHORT STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
Lucky in Love. Without confidenc even a great love can go awry. Page 1

STANLEY F. DONATH
Sergeant Daru Settles an Accoun With himself rather than his enem Page 1

ERSKINE CALDWELL
Day Off. It's fortunate for everyon —especially Pa—that Ma vacatior infrequently. Page 1

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Turkey-Neck Pitcher, by Arthı Mann. Page 6

SERIAL STORIES

JAMES ALDRIDGE
Flight to the Sun. The second of te parts. Page 9

VEREEN BELL
Trial by Marriage. The sixth of seve parts. Page 9

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Deep in the Heart . . . The trut about our national "indifference" t the war effort. Page 1

ROBERT THOMPSON
New Northwest Passage. Buildin America's Alaskan life line. Page 1

DENVER LINDLEY
Air Line to Everywhere. The U. Army's Ferrying Command: pride c an air-minded people. Page 1

L. O. BRACKEEN
More Meat per Acre. The secret c bigger and better fish. Page 2

GEORGE MORRIS
The Pride of Possum Hollow. Albe Gore had to work his way—nc hitchhike—to the National Congres Page 2

DAN PARKER
Durable Dai. The training magic c David Dollings, patriarch of pugil ism. Page 4

OUR FIGHTING MEN. Page 5

GEORGE CREEL
Mexico's Charlie Chaplin. Ma Moreno, the Spanish-speakin world's brilliant young harlequin. Page 6

●

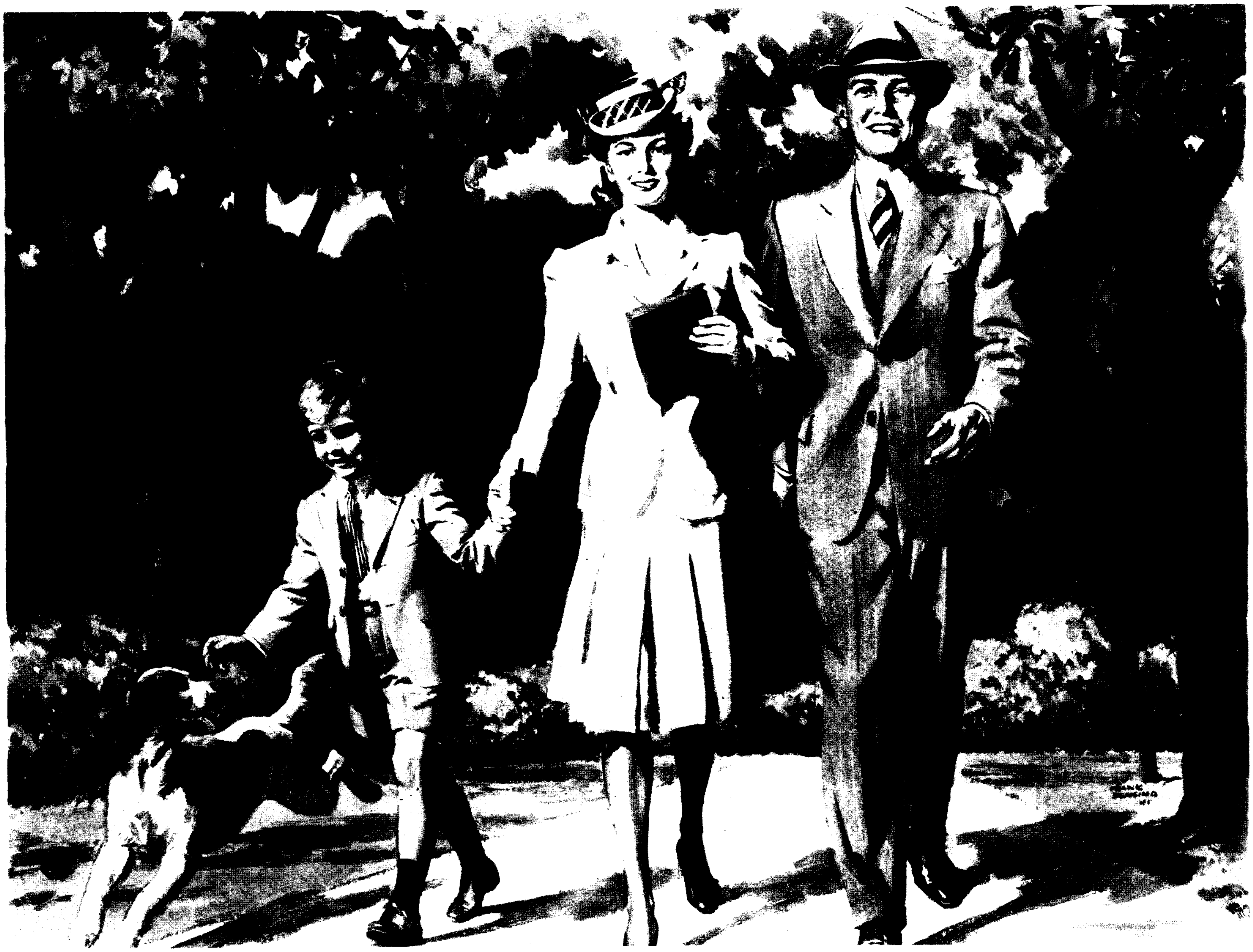
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page

WING TALK. Page

EDITORIALS
Editorial Communiqué.
Thumbs Down on John L.
War Bonds as Investments. Page 7

COVER W. EUGENE SMIT

Vol. 109, No. 22. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



Fit as a fiddle?

Few of us keep in good physical condition automatically. We must be willing to work for it. When we do keep "fit as a fiddle" our daily job becomes easier—our whole outlook on life is more cheerful and optimistic.

In a program for keeping fit, the following are all important:

1. ***Sufficient sleep and rest.*** Most adults need eight hours of sleep daily, children considerably more.
2. ***Recreation***—a complete change from the daily work for both mind and body. Get yourself a hobby! "When play stops, old age begins."
3. ***The right food***—in the right quantities, eaten leisurely in pleasant surroundings, at regular hours. *Over*-eating and *rapid* eating may be worse than too little food or the wrong kind of food.
4. ***Exercise—regular exercise.*** If periodic medical examinations show us to be physically sound, we are never too old to take some form of exercise.

Some of the troubles which we may avoid by observing these simple rules are: a general feeling of fatigue and poor health . . . poor digestion . . . constipation . . . insomnia . . . sluggish thinking . . . sickly appearance.

One of the steps toward fitness which you can take immediately is to get *sufficient exercise*. Perhaps you have a favorite game which gives you regular exercise. If not, *walking* is an ideal exercise, especially for adults. A brisk walk "wakes up" the circulation, stimulates the lungs to greater activity, and helps tone up a surprisingly large number of the body's muscles.

Walk at a vigorous pace! Try to get some walking into your daily routine. You'll enjoy it more if you have a definite objective: walk to work, to the store, to the station. If you are a desk worker, moderate exercise such as walking will help you *relax* after a confining day's work.

Metropolitan will send you a free booklet which contains additional information about keeping fit. Ask for "Health, Happiness and Long Life."

COPYRIGHT 1942—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

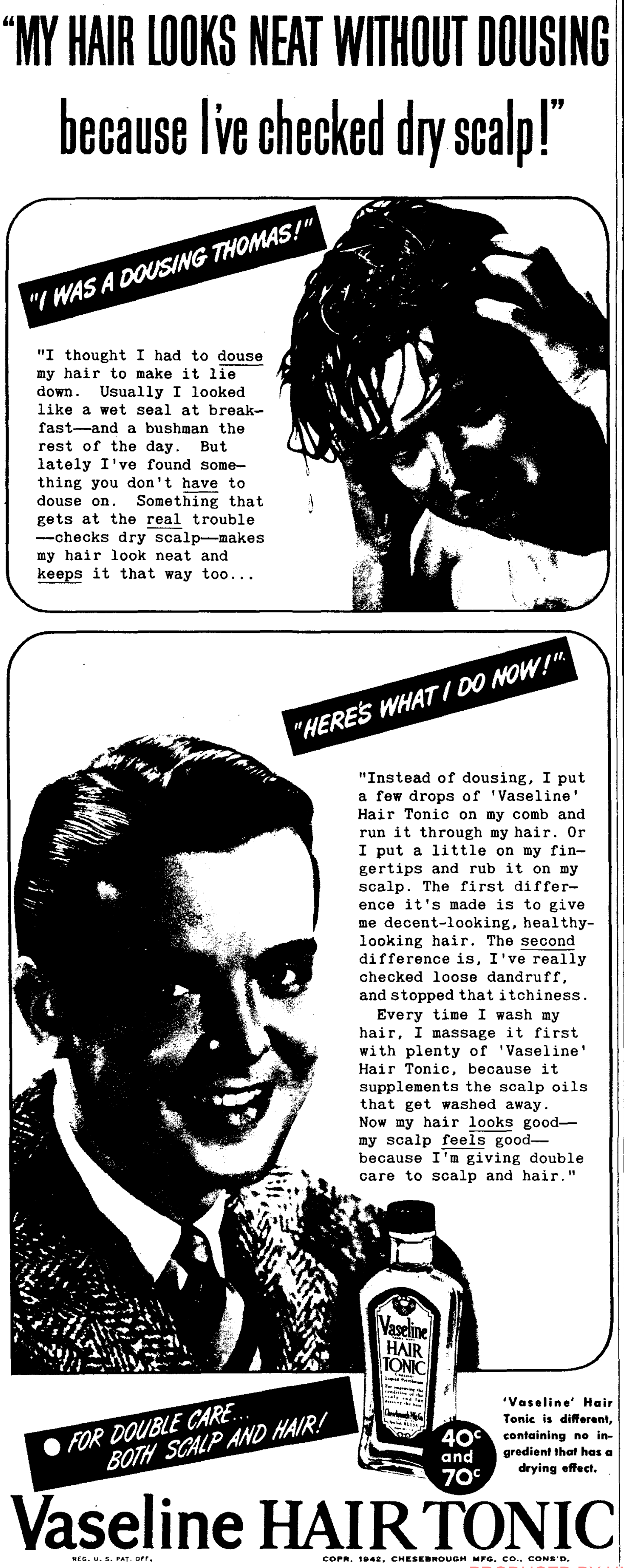
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 62-C, "Health, Happiness and Long Life."

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City__________________State_________



"MY HAIR LOOKS NEAT WITHOUT DOUSING because I've checked dry scalp!"

"I WAS A DOUSING THOMAS!"

"I thought I had to douse my hair to make it lie down. Usually I looked like a wet seal at breakfast—and a bushman the rest of the day. But lately I've found something you don't have to douse on. Something that gets at the real trouble—checks dry scalp—makes my hair look neat and keeps it that way too...

"HERE'S WHAT I DO NOW!"

"Instead of dousing, I put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb and run it through my hair. Or I put a little on my fingertips and rub it on my scalp. The first difference it's made is to give me decent-looking, healthy-looking hair. The second difference is, I've really checked loose dandruff, and stopped that itchiness.

Every time I wash my hair, I massage it first with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, because it supplements the scalp oils that get washed away. Now my hair looks good—my scalp feels good—because I'm giving double care to scalp and hair."

● FOR DOUBLE CARE... BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

40¢ and 70¢

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COPR. 1942, CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONS'D.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

One large company specializing in the manufacture of gadgets for practical jokers fills about ten-thousand orders a week for such articles as rubber candy, melting spoons, imitation bedbugs, dribble glasses, itching powder and stage money. The best seller for a decade has been the fifteen-cent Auto Scare Bomb that, when activated by the starter, "gives off two explosions, a shrieking whistle and a dense cloud of smoke."

As iron pyrite begins to rust on exposure to air, and this rust occupies thirteen times as much space as the pyrite itself, buildings constructed on soil containing such sulphide soon have a "heaving foundation." This trouble has been experienced by one large factory in Cleveland, where the basement floors were raised as much as twelve inches in the first twelve years.—*By E. B. Radke, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.*

The only park of its kind in the world is Skansen, the outdoor section of the Nordiska Museum in Stockholm. Although only seventy acres in area, it contains a miniature reproduction of the chief physical features of almost every district in Sweden, including plants, animals and homes with occupants attired in their peasant costumes.—*By Nils Ohman, Stamford, Connecticut.*

Under normal working conditions, the average horse does only two thirds as much work as a one-horsepower engine. In cases of emergency, however, this animal has produced twenty-one horsepower, or more than thirty times as much energy.—*By Thomas L. Marshall, New York, New York.*

The first recorded game of baseball was played at the Elysian Field in Hoboken, New Jersey, on June 19, 1846, between the Knickerbocker Club of New York and the New York Baseball Club, the latter winning, in four innings, by the score of twenty-three to one. At that time, the teams had to play until one had made twenty-one runs.—*By Robert C. Sidwell, Ann Arbor, Michigan.*

The Army Air Forces' new $2,500,000 wind tunnel at Wright Field near Dayton is equipped with a 40,000 horsepower, alternating-current induction motor that develops a 400-mile-an-hour wind. Largest of its kind ever constructed, this motor cannot be turned on until notice has been given to the electric company so it may be prepared for this load, which is equal to the capacity of one of its largest generators.

From about 1931, a "Japanese Army Office" was maintained at 1775 Broadway in New York City. As mysteriously as they worked, its dozen gentlemen suddenly moved out on the afternoon of last December fourth—sixty-five hours before the attack on Pearl Harbor.—*By J. B. Straus, Columbus, Georgia.*

When becoming unconscious, a person's face turns red, white or blue, depending on the cause. It becomes red, for example, when one suffers from sunstroke, white when one is stricken with heat exhaustion, and blue in cases of choking and electric shock.

Probably the only river in the world that originates under a building is the Pader in Germany. Its source is the two hundred springs that gush forth under the cathedral in the city of Paderborn, and the city has been named after it.—*By Bruno Schonfeld, New York, New York.*

Between the 15th and the 19th century, the plant camomile was more popular than grass for lawns, because, when walked on, it emits a strawberrylike perfume. In fact, it is still used for this purpose in Europe, one of the largest of such lawns being in the Royal Gardens of Buckingham Palace.—*By Grace Anna Harvey, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

VICTORY
is our
Business
GM
GENERAL
MOTORS

IN TO WIN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

As this is written, something like twenty thousand men and women are busy at war tasks under the Buick banner; by the time you read it still more thousands will have been put to work.

These Buick folks range from brawny veterans to lately trained men and women, all doing their part in the most formidable task that the nation's industries ever shouldered.

On one thing, though, they are birds of a feather—from top to bottom, from old-timer to greenest hand, they're in this thing *to win!*

That means, first of all, quantity. Lots of things in big lots. Fast! And we can report that in our major activity—aircraft engines—we're ahead of rates of production set for us for a full year from now.

But it also means, to a Buick man, *quality.*

To hit the enemy, hard and effectively, the need is for equipment that gets there *and back*—then gets there to *hit again.*

In aiming at such quantity-with-quality, Buick folks set themselves a high mark. There are plenty of others working for Uncle Sam who really know their stuff.

Just the same, as they well know and understand, if it's "in the wood" we're out to top 'em.

We're not satisfied to produce better engines, tank parts, gun mounts and what not than our enemies—we're competing also with the best in the bunch, our friends.

How're we doing?

That's something better to be answered by the goods we produce, and the men who use them.

We do know that day in and day out we're getting a gratifying measure of approval from the vigilant Government inspectors that must be satisfied.

We believe we have earned the respect of some able producers who work along with us—just as they've earned ours.

We know that if we found them topping us, in precision or quality, we'd move heaven and earth to reverse the picture—just as they would *expect* us to.

For as we said, we're in to *win.*

Not just to fend off, or hit back, but to *hit often* and *hit hardest.*

That, as we see it, calls for every one of us to do all he can to turn out both the *most* and the *best* for his embattled country.

WHEN BETTER ~~AUTOMOBILES~~ war goods ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

★ ★ ★ BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS ★ ★ ★

FOR VICTORY.. SAVE!
Turn out light when not needed Uncle Sam
Collier's

Save gas! Save oil! Save engine wear!

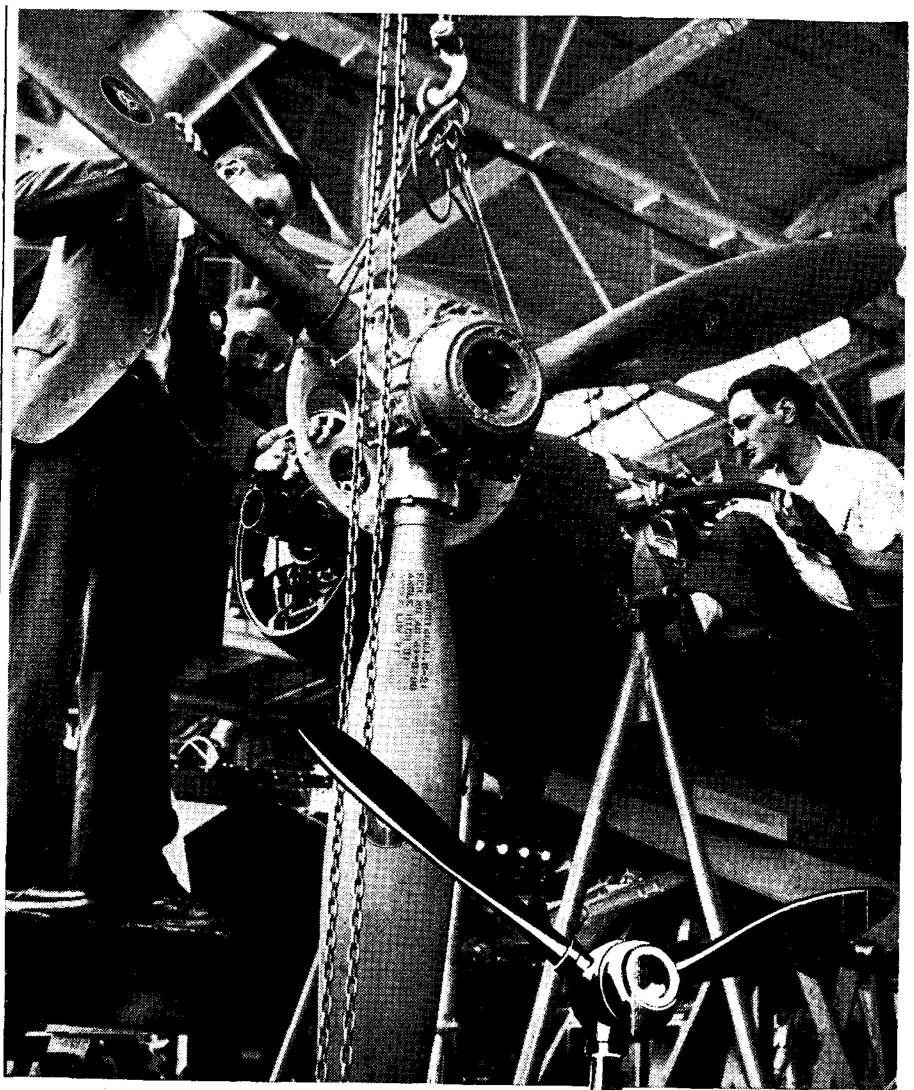
WITH

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Now, more than ever, it is important for you to save gas, oil and engine wear. And here's the thrifty, sensible way to do it: install a set of Sealed Power Piston Rings. These rings—designed by the same engineers who create the piston rings for leading airplanes, tanks, cars, trucks and tractors—are individually engineered for your particular make and model of car. They restore youth to a car—as well as oil and gas economy. While you're having Sealed Power Rings installed, ask your mechanic to inspect your engine completely. Follow his advice. It'll pay in the end! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario.

Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines

© 1942, Sealed Power Corp.


LEAVITT

Mechanics mount a Curtiss-made propeller on a Bell "Airacobra"—a rival of Curtiss' own P-40 pursuit plane

WING TALK

IF YOU'RE concerned about reports that all airplane factories are not going full blast, this might help to clear up some misunderstanding:

Each aircraft manufacturer has a contract with the Army or Navy calling for the delivery of so many planes per month. If there were an unlimited supply of materials and if the producers were told to push the throttle wide open and see who could turn out the most planes, the storage warehouses would be bursting with types that are easiest and fastest to build, and the planes that we need so badly now—bombers, and in enormous numbers—would be in critical minority, because it takes longer to build them and requires more materials.

Furthermore, the pilot-training program is divided up into specialistic fields such as bomber, fighter, torpedo-plane, dive-bomber and observation pilots, and the flow of planes from the factories must coincide with the availability of these trained airmen to take them over. An air force cannot be top-heavy with only one or two types. It must be well rounded out in accordance with the offensive and defensive plans of our High Command. The monthly rate of production assigned to each manufacturer is not the limit of his capabilities; it represents what the services need, because they cannot absorb any higher number.

Then too, the airplane people do not build the entire airplane—only the fuselage, wings and tail. Others build engines, propellers, instruments, guns, radios, wheels, tires, and many more parts. They also build to government delivery schedules.

Hundreds of subcontractors are working on aircraft items and the workers have no idea for what they are being used or where they are going. Yet a delay in such shops and plants can hold up the final assembly of a bomber or fighter as much as the absence of an engine or propeller. So when these delays occur, and they will for a while, specialistic workers in the aircraft factories have nothing to work with.

Then, when there happens to be plenty of everything and the final assembly lines are humming, an enemy plane is shot down and is found to embody features in fire power, armament or performance superior to ours, or reports from our far-flung battle fronts tell of deficiencies in American planes in some particular area, which were not discovered over here because they were never under fire and never had to operate in war zones ranging from the tropics almost to the Arctic. Immediately the changes go into effect, the lines slow down or shut down, and other departments of the plants work double-time to fabricate the changes.

The aircraft industry believes the people would pay no attention to reports of idleness in aircraft factories if they knew the total number of combat planes that have been produced in the last twelve months and the current monthly rate. So take the word of our old-line plane builders that they're meeting delivery schedules and when they do suffer delays in any particular departments, they aren't going to turn experienced aircraft workers into the streets. F. R. N.

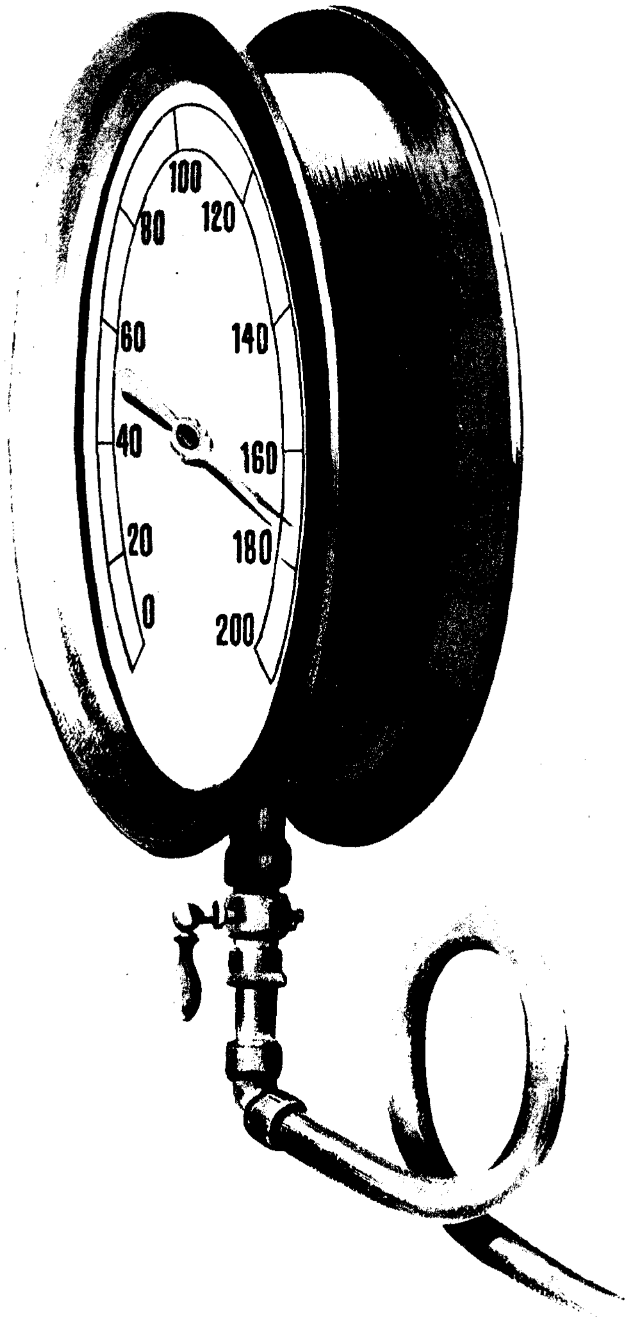
Miller
HIGH LIFE
OLD ORIGINAL
HIGH LIFE
BEER
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY
MILLER BREWING CO MILWAUKEE, WIS. U.S.A.
HIGH LIFE
…AUKEE BEER

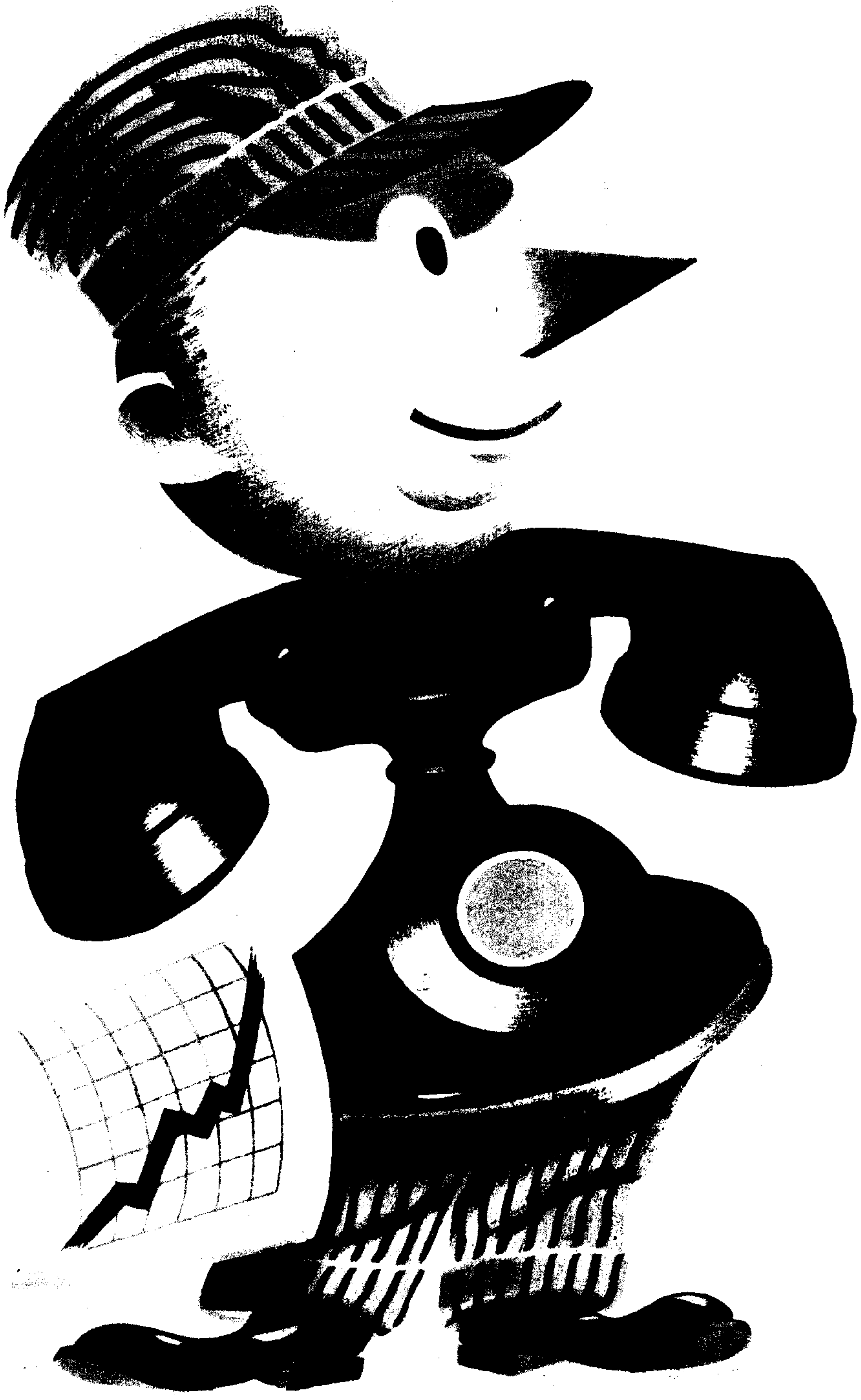
★ These stirring times call for hard work —and lots of it—but there must be an occasional moment of rest and relaxation—freedom for a day from work and worry—the chance for friends and family to get together and live life at its best.

The friendliness of Miller High Life lends a note of sparkling refreshment wherever there's fun and good fellowship. When you take that temporary time out, remember to enjoy life with Miller High Life.

MILLER BREWING COMPANY • MILWAUKEE

"Carrying lots of pressure these days..."





"THERE is more steam up in the Bell System than I ever remember. The wires hum with war and wartime production. There's more telephoning than ever before.

"The pressure of war and war's work is on — especially on our toll lines. If you are going to use Long Distance you can help by —

Knowing the number you want to call.

Calling in the less busy hours — before 10 A. M. and after 8 P. M., for example.

"Let's give vital war calls the right of way and make equipment go as far as possible, saving copper and other materials for the war."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR"—PRESENTING GREAT ARTISTS EVERY MONDAY EVENING—N. B. C. RED NETWORK

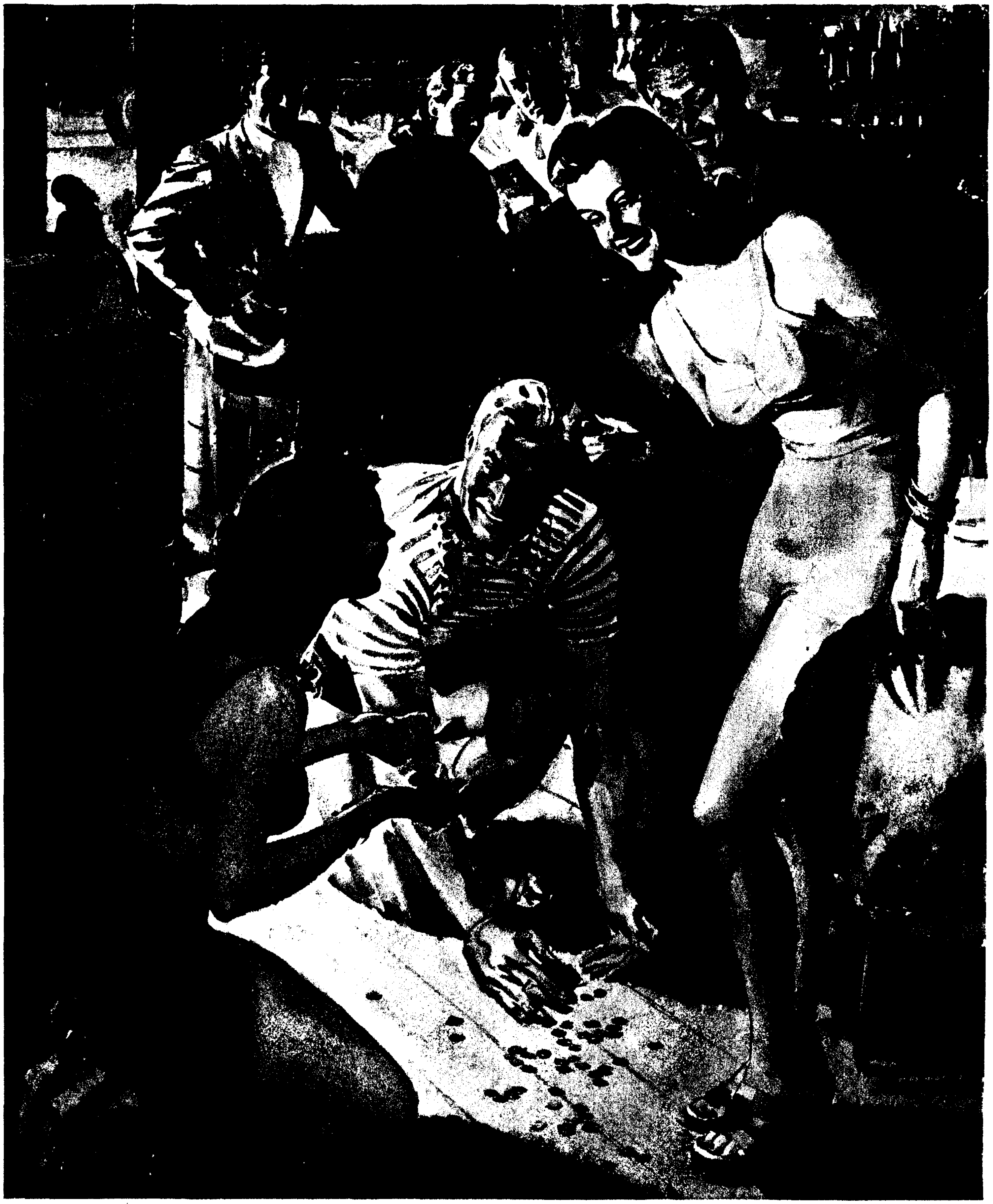
Collier's The National Weekly for May 30, 1942

LUCKY IN LOVE

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

As Marsha said, a girl wants to know that she's loved. Kindness isn't enough. Bill got the idea just before it was too late



One of the women and the blond man were hands and knees on the floor, retrieving the nickels while Marsha stood by, amused

BILL KITTRICK locked the room's door and went along the second-floor hallway toward the stair landing, swinging the key in his hand. At that moment a group of people made a racket as they came up from the lobby and a woman said something that made them all laugh and presently they arrived at the head of the stairs—three couples and a bellboy loaded to the chin with luggage. Marsha was one of them.

Bill stopped dead in his tracks and he said to himself, "How the devil did she get here?" and every old feeling came back to torment him. She was at the head of the group, naturally, for she had more energy and more daring than anybody he had ever known; but she hadn't seen him yet. She looked behind her at a big blond lad following, and when she smiled the light in the hallway brought out her cheekbones and her lips. She wore a tailored suit and a small straw hat and she said to the blond lad, "You're slow, Hank, as all big men are." Then she turned and discovered Bill Kittrick and the smile vanished as swiftly as though turned off by a switch and her eyes became almost green.

Kittrick thought, "I hope it hits her as hard as it does me." She had stopped, thereby making her friends stop, all of whom were apparently new since his time. She struggled with her self-possession and regained it and she said, "Hello, Bill," as impersonally as a streetcar conductor. He caught the smell of her perfume as she moved by him and he thought, "That's the last of the bottle of Charmante I gave her for Christmas," but he said aloud, "Hello," and took the stairs downward while the party straggled to various rooms behind him.

He descended to the lobby, meanwhile remembering that the blond lad was almost as tall and chunky as he was and somehow had the look of a Stanford halfback of about 1937. Marsha liked her men to be big, which was where he had come in; and she liked them to be tough—and that's where he had gone out.

He crossed to the dining room and took a table against the window. This was the middle of summer, and the beach before him was littered with people in practically every attitude of ease or violent exercise. He ordered a steak and had it, and was smoking his pipe over a second cup of coffee when Marsha and her party entered.

A highball made them all feel good, but even then Marsha stood out from them, more self-possessed, more colorful. The big blond lad hovered over her like the edge of a mountain and he looked down at her and seemed to be astonished at his luck. Bill Kittrick thought, "And so did I." Marsha's eyes turned to him once and he met that straight-on impact and the pit of his stomach caved in just as it used to do thirty seconds before the whistle blew in a game. He left his tip and moved out. The door was high enough for him but still, from habit, he ducked and put a hand in front of him. He heard the blond lad say, "Where've I seen that tough egg before?"

As far as Marsha was concerned big men were expendible. They came and they went. "But I wish," he added to himself, "she'd throw the rest of that awful perfume down the sink." He had eaten a substantial meal and now set out upon the beach to work it off; training season never ended for a one-time fullback who could gain and lose thirty pounds at the drop of a hat. This day he had walked ten miles over The Head but now he set a steady pace until twilight dropped around him and then reversed his field, to walk back through darkness, past couples murmuring in the shadows. When a man was alone he got to noticing the way people paired off. He remembered how Marsha, standing at the head of the stairs, had looked back at the blond man. She had been gayer at that moment than he had ever recalled; as though, after all the alternate moments of wonder and misery she had gone through with him, after all the unspoken hope and repressed bitterness, she had cut the last binding strand of the whole affair away. Now she was free.

How did you chop all that out of

(Continued on page 65)

Deep in the Heart—

By Quentin Reynolds

Somewhere in America there may be apathy and indifference to the war effort, but a famous Collier's correspondent, looking for it, fails to get the story. He got this one instead

SHE was a little old lady no bigger than a soft whisper. Her hair was white and her cheeks were a bit faded but there was nothing faded about her eyes. They were large and blue and startlingly steady, and they told you that this was more than just another little old lady with white hair.

"Do you know how to make those Molotov cocktails?" she asked simply.

I told her that I knew a little about how to make them, and that you needed molasses and glycerin and dynamite and I told her that there were several ways of making them and that she'd better get some expert advice. Then I asked her what she wanted with Molotov cocktails in Dallas, Texas.

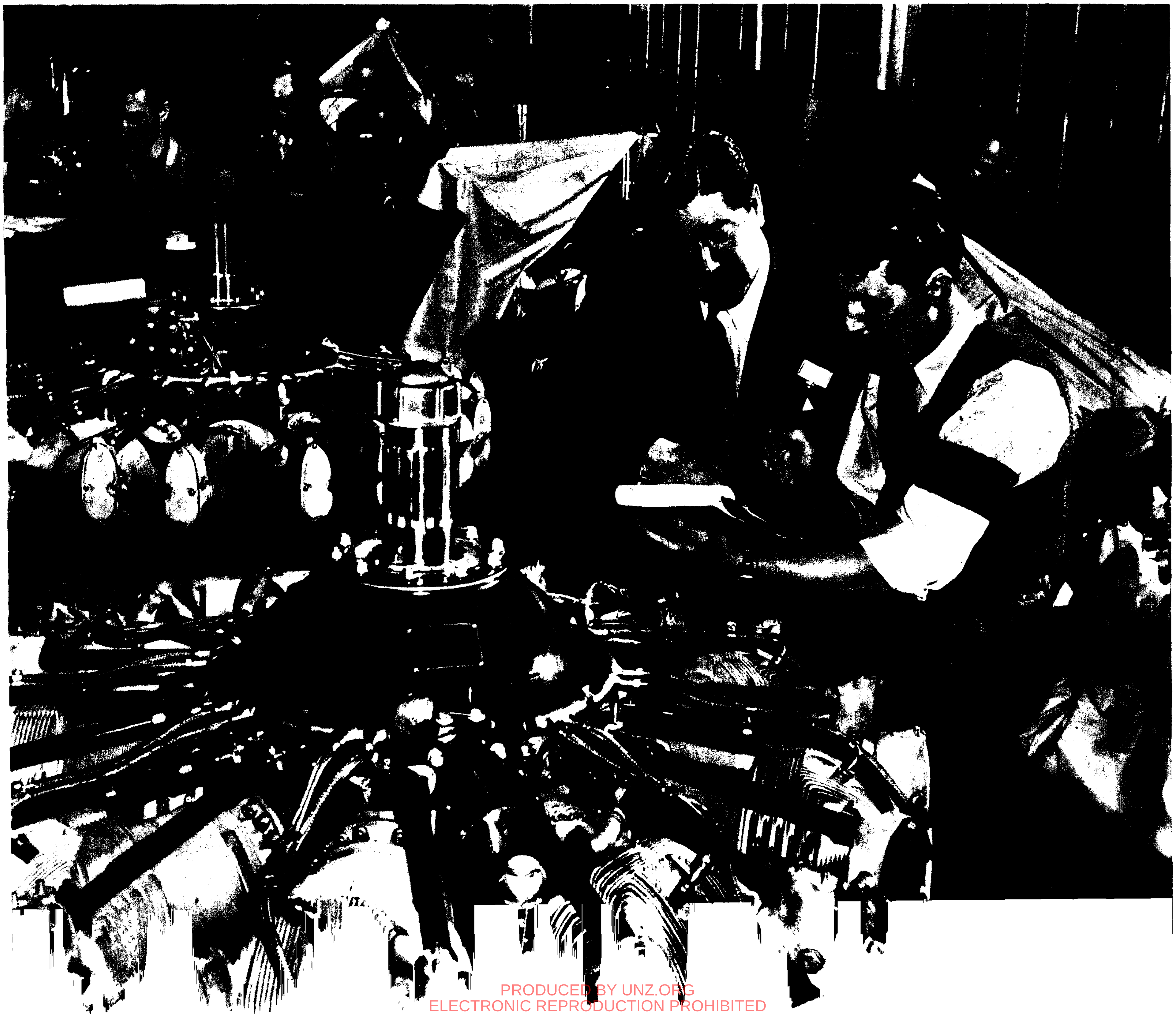
"Down here in Texas we're at war," she said simply, as though talking to a child. "Some of us read about how Russian women crawl up close to German tanks and then throw homemade bombs at the tanks and destroy them. We read, too, that English women living near the coast all have what they call Molotov cocktails ready to throw at the German tanks if there is ever an invasion. Now maybe we will never see any German or Japanese tanks going down the main street of Dallas, but it is just as well to be ready. All of us, I think," she added emphatically, "should have a few of those homemade bombs on our kitchen shelves just in case."

I returned from the war zone late in January and immediately began to read of the "complacency and unawareness" that existed among the people of our country. Editorial writers, newspaper columnists, congressmen and radio commentators all sang this depressing song. It was quite disturbing to one who had confidently expected that his own countrymen were just as tough and as realistic as were the people of Britain or of Russia.

It was so disturbing that I traveled from Seattle to southern California, from Houston to Kansas City, from Chicago to Ketchum, Idaho; I stopped at twenty cities in fifteen states looking for this complacency and unawareness, looking for much-heralded public apathy toward our war effort. Did I find it? No.

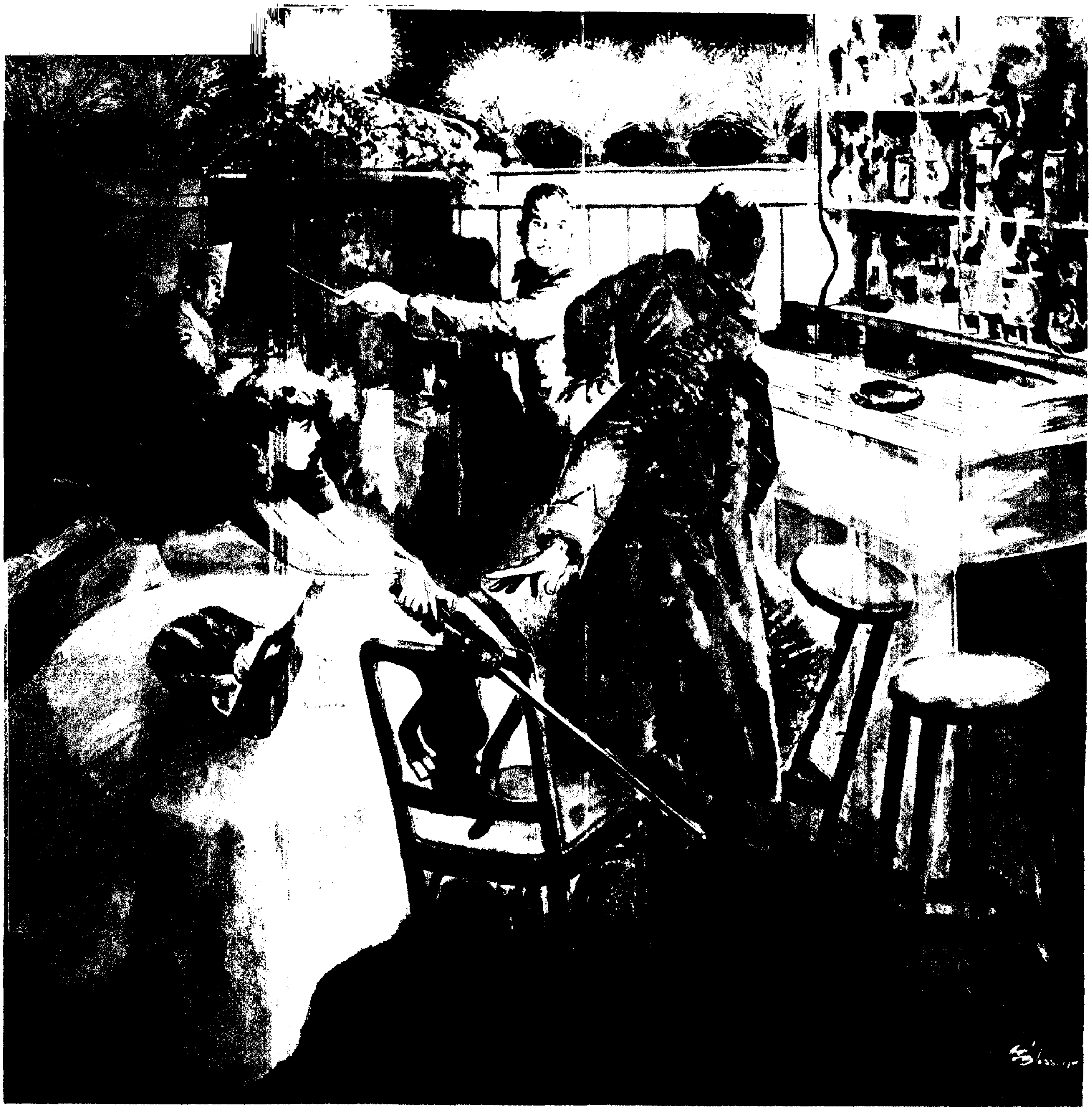
I found a little old lady in Dallas, Texas, who meant it when she told of how she and her friends would throw homemade bombs at any tanks that had the temerity to pollute the soil of Texas. I found men sweating and toiling in aircraft and munition factories; I found them working as hard as men ever worked in Manchester or Moscow. I found college students studying as no students I ever saw study, intent on hurrying the day when they would be granted commissions and could get into active service. I saw Negro Pullman car porters collecting tin foil from cigarette packages; a small thing, granted, but a bit of evidence to prove that our citizens are war minded and that they are not letting MacArthur and his men do it all. Two months of traveling around America, discovering America, makes me awfully impatient with the writers and radio prophets who so smugly talk of *(Continued on page 51)*

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH



At Wright Plant No. 1, Paterson, N. J., the author learns from Inspector Thomas Murphy how Cyclone 9 engines are produced in quantity for the Flying Fortresses

The corporal was selfish. He had no love for Daru. What he did at Dunkirk he'd have done for any good soldier



"Shut your trap," I said. "You swine. It's about time the Boche teaches you how to wash your dirty faces." Prokosh hit me with his silly riding stick

Sergeant Daru Settles an Account

By Stanley F. Donath

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

IT WAS nothing more than a barroom brawl, and I shouldn't have gone to the Bistro in the first place. I suppose it was the loneliness and that I had not to expect a leave before seven months. And Cécile's letters did not sound sincere any more since she had written me that her cousin from Brest had taken the vacant room, and that we must be grateful because it helped toward the rent, and everything had gone up, mainly eggs and wine. Hang it. The whole thing did not make sense somehow to all of us.

Our ministers and generals had cooked up the trouble, and our deputies had voted and stroked their beards, and the newspapers had written that France was in the gravest danger. We knew the whole line, we knew it so well that we got sick of it. The Little Corporal had given the same stuff to our ancestors, and his nephew Louis to our grandfathers, and Clemenceau to our older brothers. It sounds pretty swell when you read it in print, and the long and short of it is that the little man has to pack his bag and to leave his home with three days' provisions.

You can get tired of a country that is in danger every few years like a runaway truck with a drunken driver. You can get the idea what would happen if nobody would save the jaloppy one day, and let it crack up in heaven's name, and then stand and look at the mess. And smoke your cherry pipe and smile.

The Bistro was empty when I entered. Denise was dozing behind the counter. Her head drooped halfway over her left shoulder, her mouth was open, and her white teeth glittered in the light of the single electric bulb. It was so quiet that you could hear the humming of the flies and, quite faintly, the rolling of heavy guns far to the south. A smell of stale beer was in the room. She didn't awake.

I stood for a moment and looked at her. Denise was the type of woman who should be red-haired. They have the white skin, the greenish eyes and the thin and frail joints. But Denise was blue-black. I sometimes thought that she was dyed, but then, red women don't dye their hair. She was very pretty. It was her profession to be pretty.

I could not afford to let her sleep. I wanted to talk to her before the others came. I dropped a coin into the slot of the music machine. It was a Viennese waltz, "An Artist's Life." Denise liked it very much. Or maybe she pretended to like it because I liked it. One can never tell.

She started up and smiled when she saw a guest. "Hello, sergeant," she said.

"Hello, Denise," I said.

"You're early tonight," she said, and stretched like a kitten. "Seems I dozed off."

"You bet you did," I said.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked. "Something wrong, sergeant?"

"You promised to call me Gaston," I said and was a little sore.

"Sure," she said, all smiles, and came up to me. "Gaston. Guess I was still half asleep."

"Well," I said and was no longer sore. I unbuckled my bayonet belt, hung it over a chair and sat down on a high stool at the bar. She stood before me, still smiling, and looked at me in a funny sort of way.

"How are things going out there?" she asked.

"Pretty lousy," I said. "Shooting holes into the air to kill the boredom. The officers are on leave half of the time, and the men are drunk all of the time. We could as well go home."

"How's the company? How is your corporal?"

"What corporal?" I asked. "André?"

"Yes, and the other one with the funny Slovak name that I can't pronounce."

"Prokosh. You could pronounce it all right last time we were here."

"Oh-la-la, that's a lie. I simply called him chéri."

"Well, they are both all right—André and chéri—unless they have taken sick from yawning. You can convince yourself soon, 'cause they will be here any minute. Gimme an absinthe."

I SAT and sipped the absinthe. Now and again I caught a glimpse of Denise through the open kitchen door. She was busy scrubbing some copper pans. Her movements reminded me somehow of Cécile, or maybe women have the same way of doing little things all over the world. Anyway, she was good to look at, Denise was. She seemed to me prettier than ever, and much prettier than Cécile.

"Denise," I called, "another absinthe. Please."

I drank the second drink quickly. It ran through my throat like a hot bullet.

"Well," I said. "Seems you have forgotten."

"Forgotten what?"

"Last week."

"Oh, yes. Last week."

"You promised to kiss me when I came back alive."

"Tonight," she said. "I kiss you goodby tonight."

"You said the same thing two weeks ago," I said stupidly and helplessly. "You know I am crazy about you. When will you be nice to me?"

"One day will come when all the blossoms spring," she sang and reached for a jar high up on the board. I could see the lines of her figure as she stretched.

"Denise, you can't answer me like that. I'm serious. This has gone on now for weeks and weeks, and you only make fun of me. It's not fair."

She turned round, her eyes blazing.

"Well then, sergeant," she said very calmly, "all of you think that I am that sort. But I am not. That's all about it."

"Look here, Denise," I said. "I have a hunch you're only pretending. But I am serious. We could marry, for instance. We could go to Lyon. I have my army pay, I have my security. I have my pension later on, or you have it when I die or when I am killed in action."

Slowly, she came round the counter and stood before me, musing. Her arms were folded over her chest. The smile had dropped from her face like ashes from a cigarette, and so had the anger.

(Continued on page 49)

New Northwest Passage

By Robert Thompson

Through mud and muskeg and mountain wilderness, U. S. Army engineers are forging an impregnable overland link with our northernmost outpost. The Alaska highway is nearing completion—and fast

SMOKE curled up from Frank Wort Beatton's old pipe as he watched out of his window. A United States Army jeep, a command car and some soldier-driven trucks growled and slued past in the northern British Columbia mud.

The four motors of an American bomber tore at the air, taking off from a field near by.

"I'm glad," the old Scotsman said, "that I lived to see it. Three hundred years, people have been talking and trying for that road. It's not a kind country up here. The closer you come to the Yukon and Alaska the unfriendlier it gets."

Overland passage to Alaska is a MUST in capital letters. Alaska up to now has been an island. Ships supply its 30,000 white population and an equal number of Eskimos and Indians. Just as in England, the population can't provide for themselves. They'd be washed up and in deep trouble within a few months if sea transport were cut off.

Then there are our soldiers and sailors in the fan of fortresses and bases. Let their communications be broken and you might have another Bataan.

So the United States is making an overland passage, safe from sneaking submarines and surprise attacks like that at Pearl Harbor.

Fifteen hundred miles of highway, even a pioneer highway without convenient hotels and neon-lighted gas stations is no beer picnic to build. To slam it through in a hurry, from the jumping-off place at Fort St. John, B. C., to Fairbanks, Alaska, is a push that will be a standout in all history. The boys say they will do it.

The venerable Frank Beatton, who agrees with them, is in a position to know whether or not they can succeed. He's a part of the country. For forty years he was a factor at Hudson's Bay Company posts through the wilderness the Army is traversing. Trading places in the Canadian wilderness were his homes and his jobs. Lathered pack horses and laboring freight wagons were his air mail from civilization. Indians twenty or fifty miles away were his next-door neighbors and white men were as scarce as falling stars.

Comparisons can make the magnitude of the Army's new wilderness road a little clearer. The history books cheer for our Civil War Wilderness campaign. It wasn't a patch on this one. Nature has lined up formidable substitutes for the Confederate Army.

Think back into history when our country was empty. Assign the Army a job of building a road from where New York City stands right through to the middle of Kansas; or order a highway built this year from Duluth, Minn., to New Orleans, La. Either one would span about the same distance as the Alaska undertaking.

Then make the job tougher. Assume that men and materials could be put to work only at the ends of the chosen route and two other places. No business of speckling the land with construction camps is possible. Our work forces in the North must hew for hundreds of miles before their individual handiwork can be joined into a defense life line.

That's a part of the problem. General Mud, who made such a name for himself in Europe, and General Muskeg, the slimy swamp denizen, and the subterranean General Frost are all lined up against our soldier-engineers. The clock and the calendar instead of being allies are formidable forces to beat. Easter and Thanksgiving holidays mark grim dead lines instead of events to celebrate.

The Army is well launched on its reverse-order wartime job of creating instead of destroying.

At the south end, Fort St. John is sixty miles north of the last railhead at Dawson Creek, B. C. A rutted grade which is dignified on tourist maps as a passable road connects the two places. The headquarters force began its work at Fort St. John.

Agreement for the road construction was signed by the American and Canadian governments about March 1st. By April 1st, the muskeg changed from a bridge of ice to a bottomless trap of slime.

Trucks to Replace Steamships

Our soldiers fought and sweated in 35-below-zero weather to jam their caterpillar tractors and bulldozers and trucks and graders and power shovels and fuel across winter roads before the sun in mistaken friendship melted the ground from beneath them.

Thus the bases are rooted in the wilds. At each one are combat engineers, medical units, pontoon battalions, quartermasters and other necessary forces. As this appears, they are digging, slashing, tearing and building a few miles of road grade a day.

Along with and behind the soldiers are engineers and workers of the United States Public Roads Administration. The Army men are opening and grading a pioneer road so that trucks may be substituted for steamships to Alaska, and no Japanese sword may slash our supply line. The Public Roads men will smooth and grade the highway in order that nautical knots may disappear from transit tables, and miles-per-hour and miles-per-gallon of gasoline will measure the progress of vital necessities for our North Pacific bastions.

Though the new overland passage jumps into the wilderness past Mr. Beatton's doorstep at Fort St. John, B. C., access to it is by way of Edmonton, Alta., and thence northwestward to the Peace River country. There are no roads directly connecting the rest of British Columbia with the Peace River district. Dawson Creek is 495 miles from Edmonton, with trains running twice a week and taking twenty-four hours to make the distance. A road goes through, too, but it is a hazardous one as yet. Canadians say it will be improved.

The country where our soldiers labor is a rolling one, slashed through with streams and jeweled with lakes. Part of it is covered with smallish spruce timber, and the rest with what the natives call "bush," a second growth of aspen which came up after forest fires. The bush can be torn loose by the massive machines, but the spruce, where it blankets the pathway, must be cut down and its stumps grubbed out.

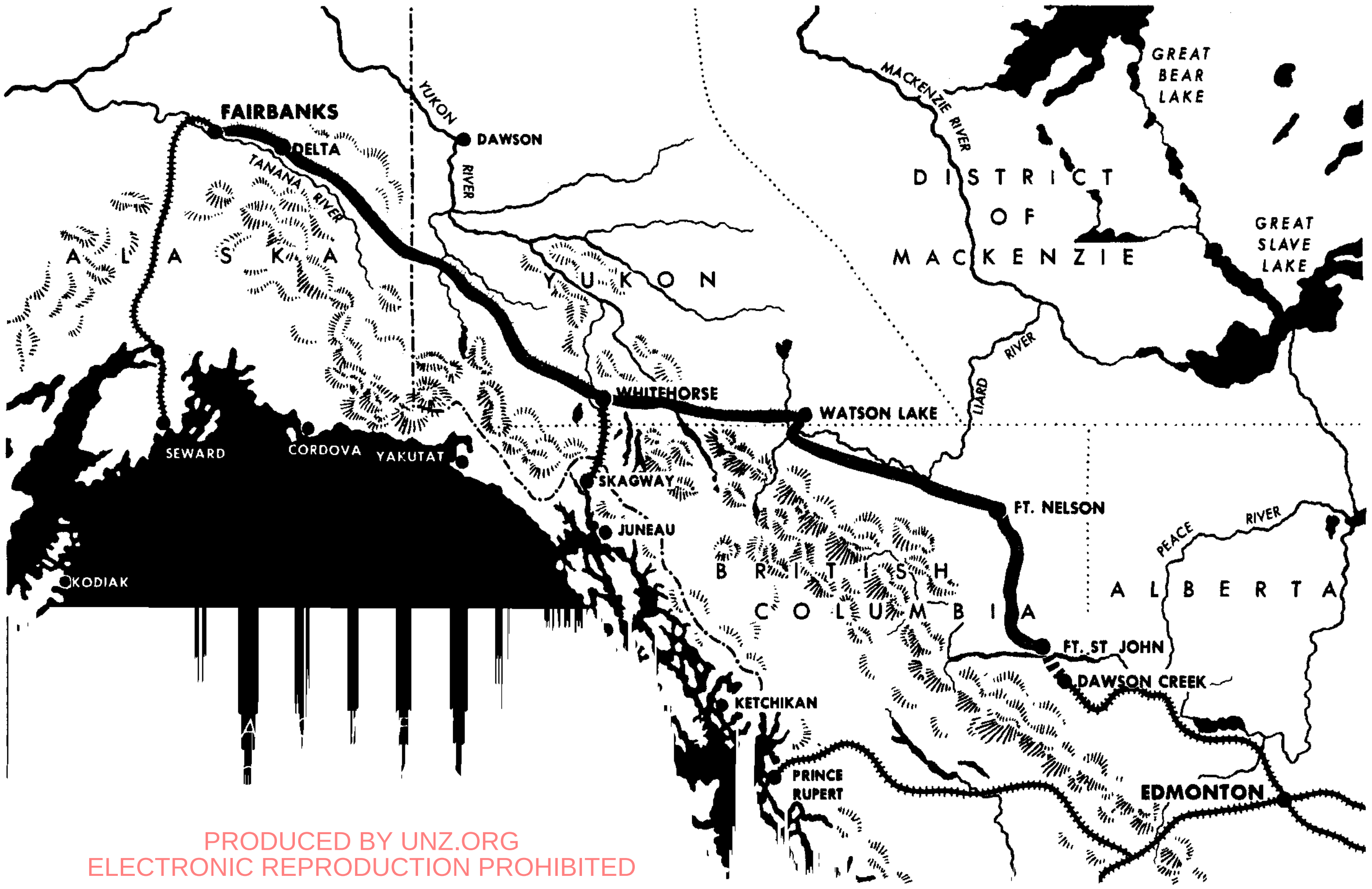
The Rocky Mountains, on clear days, send shining signals of their guard-mount fifty to seventy-five miles westward. Waterfowl by the millions seek out this lonesome country to nest and raise their young, undisturbed by men. Moose, deer and bear are in the woods. Trappers make twenty-day journeys along their lines in winter to return with luxurious furs.

For the three hundred years or so since white fur traders first pushed into the land, there has been little change in the way of life of the natives, compared with advances elsewhere. Some of the trading-post men, like Mr. Beatton,

(Continued on page 58)

FAIRBANKS 1459 MILES
BIVOUAC FORCE 6968

Soldiers put up this sign at Fort St. John, B. C., the jumping-off place of the highway

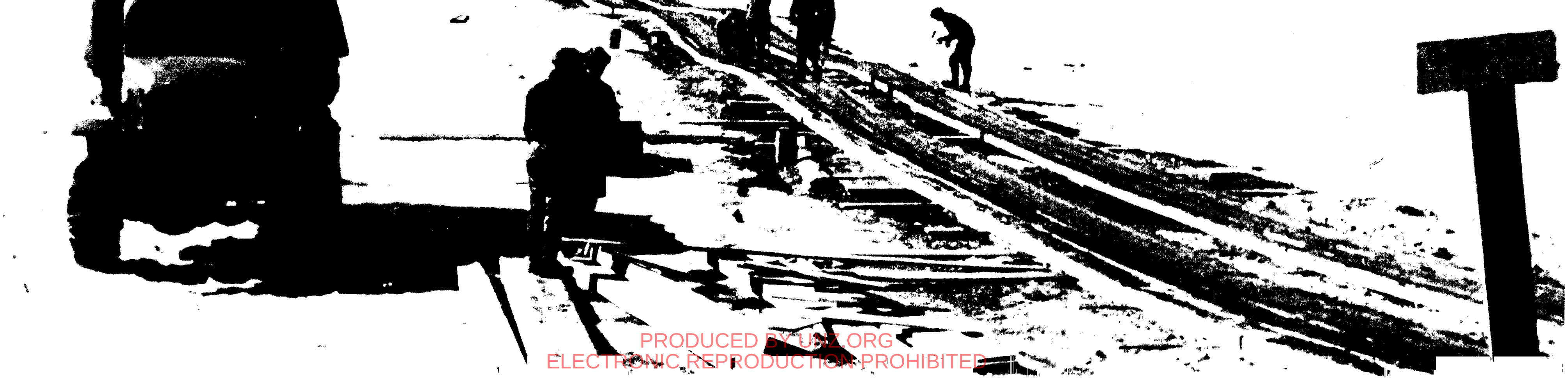


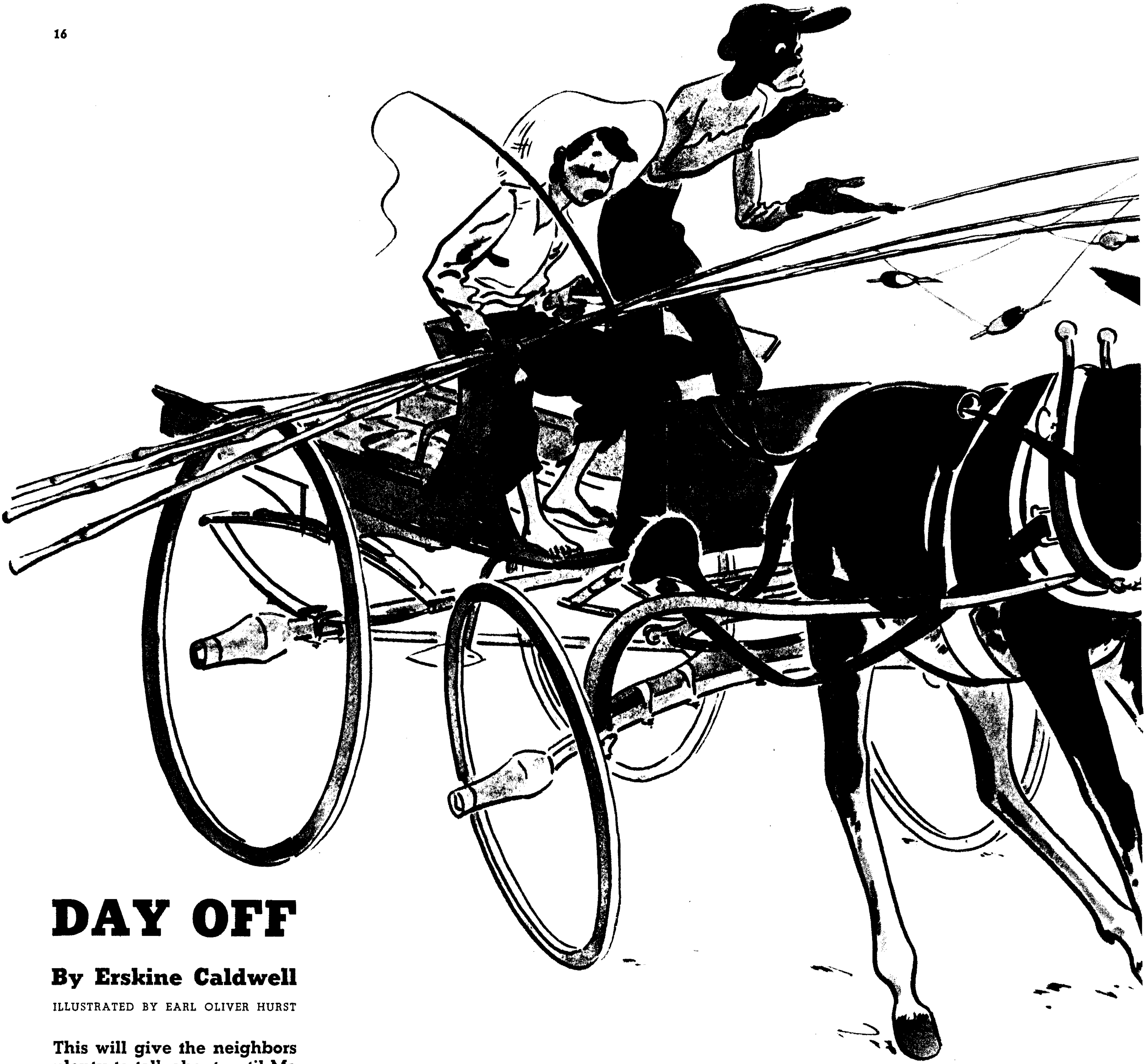
Red line on this map shows route of the new highway. If you want an idea of the distance, imagine that the U. S. is still in its colonial era and you have a year to build a highway from New York to the middle of Kansas

A U. S. Army jeep rolling through the mud ruts of British Columbia's thaws. Below: Miss Alice Hunter of Fort St. John entertains at the piano in the Red Cross hut, with quite a little help from the drummer and a few singers

How highway construction makes progress in spite of winter is shown below. A plank trestle over the frozen Peace River enables heavy trucks to go across

The snows of subarctic winter cannot halt the progress of this mighty "cat" tractor (above) as it rips and hews and slashes a trail through virgin forest





DAY OFF

By Erskine Caldwell

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

This will give the neighbors plenty to talk about until Ma takes another vacation, next year. Meantime, Pa can be thinking up some new ideas

MA GOT up early and cooked our breakfast and left it warming on the stove for us. I was awake, but my old man still had his head buried under the covers when she rode off with Uncle Ben to spend the day with Aunt Bessie in the country. As soon as she had left, Pa looked out from under the quilt and asked me if Ma had said anything before she got in with Uncle Ben and drove away. I told him she didn't say a word, because she thought both of us were still asleep.

While we were getting dressed, Pa said we would have to try to manage to get along somehow by ourselves the best we could until Ma came back that night. Ma always went out to spend the day with her sister once during the summer, and sometimes twice. She said it was the only real vacation she ever got, and that she would like to go more often if she wasn't afraid of what might happen while she was away.

"There's nothing like keeping batch," Pa said, "even if it's only for one day. It's a real treat sometimes not to have any womenfolk around."

After breakfast my old man went out into the sunshine and stretched. It was already hot that morning, and there wasn't a cloud anywhere in sight.

"This sure is a fine day," he said, turning around and looking at me. "The sun's shining, and we've got the whole wide world before us. It's a pity your Ma can't get the chance to spend the day a lot more often with your Aunt Bessie."

He went over to the fence and leaned against it. I saw him looking out across the garden, watching some sparrows scratching under the cabbages. After a while he picked up a rock and threw it at them.

"Let's go fishing, son," he said, turning around. "This is a fine time to go. Hitch up Ida."

I went out to the stable right away and led Ida, our mule, out into the yard and began brushing her down with the currycomb. Pa told me to curry her good and then to hitch her to the cart.

"I'll be ready to leave as soon as I get back from the store," he said. "I've got to get me a sack of smoking tobacco."

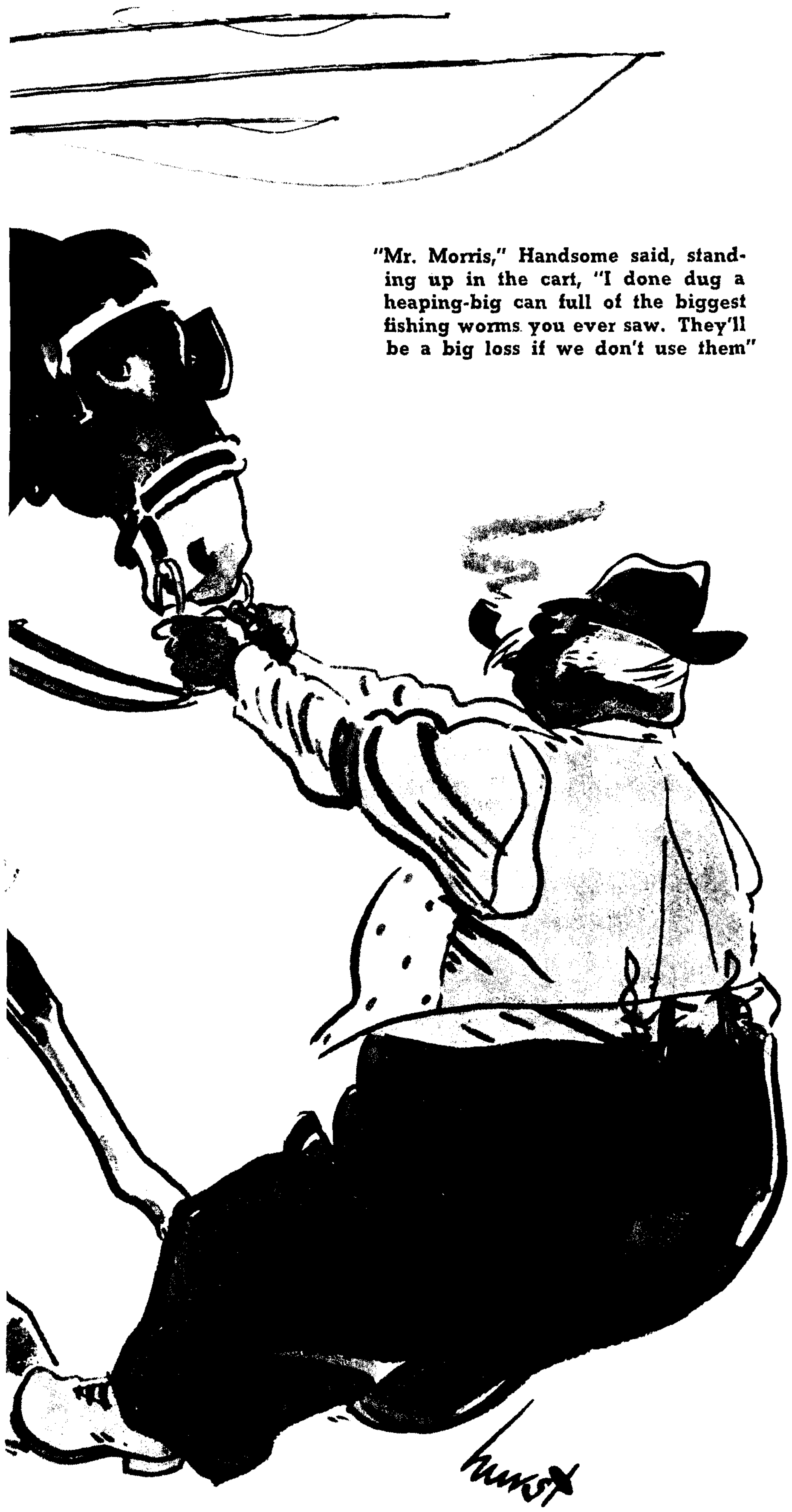
He went into the henhouse and took a couple of eggs from the nests and put them into his pocket to trade for the tobacco.

"Curry Ida down until she looks spick-and-span, son," he said, starting down the street. "I want Ida to look good on a fine day like this."

"Who's going to dig the bait, Pa?" I asked him.

He stopped and thought a minute, and he said to tell Handsome Brown, our Negro houseboy, to dig the worms.

My old man went down the street to the store and I called Handsome. Hand-



"Mr. Morris," Handsome said, standing up in the cart, "I done dug a heaping-big can full of the biggest fishing worms you ever saw. They'll be a big loss if we don't use them"

some was smiling all over when he came out where I was currying Ida.

"I sure am glad Mr. Morris said we're going fishing," Handsome said. "I've been itching to go fishing for a good long while."

He got a spade and went behind the stable where the earth was damp in the shade of the chinaberry tree. He started digging for fishing worms right away.

Handsome dug a tomato can full of worms while I was hitching Ida to the cart. We climbed in and sat down to wait for Pa to get back. He wasn't long in coming, but he was hurrying faster than I had seen him walk in a long time. He was almost running.

He came rushing up to the cart and I was about to hand him the reins when he took Ida by the bridle and led her to a fence post. He tied her up in a hurry.

"What's the matter, Pa?" I asked.

"Never mind about going fishing now," he said. "Fishing can wait. We've got to get busy doing something else right away."

"Why, Pa?" I asked. "Why can't we go fishing?"

"Mr. Morris," Handsome said, standing up in the cart, "I done dug a heaping-big can full of the biggest fishing worms you ever saw. They'll be a big loss if we don't go on down to the creek and use them. They're mighty fine worms, Mr. Morris."

My old man started off toward the back yard, waving his hand at us and making motions for us to come along. We climbed out of the cart to see what he was going to do.

When we got to the back yard, I saw Pa get down on his hands and knees and crawl under the porch. I didn't know what he was doing under there, so I crawled under behind him.

"What are you looking for under here, Pa?" I asked him. "What's under the house?"

"Pieces of old iron, son," he said. He began raking the dry, dusty earth with his fingers. In a minute or two he brought up a piece of rusty iron that looked like a wheel from an old sewing machine. "There's any number of pieces of old iron laying around the place, and now's the time to get them together. There's a man downtown buying up all the old scrap iron folks bring him, and he pays good money for it, fifty cents a hundred pounds. I can't afford to let a chance like this go by without doing something about it. The man might not ever come back to town again, and it would be a big loss not to be able to make all this easy money. Let's get busy and pick up all the old pieces of iron we can find."

I TURNED around and saw Handsome crawling in behind us on his hands and knees. "What we doing here under the house like this, Mr. Morris?" he asked.

"Picking up old scrap iron," Pa said. "Get busy and help out."

"Who wants to waste time picking up old pieces of iron," Handsome said, "right when we's ready to go fishing?"

"Shut up, Handsome," Pa said. "Don't you talk back to me like that. Get busy and do like I said."

Handsome crawled off under the main part of the house mumbling to himself. I could see him stop every once in a while and feel around in the dust for iron, but he didn't look as if he cared whether he found any or not.

"Can we go fishing when we finish picking up the old iron, Pa?" I asked.

"We'll go as soon as we get it all picked up and sold," he said. "If everybody'll pitch in and work hard, we'll finish in no time. We'll still have the better part of the day to fish in before your Ma gets back tonight."

We found three or four pieces of an old cookstove, and an old iron tire from a wagon wheel. We carried everything out into the yard and threw it in a pile beside the fence. After that we found a lot of pieces of old iron in the woodshed, and Handsome found an old washpot under the porch steps. Pa found a heavy iron wheel and dumped it on the pile. We worked away as hard as we could for almost an hour after that, turning over the trash pile, collecting all the old horseshoes Ida had worn out, and looking everywhere we could for things made of iron.

In the middle of the morning Pa stopped and looked at the pile we had collected.

"There ain't near as much old iron around the place as I estimated at the start," he said. "We'll be lucky if all the scrap in that pile weighs two or three hundred pounds. We need about a thousand pounds to bring us some real money. A thousand pounds would bring five dollars when we sold it to the man."

"Maybe it ain't worth the trouble fooling around with, Mr. Morris," Handsome said. "We still got plenty of time to go fishing, though."

"Shut up, Handsome," Pa said. "I've made up my mind to make some money selling the man scrap iron, and I'm going to do it. Now, shut up and look some more."

He sent us around to the front of the house to look again, and while we were gone he walked out the back gate into the alley. Handsome and I had found some old rusty door hinges under the front porch, and we threw them on the pile.

While we were sitting down resting, my old man came staggering through the alley gate carrying a big load of iron. He had the handle from a pump, a couple of sadirons, an ax blade, an iron washpot, and a lot of other things. All the pieces looked a lot newer than the things we had found around our house, and the washpot was still warm from having had a fire under it. He threw the load on the pile and went right back through the alley gate again.

When he came back the next time, he was carrying more than ever. He was weighted down so much that his knees sagged when he walked, and it was all he could do to reach the fence and drop the load on the pile. In the second load he had brought a set of shiny monkey wrenches, a pair of fireplace tongs and a poker, a heavy iron skillet, and a lot of smaller things.

"I don't see how you can find all them things, Mr. Morris," Handsome said. "I done my best, but I couldn't find nothing like it."

Pa didn't say anything, but he wiped his face with his shirt sleeve.

"What are we going to do now, Pa?" I asked.

"Drive Ida and the cart around here, son," he said. "We'll load up and then I'll drive down and collect the money from the man. I figure we ought to have a thousand pounds or more. That'll bring in a lot of money I hadn't figured on before."

Handsome and I led Ida around to the pile of scrap iron, and all of us pitched in and loaded it into the cart. When we had finished, Pa got a drink from the water bucket and climbed in and picked up the reins.

"Is we still going fishing today, Mr. Morris?" Handsome said.

"I'll be back in no time," Pa said, slapping Ida on the back with the reins. "I'll be back as soon as I get the money from the man."

Handsome and I sat down on the steps and watched Pa drive off. We sat there a long time, and the sun climbed higher and higher. After a while Handsome went inside to look at the clock. The sun was directly overhead by then.

WE WAITED another hour, and then I saw Ida's big ears bobbing up and down over the garden fence. We jumped up and ran out to meet my old man. He slapped Ida with the reins and turned into the yard.

"Is we ready to go fishing now, Mr. Morris?" Handsome said. "If we don't hurry and get to the creek, all the fish will stop biting for the rest of the day."

Pa climbed out, holding a brand-new pair of knee-length rubber boots. He put them on the ground while we looked at them.

"When I collected the four dollars for the scrap iron from the man," Pa said, standing back and looking at the rubber boots, "the first thing I thought of was this pair of boots in Frank Dunn's store. I've sure been needing them for a long time. I don't see how I managed to get along without them up to now."

"What is you going to do with them, Mr. Morris?" Handsome asked.

"Wear them like they was meant to be," Pa said.

"I ain't never seen it get muddy enough around here in this sandy country to need knee-high rubber boots," Handsome said.

"That's because you never took the trouble to notice how damp it gets sometimes when it rains," Pa said.

"Maybe so," Handsome said, "but it always manages to dry up half an hour afterward, and it would take that much

(Continued on page 45)

Collier's selected Charles E. Kerlee to take pictures of the United States Army Air Forces Ferrying Command in action. Mr. Kerlee flew across the continent in a bomber. Army regulations forbid naming the various points at which these photos were taken

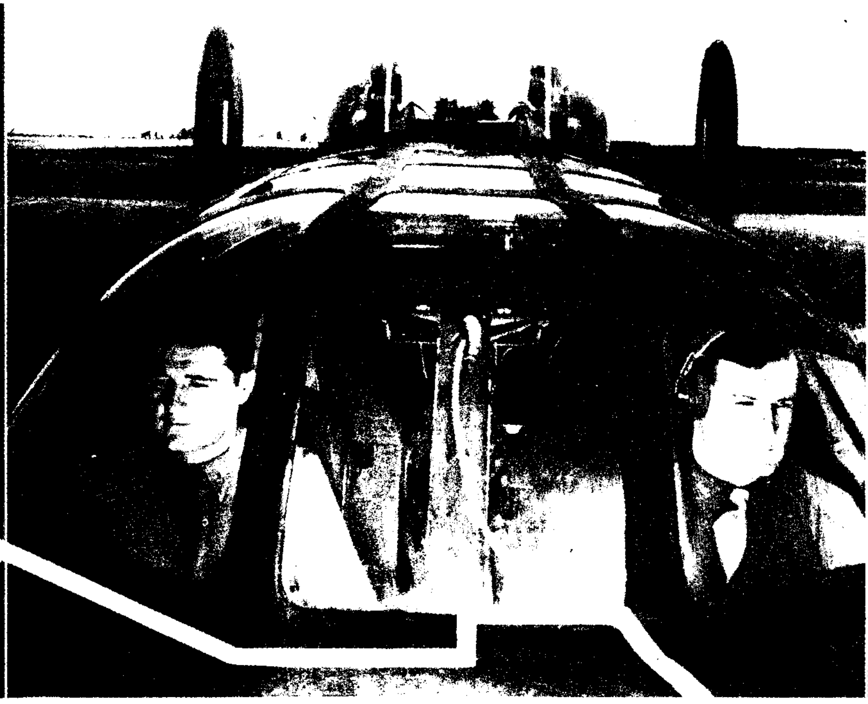
Air Line to Everywhere

By Denver Lindley

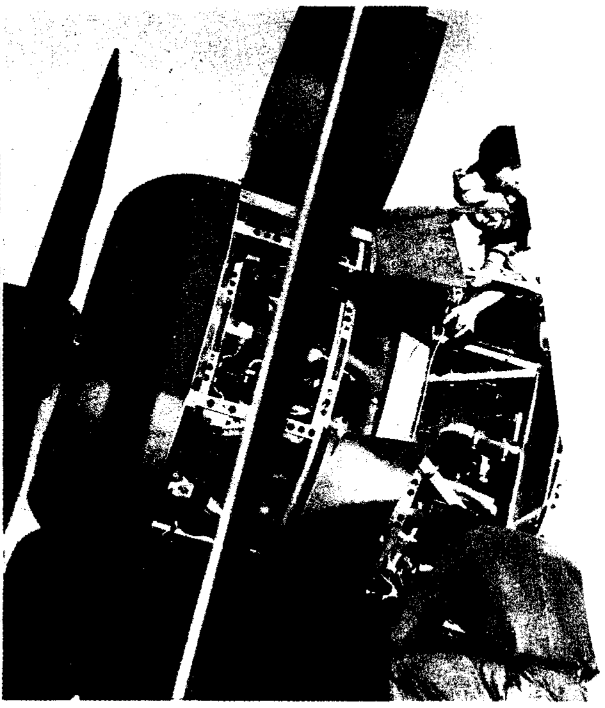
The success story of the United States Army Air Forces Ferrying Command rests on a simple formula—plenty of money and plenty of brains. Just watch how it works

Three men of the AFFC going aboard a new B-24D bomber, with photographer Charles Kerlee. Left to right: Lt. Robert Neeld, copilot; Kerlee; Lt. Paul Herbert, pilot; and Pvt. Americo Procopio, engineer

The B-24D's crew (Procopio, Herbert, Neeld) consume milk and sandwiches during flight

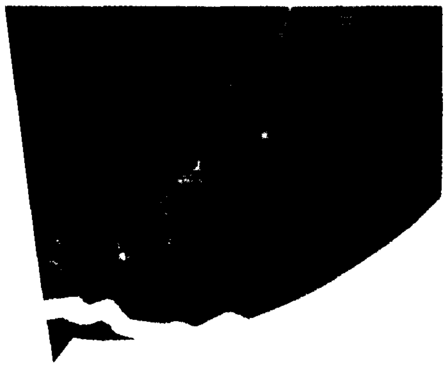


All set for the take-off. AFFC pilots are ready to start on its flight this B-24D, named the Colin Kelly Ship



Expert airplane mechanics working at some minor repairs needed by the B-24D's powerful engines

At a Western airport, the Colin Kelly Ship (second from right), in company with some of our Army's latest and most formidable warplanes, including North American's B-25C, Vultee's P-66, Douglas' A-20 and others



IN GETTING planes into India, we take account of the weather and the landing fields open to us at the time of the flight. If there are difficulties in one direction, we fly the ships around the world the other way."

This casual statement of routine was made at the headquarters of the United States Army Air Forces Ferrying Command in Washington—which is also the headquarters of the biggest air line in the world. Before any word of its accomplishments reached the public it had done things that, a few months ago, would have made headlines everywhere. Those achievements are now part of everyday operations. The Ferrying Command is the delivery department for the whole Air Forces. Combat units flying over its routes are under its jurisdiction. In addition, it has the job of delivering planes to the various Lend-Lease nations.

For this immense task, control officers are necessary everywhere. The Ferrying Command has them—by the hundreds, in training and on post. Knowledge of routes, minute and far-flung organization, pilots, mechanics, navigators, equipment—all these are needed. It has them, too. But a system of this sort cannot be improvised overnight. Nor was this one. The fact that it is operating now with astonishing speed and efficiency all over the world is the direct result of the Lend-Lease bill—perhaps the only instance in which Lend-Lease has been of direct and immediate benefit to us.

The Ferrying Command came into existence suddenly, as the result of an order signed by the President on May 29, 1941, instructing the Air Forces to deliver all aircraft to the British with "the greatest possible speed." Within five days this command, under the direction of Colonel Robert Olds (now Brigadier General Olds), was placed on a war footing and was actually delivering planes.

Behind this bit of record-breaking action was the close teamwork of several men. Impelled by the impetus of the President's order, Harry Hopkins, director of Lend-Lease, co-ordinated the measure; Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air, championed the cause through the Air Forces; and General Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces, gave his support. From the first, General Arnold has enthusiastically sponsored the Air Forces Ferrying Command, seeing in it, first of all, a means of accomplishing the mission which the President directed and, secondly, an opportunity of giving experience in handling the latest types of aircraft to the Air Forces pilots who, even before we entered the war, were being assigned in rotation to the AFFC. Thus, not by legerdemain out of a silk hat, but by the prompt and purposeful effort of various minds working together, the AFFC came into being.

Before its creation, deliveries to the British, under cash contracts, had been made by civilian fliers—and this system had proved both expensive and slow. The Ferrying Command almost immediately reduced by about two thirds the time taken for delivery.

It started out with the huge advantage of having plenty of money—from Lend-Lease funds. Hence the need for special appropriations was done away with, as was the necessity for co-ordination with other branches of the Air Forces, entailing problems of budget. Red tape was discarded by the bale. Precedents went overboard with an audible splash.

When Colonel Olds decided that he needed six Greyhound busses, there were sounds of consternation in Washington: the Air Forces had never purchased anything more elaborate than a light station wagon for ground transportation. Colonel Olds had the money and he got the busses. Later, when he required the services of civilians who could not pass the Army physical examination, he was able to hire them too—regulations or no regulations. He wanted a 4-engine school; it was established—near Albuquerque, New Mexico. He had more than money; he had carte blanche.

And so the Ferrying Command took shape in record time. Experienced cross-country fliers (all Army men) flew the first planes from the West Coast to Montreal. Soon, youngsters just out of the Flying Cadet schools were following the routes the veterans had opened up. The commercial air lines, giving complete co-operation, flew the crews back the minute delivery was completed. (Some pilots crossed the continent six times in a month—and thought nothing of it.) In Washington, constant check was kept on every plane from before the time of completion at the factory until it was turned over to the British in Canada.

Let's follow one of these planes across the continent. It's a B-24D just coming off the assembly line at the factory. There are 200 inspectors on the pay roll here and they have been busy checking the ship at every stage. Now the final tests are made by the flight inspector, the compass is oriented and the plane is taken up for a trial flight. The factory crew then flies her to the nearest "reception point" (this is always close to the factory) and there she is turned over to the Ferrying Command.

All Set to Start

While mechanics are going over her from stem to stern, checking everything, installing radio and seat belts, filling her up with gas and oil, the crew of five (since this is a four-engine bomber—intermediate bombers carry only three men) have packed their duffel bags and are ready to start. At this moment, in the operations room in Washington, a blue marker appears on a huge wall map. This map is crossed by black tapes indicating the secret routes of the Ferrying Command. The blue marker shows that a B-24D is on its way; if it were a Douglas DB-7, the marker would be red, and so on for the other types. By glancing at the map you can tell instantly what planes are in process of delivery and whether they are in flight or on the ground.

Planes are moved, so far as possible, only in the daytime and only when the weather is good, due to radio technicalities and for the sake of safety to other air traffic. The bomber we are following will land at Wayne County Airport close to Detroit. This is an "installation point." There the ship is equipped with the instruments that are not immediately necessary for flight. In this way, time is saved; the equipment does not have to be shipped to the Coast.

The next stop is Montreal, but long before the blue marker on the wall map in Washington reaches there, officials are checking with the air lines for return passage for the crew. Within a minute after the ship has landed, she is in the hands of the British, and within an hour, usually, the American crew is being flown back.

This is the basic routine for which the Ferrying Command was organized. Variations soon extended its routes to other points all over the country and,

(Continued on page 54)

This is how the Statue of Liberty looked from the Colin Kelly Ship as the B-24D dipped its wings in salute

At the end of the trip Lt. Herbert turns over the papers for the B-24D to Engineer Hobart Beals, of American Air Lines

Back to the West Coast, by commercial air liner, Lt. Herbert is first to disembark, followed by Lt. Neeld and Pvt. Procopio

More Meat per Acre

By L. O. Brackeen

Fish planted in lakes have been disappointingly undersized. Now it proves to be all a matter of feeding. With proper fertilization of ponds we can produce loads of real whoppers

ONE day in May, 1933, a disgusted fisherman named M. J. Funchess grew tired of pulling minnows from an Alabama lake, hurled his rod into the water and swore that something had to be done about making fish bigger and better.

Luckily Mr. Funchess was in a position to do something: He was director of the Alabama Experiment Station and dean of the College of Agriculture of Alabama Polytechnic Institute, at Auburn. He called in H. S. Swingle and Dr. E. V. Smith, two of his research experts, and asked them to find out why Alabama's fish were so puny. Swingle and Smith went to work and in six weeks found out that farmers and fishermen all over the country were complaining that fish planted in ponds and lakes just wouldn't grow up into the traditional whoppers of boyhood days.

So the researchers set themselves the job of finding out why. It turned out to be a matter of food—most of the ponds and lakes didn't produce enough to go around. Other facts turned up—some of them surprising. For instance, properly stocked and fertilized ponds and lakes will produce more meat per acre than land will. A good pond of ten acres will produce twice as many pounds of fish as ten acres of good pasture land will of meat. Ten acres of good pond will make six hundred pounds of edible fish; ten acres of meadow will produce only half that amount of beef.

Many ponds are overstocked and contain insufficient food for fish to grow to legal size. Poor fishing is often caused by too many small fish. The only practical and economical way yet found to increase fish production is to increase the food supply. This has been done by fertilizing the ponds like fertilizing cotton fields. Home-mixed fertilizers containing 40 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 60 pounds of 16 per cent superphosphate, 5 pounds muriate of potash and 15 pounds of ground limestone are applied per acre of water ten to fifteen times during the spring and summer months. Where commercially mixed fertilizers are used similar results are obtained by using 100 pounds of 6-8-4 plus 10 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre at each application. The fertilizer makes microscopic plants grow. These plants attract insects which are eaten by the fish.

The fish culturists have found that fish in ponds surrounded by fields of crops and pastures reap considerable benefit from fertilizer leaching out of the soil and draining into the ponds. Pond construction and fish culture are providing water for livestock and are encouraging recreational activities, especially swimming and boating.

Most fish are very prolific, so stocking ponds with a few large brood fish results in overstocking as soon as the fish spawn. Experiments indicate that, under favorable conditions, one pair of bream will stock about five acres of water, one pair of crappie about seven acres and one pair of catfish about four acres.

It has been found best to construct ponds on small streams or so they will catch runoff water from terraces in near-by fields. When constructed on large streams the ponds frequently are flooded with muddy water which makes poor fishing and carries away much fertilizer and fish food. Where ponds are constructed on large streams it is best to detour the flood water around them.

During their seven years of experimental work with fish the Alabama fish culturists have found that farmers and sportsmen can breed and produce goldfish in small fertilized ponds, and worms in washtubs, old oil drums or abandoned bathtubs and other watertight containers.

For example, Dean Funchess produces goldfish by placing about ten brood minnows in each small fertilized pond and then transferring the goldfish to small ponds in his backyard.

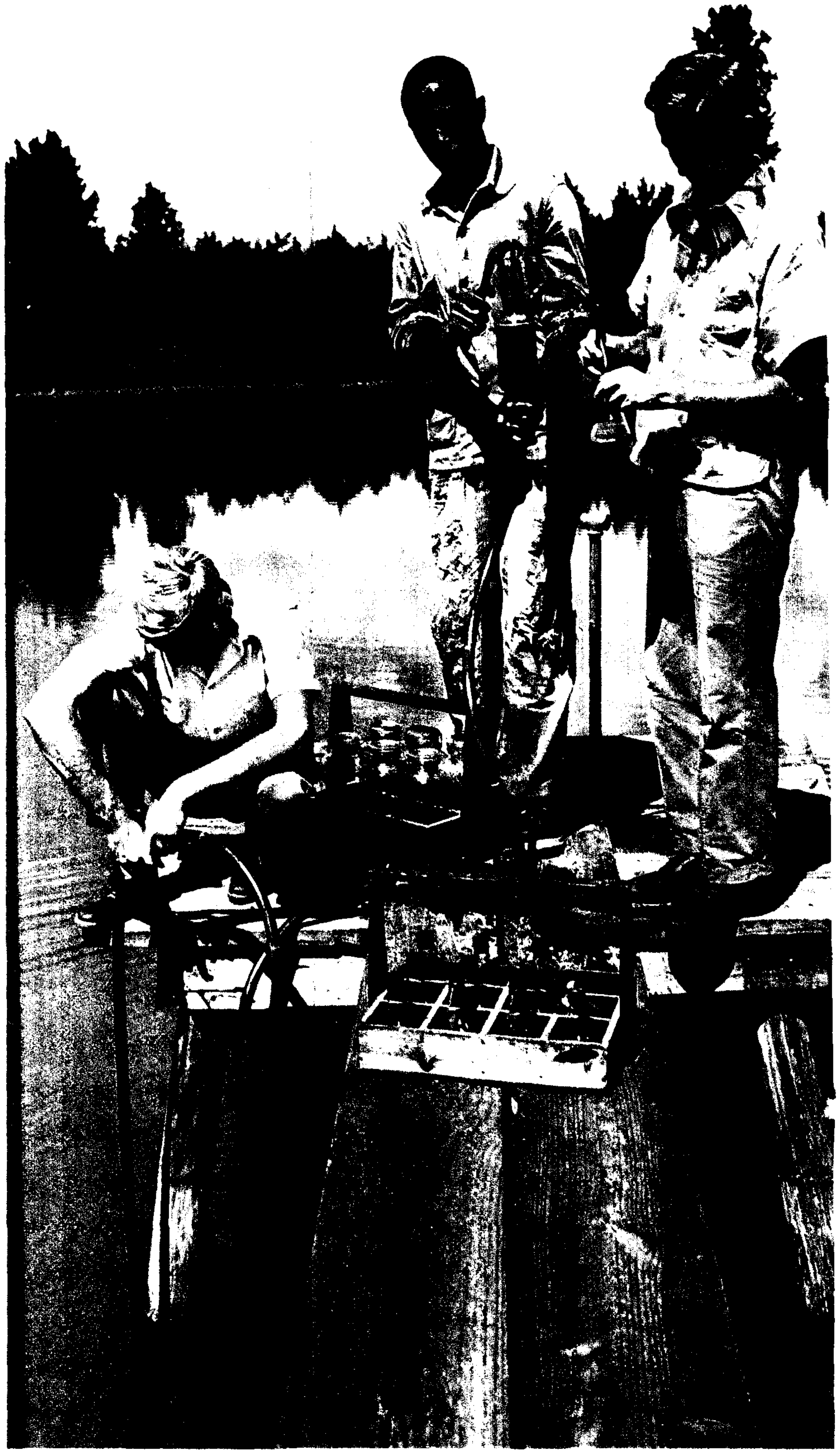
Fish pond construction, fertilization and management are becoming popular with civic groups, sportsmen and farmers throughout Alabama. For the past several years members of the Auburn Outing Club have owned and managed a twelve-acre pond. Before the pond was fertilized the members caught 1,580 bream and 1,506 catfish in five years. After it was fertilized they have been catching an average of 2,000 bream and 1,750 catfish annually. This means that they are now catching more fish in one year than they had been in five years before the pond was fertilized. Similar ponds are being operated by clubs in Anniston, Montgomery, Selma, Enterprise and other Alabama towns.

Before the Selma pond was fertilized it was clogged with underwater lilies, which made fishing difficult. After the pond was fertilized the algae (microscopic plants) shaded out the lilies. Today the pond provides excellent fishing. Similar results have been obtained in other ponds. The culturists are not yet ready to name the underwater plants algae will shade out. They know it will kill several of those growing in the South.

Fish culture is spreading into the rural areas of Alabama. In Lowndes County more than 300 ponds have been constructed, fertilized, stocked and managed during the past few years. These ponds are now being used for fishing, swimming and boating and for supplying water for beef and dairy cattle.

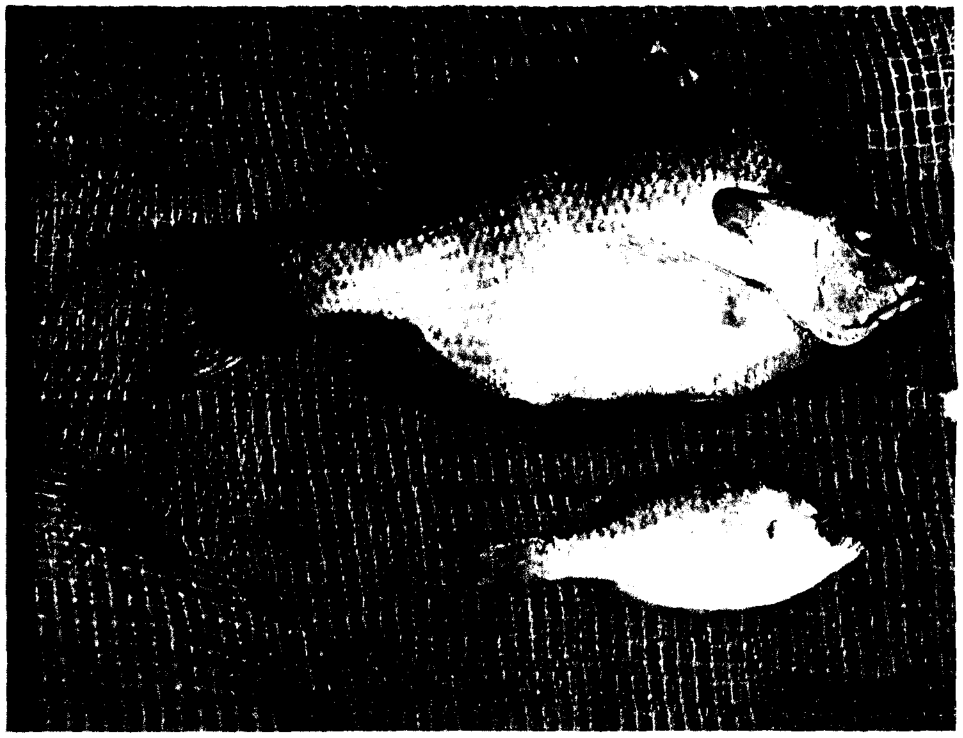
Instructions for building these ponds are furnished by the Alabama Experiment Station and fish for stocking them are furnished by state and federal fish hatcheries. Pond construction is being encouraged throughout the state by county agents of the Extension Service. The state health department used a permit-and-inspection system that prevents pond construction and impounded water from becoming a health menace.

Today Dean Funchess is not complaining about catching small fish but enthusiastically tells his friends about the excellent fishing he enjoys. He predicts that in the future, fish production will be a big and profitable industry on American farms, with fish playing a most important part in the diet of rural people. ★★★



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE MONAHAN

Samples of water are taken from each pond daily for testing. The water is analyzed for carbon dioxide and for the amount of vegetable matter

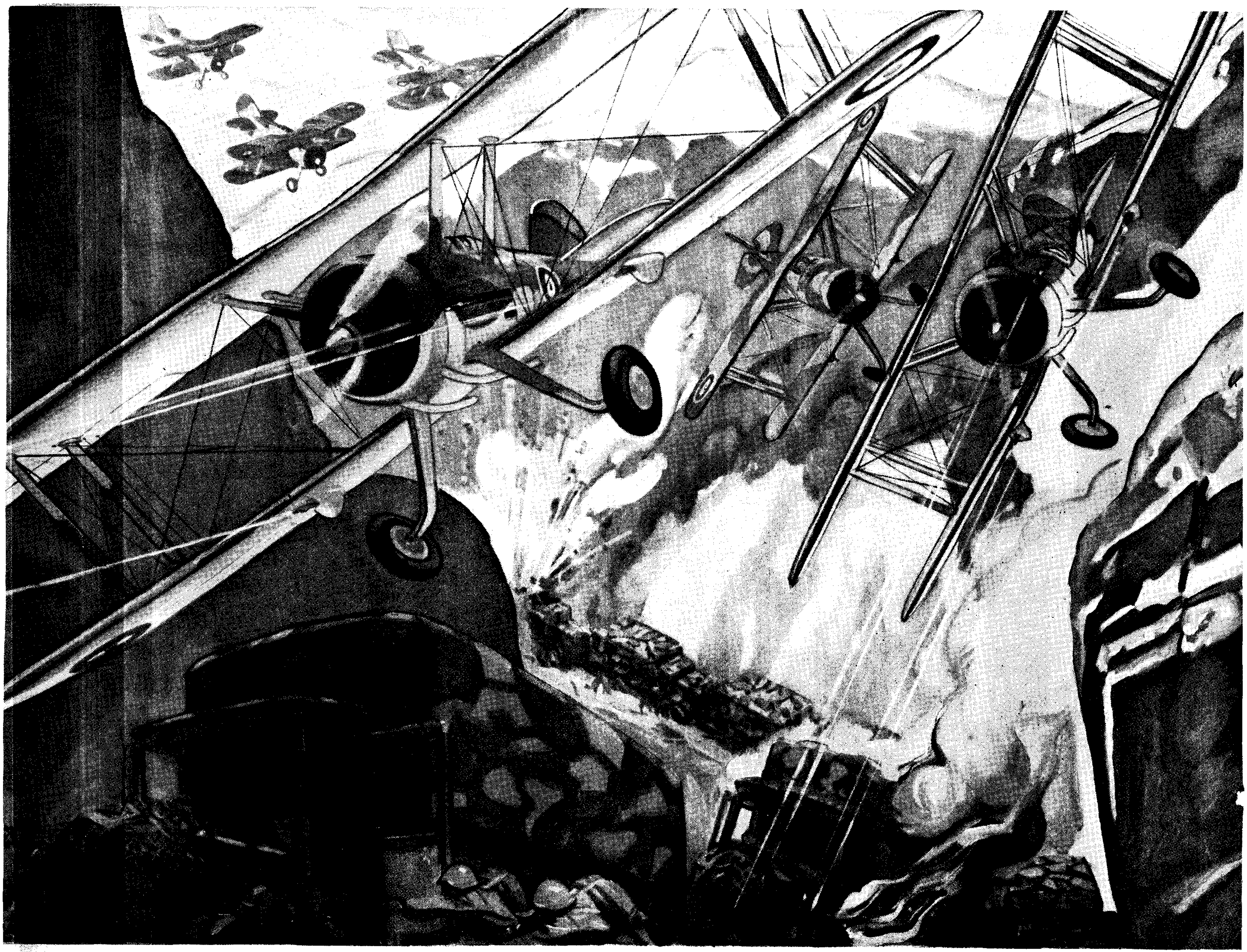


Bluegill Bream, about 18 months old. The larger one is from a fertilized pond, while the smaller is from a pond that hadn't been fertilized

Fish Culturist H. S. Swingle, pioneer experimenter with fertilizer in fish ponds, exhibits Bluegill Bream with a Crappie in middle of string

Due to reflected light from the sky, the true greenish color of the water, so important a factor, is not apparent in these artificial ponds

In small ponds, fertilizer is strewn by hand. John Henry Ogletree, pond laborer, is shown doing his stuff. In small lakes, outboards are used



The others were coming after him and he could see some of the trucks burning and small figures at the side of the road

FLIGHT TO THE SUN

By James Aldridge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

JOHN QUAYLE, a young British flight lieutenant, and his associates in 80 Squadron—an experienced fighter unit under the command of Squadron Leader Hickey—leave Cairo and go to an airdrome near Athens. The "valorous" Italians are attacking Greece, in the air, and it is up to "80" to do what it can to smear them in the air.

The squadron goes into action; with the greatest ease, it sends down two enemy planes in flames. Then Quayle, in Athens, meets an American war correspondent—Will Lawson—who introduces him to a fine Greek family: Stangou, a liberal newspaperman (who has been in trouble with the authorities); his wife; his son, Astaries; and his daughter, Helen.

Helen Stangou is a lovely dark-haired girl. Quayle is instantly attracted to her. When she leaves the house, to send a telephone message, Quayle accompanies her. He questions her—learns that she is a university student; that she helps in a first-aid post in Athens; that in a short time she is going to Ioannina, near the front. Liking her, finding her a delightful companion, he asks her if he can see her again. And she invites him to lunch with her at her home on the following day.

But Quayle does not keep the date. Instead, he remains at the airdrome—Italian planes are active, and he may be needed at any moment. Late the next night he and his associates are ordered to report to headquarters. They obey orders, and the wing commander informs them that the squadron is to be sent to Larissa, near the front. It will be outnumbered about ten to one, the wing commander says, but it must do what it can. . . .

Among Quayle's friends in the squadron are: Gorell, Tap, Finn, John Hersey, Vain (a young Australian—and, like all Australians, a great fighting man), Stewart, Constance, South, Brewer and Richardson. Like Quayle and Hickey, all are brilliant fliers; all are fearless, ready for anything that may happen. . . .

In Athens—where several of the members of the squadron are preparing to go to bed—Tap (one of the liveliest of the group) suddenly speaks up. "Any gals in Larissa?" he queries, as, seated on his bed, he flips the leaves of a book *about insects!* "Sure," someone says, "but they've got a wall around them."

Tap grins. "A detail," he says, "a detail."

Quayle climbs into his bed. When he goes to sleep, Tap is still reading—*about insects.*

II

RUTGER, one of the ground crew who drove the station wagon, woke Quayle next morning.

"It's five-thirty, Mr. Quayle," he said, and Quayle was half conscious of having to do something and then realized what it was.

"What sort of day is it?"

"It's raining cats and dogs."

"Did you bring the weather report?"

"Yes." Rutger gave Quayle a slip of paper. It said: Cloud on Athens ten tenths, visibility nil, wind 40 m.p.h. at 5,000 feet, storm center moving east across Pindus from Missolonghi. It might pass over by midday.

Quayle went to headquarters to see the wing commander. It was too dangerous to phone him. The wing commander said to call it off for a day but to make it an hour earlier the next morning, so there would be more chance of good weather. They had to get there for certain tomorrow.

So Quayle went out to see Helen Stangou.

She was sitting at a table rolling bandages with a small wooden machine. When he came in she stood up and smiled. She was dressed in a pale yellow coverall, and her long hair was serrated against it on her shoulders. She was firm-cheeked when she smiled and her forehead was tight. Her eyes were low and dark, and their shape was made clear by her face's proportion.

She said, "It is you. Come in."

Quayle said, "I'm wet; the water will drip. I couldn't get here yesterday. I'm sorry."

She said, "Yes. I knew."

He stood there with water from his damp greatcoat dropping around him.

She said, "I cannot go out now . . ."

He interrupted her: "I know, but I'd like to see you tonight."

"It is difficult." She spoke very softly, so the other girls could not hear her.

"It may not be possible to see you for a while. I'd like to see you tonight."

"I will be here late. Can you take me home?" she said.

"Yes, I think so. What time?"

"Ten o'clock. Will you wait over near the university?"

"All right," he said. He shook her hand with firmness. She smiled and he went out.

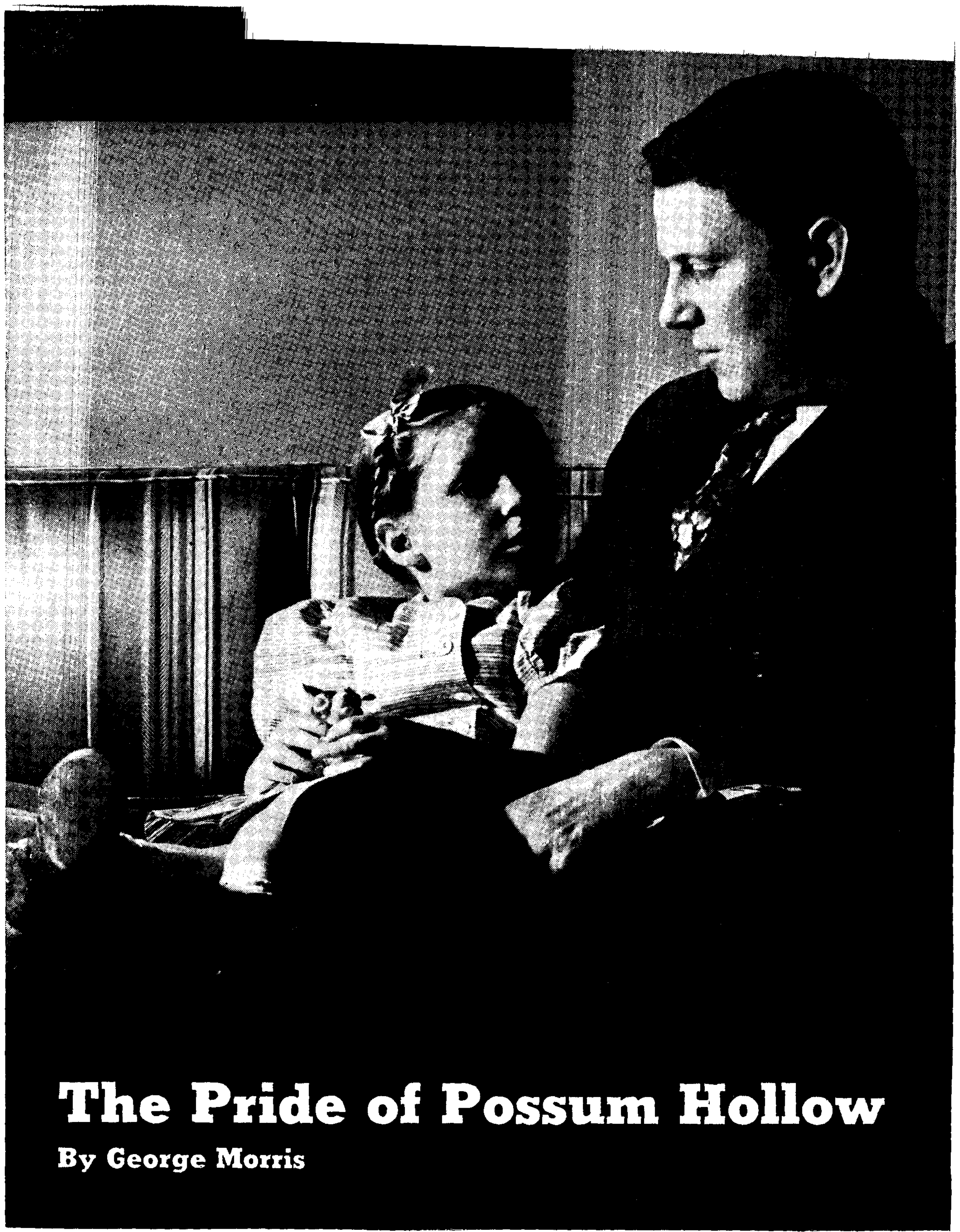
JOHN QUAYLE went at ten o'clock to the university steps and waited for Helen. It had stopped raining; the cloud was high and light. He knew it would be fine tomorrow. He did not want to

(Continued on page 26)

The Pride of Possum Hollow

By George Morris

Albert Gore, young and broke and the father of a new baby, decided to run for Congress. And he made it, thanks to his helpful friends—and his wife



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Relaxing with his little daughter Nancy always proves a mental tonic when Congressman Gore tires of national problems

ALBERT GORE was born twenty years too soon. He would have been a perfect specimen for the Alphabet boys. As a result of being deprived of the privilege of being rehabilitated, he went to Congress.

Representative Gore, of the Fourth Tennessee District, a political hornet who stings, not often, but hard, first got the idea of going to Congress one Saturday afternoon when he rode a mule from his home in Possum Hollow to Carthage, carrying a sack of corn to exchange for a sack of meal, less the miller's toll.

From his point of vantage atop the sack of corn, he saw Judge Cordell Hull, the congressman, surrounded by books, magazines and papers, in the garden of a big brick colonial home, overlooking the clear waters of the Cumberland River.

Only a country lad who had fought a contrary mule and plowed the rocky, unproductive Cumberland mountainsides, with only the privilege of going to mill on Saturday for recreation, could appreciate the contrast between a mountain farmer and a congressman. It was noised around that the congressman was paid fabulous wages and, whether he worked in Washington or sat in the shade of a tree at home, got a fat check from the government every month. Young Gore decided to be a congressman.

He began to plan to be one. It was a long wait, but he worked while he waited. Each year found him in better shape for the inevitable free-for-all when a vacancy should occur.

There was, of course, no disloyalty to "the judge." The job was his as long as he wanted it. Anyone so disrespectful as to challenge his title would have been run out of the district. Young Gore's ambition was based upon the belief that the judge was destined for bigger things, and soon thereafter Judge Hull was elected to the Senate and within a few months became Secretary of State.

Tennessee lost a member of the House by reapportionment. The legislature redistricted the state so that the home county of the incumbent Fifth District member remained in the Fifth, and the counties where his strength lay were in the Fourth. So Albert Gore changed his residence to the Fourth and announced his candidacy.

Six Hats in the Ring

The spirit of fair play is strong among mountaineers and they elected him. A rule of the mountains is: Never hit a man unless you knock him down. Eventually the congressman announced for governor. Into the ring for the congressman's discarded job went six hats—young Gore's among them.

Representative Gore's success is not a story of juvenile genius. It is not luck, accident or fate. He decreed it himself. He comes from a hardy, courageous race—from the country's last frontier of Anglo-Saxon stock. These mountain people are honest by inheritance and shrewd by necessity. Dishonesty is not tolerated. No mountaineer has a lock on his smokehouse or corncrib. But he insists upon the right to distill his corn and resents government interference.

They are not rich, by accepted standards. Neither are they poor, by their own. According to dietitians their standard of living is subnormal. But they are satisfied with their food, and the dietitians do not have to eat it.

Representative Gore is a member of the Missionary Baptist Church, the conservative branch, with which his family has long been identified. Church connection is an important political asset, and Representative Gore's affiliation has done him no harm. The mountaineers reserve the right to worship God as they please, and as loudly as they please.

The mountaineer is a generous host. The stranger is welcome, if he can prove he is not snooping for the government. Relatives descend upon him for visits of weeks and sometimes forget to go home. Popularity is measured by the number of unexpected guests who arrive for Sunday dinner, assured of a hearty welcome and boundless hospitality. The mountaineer hates rattlesnakes, "revenooers," and social workers, and, except for an occasional feud to break the monotony, is generally at peace with the world. Whatever he possesses came the hard way. He would be suspicious of anything that came any other way.

A product of that environment, Albert Gore knew that if he was going to Congress—as he had decided—he would work his way and not hitch-hike. He had no rich or influential relatives.

Completing whatever course it was the one-room log schoolhouse in Possum Hollow had to offer, he graduated from the Gordonsville High School. Next, he decided that the job of county superintendent of education would be a step toward Congress. To be county superintendent required a college degree. He entered State Teachers College at Murfreesboro at the beginning of the spring term. Thereafter until graduation he matriculated only for the spring term. The session ended in time to assist with late spring and summer plowing. He helped gather crops in the fall. He never attended college a full year.

After graduating he alternated between farming and teaching country schools. He was farming when word came that the vacancy he had waited for had occurred in the office of county superintendent of education. He "took out" his team, went to town, entered the race, and was elected.

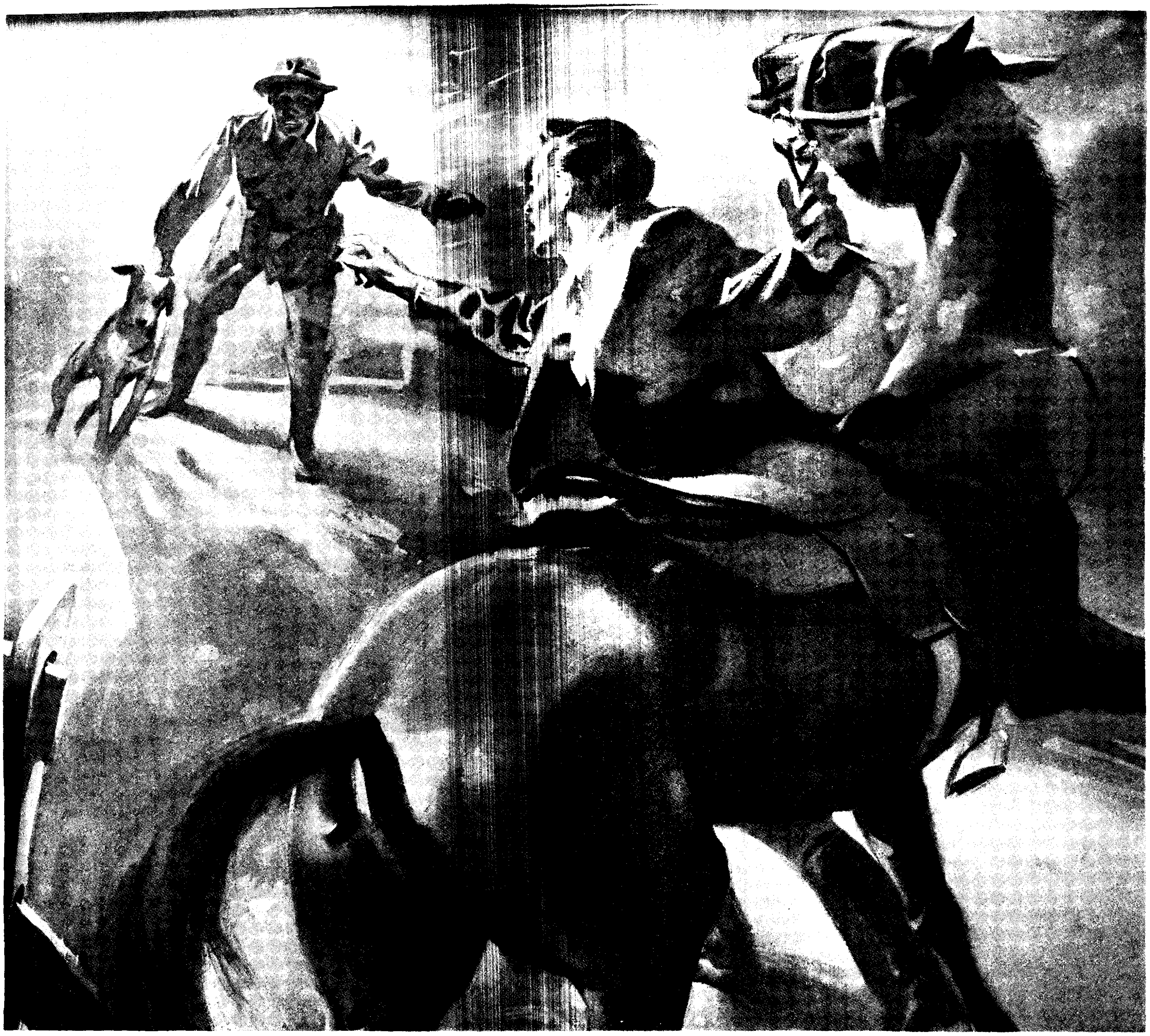
His rule was never to turn down an invitation to make a speech. "No matter how poor," he says, "somebody will think it good." He spoke at picnics, clubs, barbecues and dedications. No school was too small or too remote for him to accept an invitation to address the graduating class.

In 1934, he managed the primary campaign for an unsuccessful candidate for senator. Following the custom of placating the opposition, Gore was appointed chairman of the speakers' bureau for the Democratic nominees. With consideration and foresight, he was especially partial to the congressman from his district. He was billed to speak in the cities and larger towns of the state, where, Gore explained, he would have access to newspapers, radio and larger audiences. The congressman was not scheduled to speak in his own district. Gore accepted those engagements, and began to be "mentioned" for Congress.

After the 1936 election he was appointed State Commissioner of Labor, a position traditionally claimed by a representative of labor. He overcame vigorous objection by setting up a model unemployment-compensation plan. States failing to measure up to standard were advised by the government to study the Tennessee plan.

Shortly after accepting the state job and going to Nashville, he married Miss Pauline LaFon of Union City, Tennessee, a charming and ambitious girl.

While Superintendent of *(Continued on page 44)*



Duff hit the ground running. "Wesley!" he shouted. Then from the boil of smoke in the door staggered a man dragging a dying dog by the collar

Trial by Marriage

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN his mother kills herself, in her deep Southern home, Duff Webster leaves his shiftless father (once a noted dog trainer) and takes to the road. For a time he almost starves. Fortunately, he encounters a runaway dog ("Judas"), captures him and takes him to the owner—testy old Amos Hawthorne, whose granddaughter, Lucie Sullivan, befriends him, gives him a job at Hawthorne's kennels, near the town of Tafton, Alabama.

Lucie is an attractive girl; Duff is an attractive boy. Within a short time they are in love. Hawthorne, however, regards young Webster as a lazy ne'er-do-well; he orders Lucie to have nothing to do with him. An independent person, Lucie ignores the order; whereupon, Delia Phillips—a Circe who takes what she wants (and she wants Duff)—*inadvertently* informs the old man that Lucie is disobeying him.

Hawthorne is bedridden, blind. He induces Duff to come to his room, where he tries to shoot the boy. Duff escapes with his life. But the situation so created is full of peril. And Duff—feeling sure Lucie does not really love him—turns to Delia.

Unable to stand the shock of the death of a dog he loves, old Hawthorne dies. . . . Meanwhile, Duff has gone to work as kennel manager for a man named James Lampley—a dog breeder and plantation owner . . . and presently marries Delia. Shortly after his marriage, Duff is sent to Saskatchewan, Canada, where he takes charge of a training camp for dogs.

The camp—an old farm far out in the country—bores Delia; she and Duff have frequent quarrels. . . . Duff has one favorite dog: Judas. Hawthorne had always regarded the dog (a pointer) as too savage and ill-tempered to be trained; he had given him to Duff. Now, having worked over Judas for months, Duff takes him out for a trial. For a time, the dog is rebellious—he flushes four prairie chickens, excitedly. Then, scenting a fifth bird, he half squats and freezes into a beautiful point. "Hand me my gun," Duff says to his assistant.

VI

WITH the .410 gun, Duff walked stealthily toward the motionless dog, saying warningly, "Whoa-ap, now . . ." and sliding the tight check cord through his left hand. Judas stirred slightly, and Duff put a little more pressure on the line as a reminder.

Then, for the first time, a man stood beside a Judas point. Duff's left hand touched him, and slowly stroked him from his neck to the tip of his tail to quiet his nerves. The dog stiffened in anger under his touch but held the point.

Carefully Duff unbuckled the muzzle on Judas and slipped it off. He took one step ahead of the dog, and a prairie chicken jumped from concealment into the air, wings drumming. Judas sprang after it.

The gun went to Duff's shoulder and fired, and the chicken tumbled over into a buckbrush clump. Judas was upon it in one bound. Duff let him mouth the bird for a few moments. Then he drew him away.

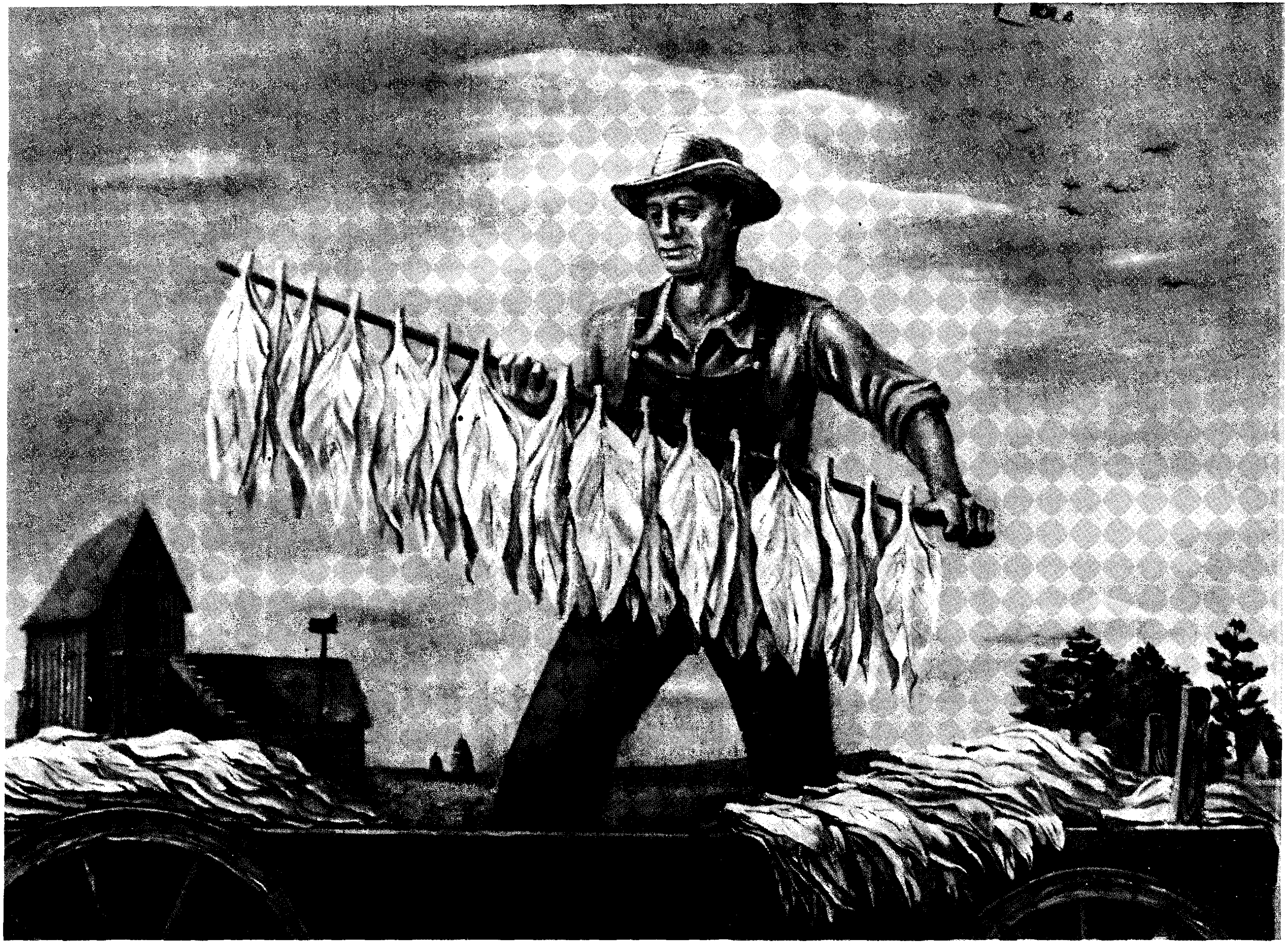
"See dere?" Wesley said to Judas. "Ain't it a whole heap easier to git dem chickens when you behave yo'self and let Mr. Duff shoot 'em, dan to run your feets off up to de elbows trying to ketch 'em? You *sholy* ought to see dat, if you got half de sense yo' daddy did." Wesley turned to Duff. "You see dat look in his eye? Like he saying 'Well for de Lawd's sake! Now I begins to see what all dis-here running and yelling been about, all dis time.' Yes, sir, Mr. Duff, we is put some numbers in dat dog's head dis day."

Afterward they ran Mr. Lampley's brace of two-year-old pointers. One of them, Tequila, a hot-blooded animal standing twenty-two inches at the shoulders with flaring ribs and a tapered tail and a liver head blazed white between the eyes, was an almost certain

(Continued on page 38)

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



A "stick" of tobacco after curing. Painted from life on a Southern farm by Arnold Blanch

We paid 41%* more in Hahira, Ga., to bring you fine, light tobacco like this

DUE WEST of Georgia's vast Okefenokee Swamp lies a tobacco town called Hahira.

Hahira is one of the scores of Southern towns where year after year, at auction after auction, the makers of Luckies go after the finer, milder leaf—and pay the price to *get* it.

For example: In Hahira at auctions of the 1939 crop, we paid 41% more—yes, 41% above the average market price, to get this naturally milder, better-tasting tobacco!

This was in no way unusual. We paid well above the average market price in 108 tobacco markets that season. And that 1939 crop, properly aged, mellowed, and blended with other fine crops, is in the Lucky Strike Cigarettes you buy across your retail counter today.

In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts—and to independent tobacco experts who know the facts, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. With these experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—with these men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering . . . worth *acting on*, next time you buy cigarettes?

CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Copyright 1942, The American Tobacco Company

---

* *41% more than the average market price reported by U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 22

think about it because he did not want to leave Athens . . .

"It is you." Helen touched his arm as he watched a car slipping on the road.

"Hullo," he said.

"We will walk down here to a bus stop." Helen took his arm.

He said, "No, we'll get a taxi."

"Soldiers cannot afford taxis," she said with some gaiety.

"I am a flight lieutenant and I'm not married. I can afford it all right."

"How big is a flight lieutenant?" she asked him.

"The same as a captain in the army."

"You have enough money?"

"Yes."

"As you wish, then. But be careful how you talk in the taxi."

They walked along easily in the wet darkness and felt the cold reflection of water from the leaves of the trees and the concrete road. They found a ramshackle taxi. Helen told the driver in Greek where to go and he hit his meter with a small hammer and started. They went through the dim white and black wet streets to the Kephissia road, and Quayle could see the Pentelikon Mountains dark and above sight, stretching before them as if they were driving right into them.

HE PUT his arm around Helen's shoulders and grasped her wrist with the other hand.

"Not here, please," she said softly.

Quayle took his arm away. "Am I poaching on Lawson's territory?" he asked quietly.

"Do not talk." She took a firm grasp of his arm but kept away and sat silent while the bulk movement of the old taxi fell over the surfaced road in jolts. She stopped the taxi long before they were at her home and they got out. Quayle paid the driver when she motioned him to do so. When he had gone she said, "We can get you another to go home. We will walk. It is not safe for taxi drivers to know what you do."

As they walked along the muddy earth path Quayle put his arm in hers. She took his hand and both were warm.

"When will you have a chance to see me again?"

"Does it matter?"

"Yes," she said. "But if you can't tell me, it does not matter. It is better you do not tell me in that case."

"I just want to make sure I'll know where you are," John Quayle said to her.

"If you write to me at the Red Cross. Someone will write in Greek for you."

"But you are going away. When are you going anyway?"

"I think next week," she said.

"And what about this new place? Can I get you there?"

"At Ioannina? Yes. Do not forget Ioannina. Ioannina."

"I won't forget," he said.

John Quayle stopped her by pulling her arm. Then he pulled her firmly around to him and kissed her full on the mouth. She did not hold back. Her mouth was closed tight and was very warm. He couldn't feel himself any more. He could only feel heat in his head, and even warmth spread from her all over him.

When Quayle took himself away they turned around and walked on slowly. He did not say anything. He did not say anything because he knew it would be clumsy and he felt again that he didn't want to be clumsy with this girl.

"It is foolish," she said as they walked.

"Nothing is foolish," he said.

"You go away. I will go away. And we do this now," she said.

FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS
Tony Barlow

"I'm waiting for an empty space to come along" TONY BARLOW

"Nothing is foolish. We will see each other." He didn't want to talk.

"I am not worried like that. I have concern because we start something that cannot go further."

"Why not?" Quayle tried to stop again but she walked on.

"Because it is too difficult," she said. "And because you will go away."

"I'll be back," he said.

"No. I mean you leave Greece." She was not hysterical and was behaving very calmly. He wanted her to be weaker in her reactions.

Quayle stopped her again and this time he could feel her lips beating like a tight blood pulse. He could feel her arm with flesh warmth around his shoulder and he was excited and kissed her harder, then very softly. Her lips were tight but very warm and full and soft, and her hand was warm on the back of his neck. She drew away.

"It is bad if we cannot do this for a long time yet." She was still speaking calmly.

"You will forget?" he said.

"Perhaps . . . but I know it is bad for a long time to pass."

"It may not be. Please . . . it may not be."

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know."

They were near the entrance to her home. "Do not come farther," she said, as they came to the gate.

"Just as you say."

John Quayle kissed her once and she touched the side of his head with great tenderness. Then he swung around and walked away wondering how he would get home because she had forgotten to get another taxi for him.

IT WAS fine the next day. The flight took off before dawn and climbed to get over Parnes. It was bumpy from the start, and John Quayle kept climbing to get above the weather, but at twelve thousand it was still rough with a twenty-mile-per-hour headwind, and it was hard on gasoline.

Below, there were great colors as mountains rose and valleys fell and kept falling until they had the mountains tied up. There was a low cloud hiding the peaks and, beneath them, the shadow of green timber that rolled heavily over the mountains and made more great colors. It was very fine from here at twelve thousand. But some day, Quayle was thinking, he would like to come back and see it from below—or see any of the country from below—and get back his normal sense of distance and time between places. But this particularly would be country to go over on foot.

AFTER the war it would be swell . . . after the war . . . He tried to veer off any thinking about after the war. He was looking at the instrument panel to confuse the thought about after the war, but it was there . . . after the war.

What would Gorell or Vain or Tap or Richardson or Stewart, Constance, South, any of them, do after the war? What were they doing before the war? He didn't know. He didn't know because he didn't ask them, because he had a rough idea that would give them liberty to ask him questions, and he did not want that. Why? What if they did ask? What would he say? He was at London University, being an engineering student; that was all right. But what had it to do with any one of them? Take Tap. Quayle knew what he had been doing before the war. He had been sitting around in London spending his money because he had plenty of it. He had seen Tap's name in the papers but was surprised the first time Tap had come to the squadron, and he had taught Tap a few extra Gladiator maneuvers.

And Gorell. When the war started, Gorell must have been very young, maybe eighteen. He had been at King William's College after Quayle had left. Quayle must have been there the same time as young Gorell but he couldn't remember the simple face, the clean teeth, the wavy hair. He will be all right if he survives this, Quayle was thinking. He will grow into a large, simple fellow, thoroughly honest and without any complicated thought—something like Vain, only Vain was Australian and more real.

Vain was conscious of what went on around him and he reacted quickly to circumstances. Vain was like his dark, angular face, very quick, and his broad accent seemed like cockney at first. But Vain had been indignant when Tap had said that once. He was young too, but he seemed to have had a practical background; he was always talking about the sheep station he was brought up on. What had got him into flying? Australia must be a place like that. It would be a place to see after the war.

And tall Richardson, with his fluffy hair, rather cynical and always arguing with Tap because he took things seriously, and Tap didn't. He was steady-headed and was always good in a fight because he was reliable. What was *he* before the war? He never spoke about it, and Quayle suddenly liked him for not talking about it. This was a separate life and had nothing to do with the life before the war.

ALSO Brewer. He never spoke about what he did, either. Brewer, tall, gangling, easygoing Brewer. He should take more notice of Brewer, Quayle was thinking. I should take more notice of them all. I always think that at this stage, when I'm up here. But it all falls through when I get down there. Restraint is good in this business. It is essential. But you ought to notice them more, Quayle. South, for instance. Does anyone ever notice South? That medium-faced boy. He's always there but he never says a thing. He has no personality—or not enough.

If he had something of Constance's sense of humor. That had been fine the day Constance had climbed out of the Gladiator and he had been laughing so much he couldn't tell them about it. Finally he said that he had been leaning forward to see a 42 and his hand had slipped and his knee had knocked the stick. Constance had rolled and there he was upside down without knowing where he was. He had accidentally pushed the gun button as he pulled the stick over and nearly shot Tap's tail off, and everybody laughed highly about it—except South.

Old Hickey had been like Richardson in the old days too, but he had grown quieter as the squadron got bigger and the new ones came in. Hersey and Tap and Hickey and Quayle himself were the foundation members of the squadron. All the others seemed comparative strangers. Hersey was the oldest. He was appropriately cynical but Quayle remembered the time Hersey had got excited in a bombing raid at Fuka and nearly pulled Quayle's arm off to get him on top of the control tower to watch the bombing.

The two others were Finn and Stewart. Finn was very blond, like Lawson. He is like Lawson to look at; he's always with Stewart, Quayle thought. Stewart is dark and medium and they fit together. They usually go off on their own. They are both very young.

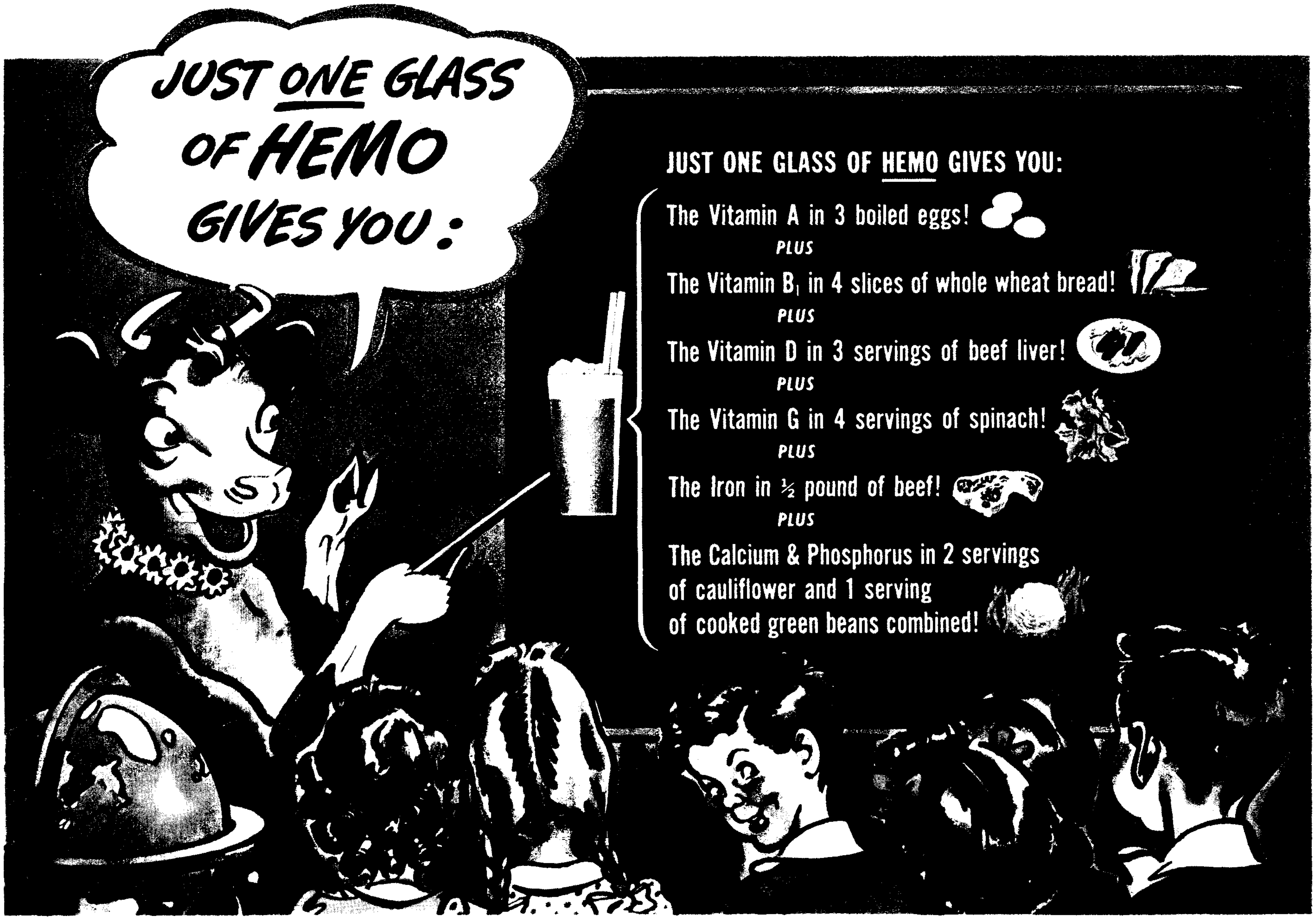
"John," he suddenly heard his name called, "I'm getting sick back here. Can't we get up a bit?" It was Tap. Quayle realized how bumpy it was and saw the high clouds ahead. The flight was at 13,000 feet.

"How about going up?" Tap asked.

"Up to fifteen then," Quayle shouted. "But come in, Tap." Quayle was check-

DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!

SAYS ELSIE
THE BORDEN COW


JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:
JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:
The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Vitamin G in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!
HEMO

Copyright, 1942—The Borden Company

***You know you need vitamins* . . . BUT . . .**

. . . you can eat till you're ready to pop—and still not get *enough* vitamins and minerals!

3 out of 4 Americans don't get enough of these vital food elements, according to the National Nutrition Conference for Defense. But *you* can get enough with Borden's HEMO—a new drink that tastes better, is better than the grandest chocolate malted milk ever mixed.

For HEMO contains vitamins A, B_1, D, and G—*plus* iron, calcium, and phosphorus. Contains them in such quantities that a single glass daily, added to a normal diet, gives you assurance of enough of *all* of them to make up almost any shortage!

And HEMO gives you all these vital food factors—not in expensive patent medicines—but in a grand-tasting drink!

Try HEMO today! Smack your lips over the flavor. *And enough HEMO to mix one full glass* at home costs only 2½¢! *If it's Borden's it's got to be good!*

At your favorite fountain: Ask for HEMO made up like a malted milk in any flavor you like.

IF IT'S BORDEN'S IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Borden's

Hemo

Borden's
Hemo
59¢
full pound—24 delicious drinks at your grocer's or druggist's

To make HEMO at home: Follow directions on label. Enough HEMO for one drink costs 2½¢!

SMOKING MEANS INHALING—
INHALING MEANS YOU NEED
what PHILIP MORRIS alone provides!

All smokers sometimes inhale. But—*your throat* needn't know it.

Here's a vital difference you may not know exists. Eminent doctors compared the leading favorite cigarettes . . . *found and reported* that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES* AS *IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES* AS *LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

That's *proved* protection—*exclusive* with PHILIP MORRIS—*added* to your enjoyment of the finer-quality PHILIP MORRIS tobaccos. *No worry about throat irritation . . .* even when you *do inhale!*

Call for Philip Morris
Philip Morris & Co. Ltd. Inc.
Philip Morris English Blend

CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS
AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

ing the time they had been out for their position. They were over the last range and could start coming down in half an hour.

"We'll be going down in half an hour, Tap. So we might as well stay around here," Quayle said into his mouthpiece.

There was solid cloud beneath now, too solid to break into. He was trying to contact Larissa.

Quayle kept the flight up. They cruised around over the clouds for half an hour but there was no break. He told the flight to keep in close and not lose sight of him. Quayle cut the mixture and nosed down easily into the cloud. It was thick and white and as the flight came down in wide sweeps like a mountain road, the cloud didn't show any break.

THE flight was close behind and kept there until they were at six thousand. It got too thick in one place. A downdraft hit Quayle and he lost five hundred feet. He could see two Gladiators still behind him but the other two were missing. Vain and Richardson were not around. At two thousand, the cloud broke up and Quayle was under it. He looked around for the others. Visibility was poor. He banked and swept around toward the airdrome. He could see a white mist outline of the town below.

"There they are," he heard Tap say. "They can see us, I think."

John Quayle came in a wide circle and met them. He found the airdrome easily then, and the flight landed in formation over the wet heavy mud.

In Larissa township, Hickey had found an old house that was empty. Quayle, Vain, Tap and Richardson and young Gorell all took fiber suitcases and kitbags which they carried in the Gladiators. Hickey had a large car that he had got from the Greek general staff at the Larissa garrison. They went the two miles into town. The house was bare and wet. It was depressing because it was a house and it was so wet. It was all right for it to be wet outside, but being damp and cold inside a house like this one was very depressing.

Hickey said the Bombay transport would probably not come up that day because of the weather, and they wouldn't get their bed rolls. So he would try to get a better place, until the equipment came up.

Richardson, Vain, Gorell, Tap and Quayle went into a restaurant that was dismal from the outside and had thick painted wooden shutters. It was dully lit by bare electric globes, and ancient marbletop tables were uneven across the dirty wooden floor. They sat down at a table and a wide-headed waiter came up. He was dressed like anybody else, so they didn't know for a while. Then the waiter disappeared, after nodding and smiling to them, and came back with five small glasses with white waterlike liquid in them. He put them before Quayle and the others, nodded his head quickly and said something in Greek. John Quayle picked up the glass and smelled it. It had a liquorish odor.

"*Uzo . . . Uzo . . .*" the Greek said.

"All right," Vain, the Australian, said. "We'll drink." He lifted his glass.

They all lifted their glasses, turned to the whole room and then to the waiter, said "Your health," and drank it.

"Ouch!" Tap said. It was very strong.

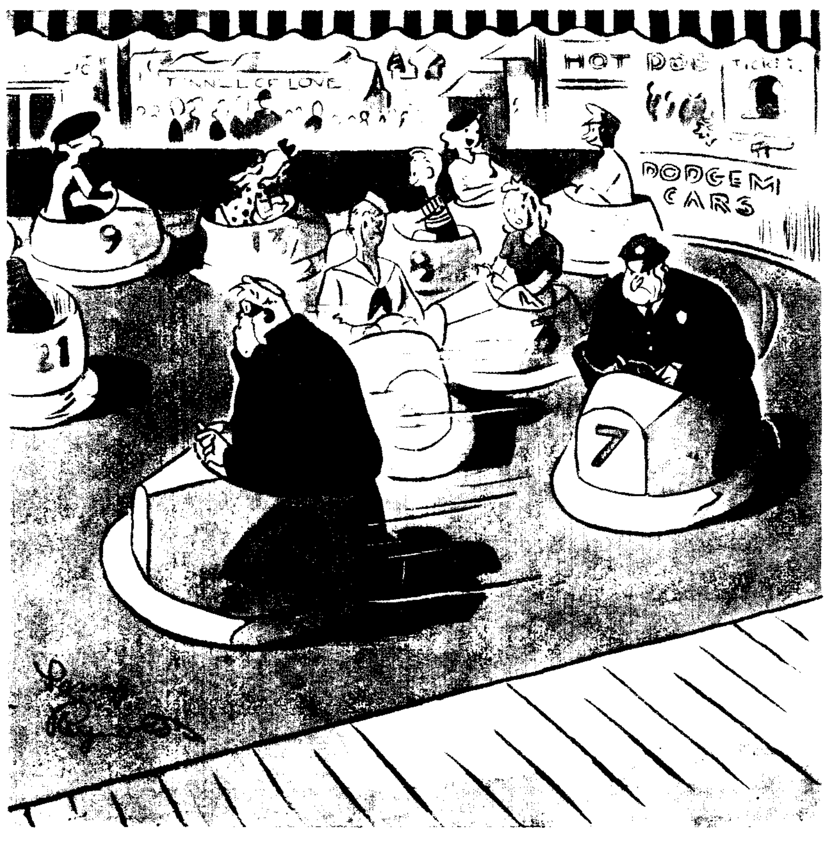
The drink tasted of aniseed. The Greek waiter brought a bottle and filled the glasses. Then he brought small cups of Turkish coffee. They drank again. The liquor spread all over you inside. A priest came in the door and walked to Quayle and the others. He had long hair, long beard and black robes with a square-topped cassock.

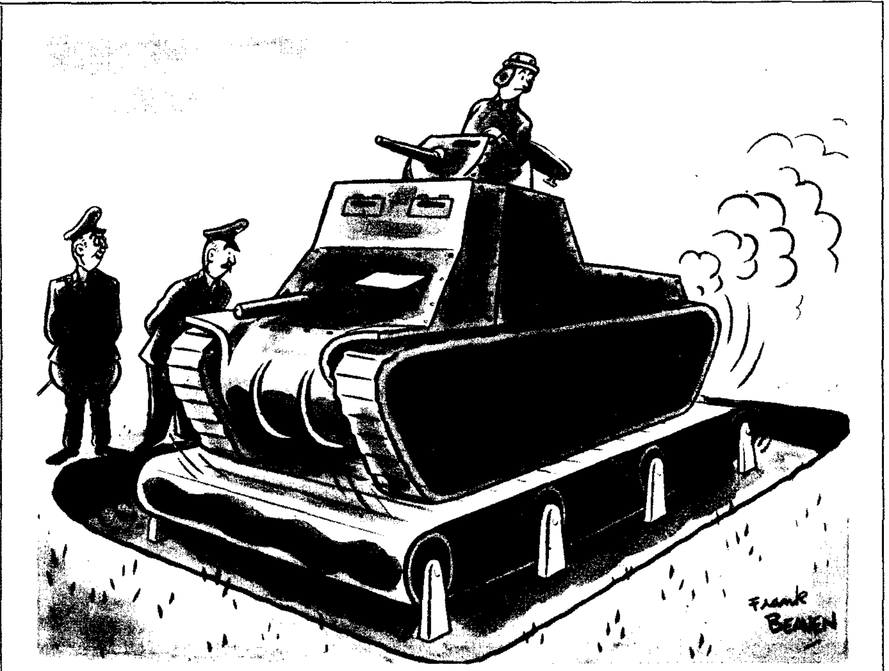
"Messieurs," he said.

"Monseigneur," Quayle said.

The priest said no more but smiled and called for another bottle of the drink. He got a glass for himself and kept filling their glasses as they drank. Other Greeks in the room, heavy-clothed workers, and the peasants, with their baggy pants and turned-up shoes, came over. The flight widened the circle and kept drinking, and the Greeks patted them on the back and spoke happily among themselves, during which Quayle heard *Inglis* mentioned a lot. Quayle could feel himself getting very warm and happy. Vain was having a wonderful time with the priest, drinking glass for glass with him, patting him on the back. There was a lot of animated talk

BUTCH By Larry Reynolds





"Best little tank trap I've seen" FRANK BEAVEN

among the peasants and the workers. One man was gestured out of the place.

They kept drinking, and all the time the Greeks were talking excitedly and the flight members were passing remarks among themselves in English.

Soon the Greek who had been gestured out of the place came in and he had another with him. He was dressed in a European suit with brown shoes and a gray hat.

"You English?" the new Greek said.

"Yes."

"You fly. You fight. Ha! Welcome here!" He turned to the others and spoke in Greek, then said to the flight, "You are wonderful, boys. We saw you today come in. Oh, my . . ."

The others were talking to him and he listened. "They want me to say you are welcome to here. At Larissa, they welcome you and drink your health. They all do. Yes."

The others were nodding and smiling and lifting their glasses. Vain got up and bowed to them and raised his glass. "*Ellas!*" he said.

Hearing one of the fliers utter the one Greek word which meant "Greece" and which Vain had learned at the Argentina made them stand and stamp around him . . . and they all drank.

"I am Georgius. I'm Aussie . . . see." The Greek had taken from his pocket a passport which had "British Passport" marked on top and "Commonwealth of Australia" under the Australian coat-of-arms. Everybody turned to Vain. He was an Australian. This was terrific.

"Vain. He's your countryman," Tap said. "Australian, see!" This was wonderful, a Greek countryman of Vain. They all roared because it was so good.

"Your health," Tap shouted and laughed and drank quickly.

There was quick talk in Greek again and Georgius said, "They want me to tell you that you will save Greece. We on land and you in the air. They say that we hate the Italian Fascisti more than you do because we got some of it inside . . . and that's why we fight so good. They say to tell you that you will shoot every Italian in the air and we will do it on the earth."

"Tell them that you are all the greatest living land fighters and that we are very proud to clean the air for you," Vain said and nodded his head as Georgius told them in Greek in twice as many words and gestures.

The priest raised his glass and said one word, "*Nike!*"

"Victory!" Georgius said.

This was wonderful. They laughed loudly and drank, because they had never drunk to victory before, and the Greeks took it so seriously that they laughed.

"Can we get something to eat here?" Vain asked Georgius. The priest was looking at Vain's Byronic features with obvious pleasure.

"No; but I show you a good place. I know a place."

"Ask them how much all this is," Vain said. He was delving into his pocket. Georgius asked the waiter in Greek but the others all spoke loudly at once and Georgius said, "They say it is not for you to pay anything. You are their guests. We are so happy you are here. You are our guests."

"Oh, no."

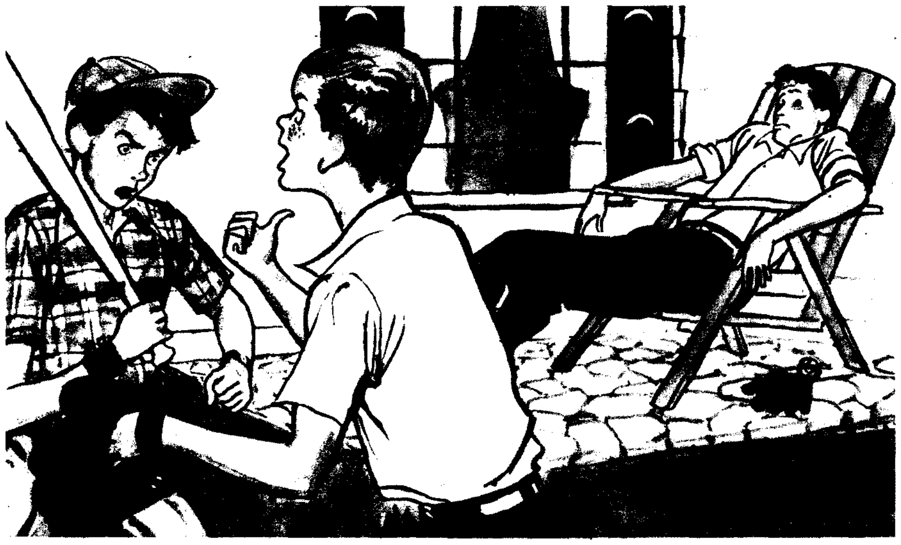
"They will be insulted," Georgius said. He rubbed his unshaven chin to emphasize the point. "Now come with me—I will show you where to eat." They stood up and the Greeks started shaking hands with them. They shook hands with all the Greeks and the Greeks clapped them on the back as they put their greatcoats on. Then they went out with Georgius, and the Greeks shouted "*Zito Inglis*" after them. They shouted "*Zito Ellas*" back to the Greeks as they walked across the square. It was only then that Quayle realized how drunk he was. His co-ordination was slow, and his reaction uncertain.

BY THE time they had eaten the thick Greek meal and found their way back to the bare house, Hickey had come back. Stewart, Constance, South, Brewer, Finn, and Anderson the doctor, all of whom had come up with Hickey in the first place, were at the house waiting for the others. They had shifted to the hotel they had found closed earlier. They had beds with mattresses but no linen because the proprietor had taken it all down to Athens when he had run away. So they all spent the night there.

They went to bed early because the drink, which Georgius told them was called *uzo*, started to react an hour after they had taken it and they were more drunk than ever. Hickey was not very pleased. They were all going on full patrol tomorrow because the Italians had started their expected bombing attack on the coast towns and roads. The Greeks were getting badly shot up and unless the squadron beat off the attacks the Greek army would probably fall back instead of going forward.

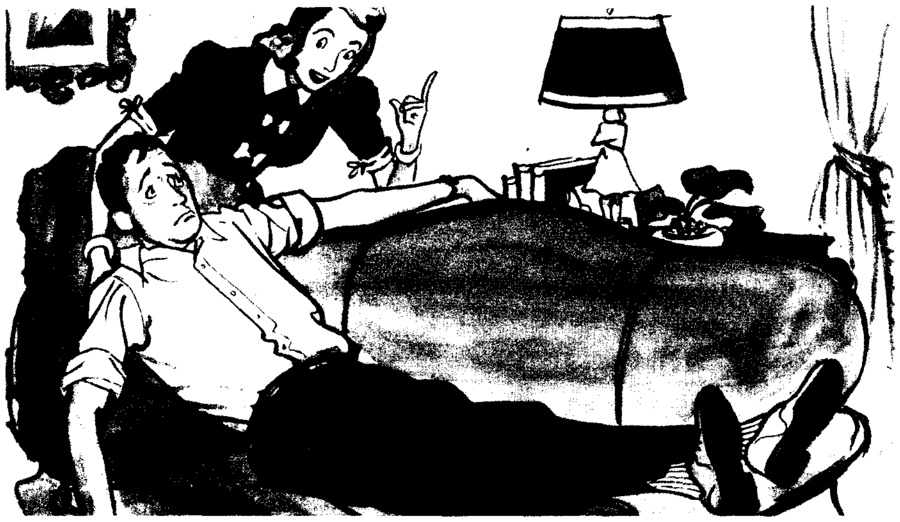
They were all very serious and aware of what they were doing the next day because they were self-conscious about being laid out by the white liquor. They

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel



Butch: Yaah! And you said your old man was a hot pitcher. That fast one of his couldn't even bust a window.

Red: It could too! Guess Pop just didn't feel like throwing hard—that's all.



Pop: We-e-ll! Looks like I'm just getting too old for that sort of thing.

Wife: You and your long grey beard! All you need, Glenn Wiggins, is a little more—er—more *pep appeal*—that's all! You're not eating right. Probably the only thing wrong with you is that you aren't getting all your vitamins! And you're going to start in getting them—right this minute.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Wife: Can't have pep without vitamins, you know! And right in this crisp, crunchy cereal are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—B_1 and D! Yep—right in KELLOGG'S PEP, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat!

Pop: Say—all your talk, and you never once said how *good* PEP tastes! Golly, if getting the *rest* of my vitamins is as much fun as eating KELLOGG'S PEP, that young fellow, Butch, isn't even gonna *see* my fast one!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

went out to the airdrome, and Hickey got the maps out of the cement hut, which was one half a Greek operations room. The maps of the area were too small-scaled. They were all the squadron could get unless they had Greek-named maps.

The area they were covering was directly west-southwest to the coast town of Arta, which was the port entry and west road route supplying the coastal front. This meant flying over the Pindus, the mountain range splitting Greece from north to south. They would patrol the road area between Arta and north to Ioannina, and between Ioannina and Metsavo, which was atop the Pindus. They had no weather reports. The clouds were about five thousand feet strato-cumulus over the airdrome, which could mean anything. Because the Pindus range was about eight thousand feet high, they would be fighting pretty near the peaks if they met anything over them.

They took off in threes. Hickey, Hersey, Quayle and Tap were leading the flights. They climbed rapidly to about a thousand feet to get safety, then pulled their formation to a stagger running right.

They climbed over the low range and got height, following the Penicos River that flooded the plain between Karditsa and Trikkala. They hoped to hit Arta about the same time that the large flights of Italian bombers had bombed it yesterday.

There was snow on the tips of the Pindus, and that made Quayle feel colder than he was. It was bumpy and he wondered if Tap was getting sick. Quayle had Gorell and Richardson tight behind him. Tap had Vain, the Australian, and young Finn.

WHEN they could see the Pindus from the west side it was getting time to climb. Hickey didn't like to use phones because any Italian planes near by might pick it up, and surprise was the best chance they had in a scrap. So they had to do some good formation flying to keep in close. But Hickey's flying was so perfect and so simple that he made it easier on the others.

The squadron got over Arta. They turned north and followed the river which flanked the winding road, and this was the bombing target for the Italians.

The flight was all looking around now, waiting for something to happen. They had opened up its formation for attack and were holding height at fifteen thousand feet. Quayle didn't like the idea of scrapping over this area because the peaks were too high and too sudden and topped with cloud. Hickey rocked his machine, and Quayle looked around and down.

Below, heading toward the squadron, was the biggest flight John Quayle had ever seen. They were strewn out for ten miles. There must have been a hundred and fifty planes.

Hickey dipped a wing and Quayle knew it was beginning. Hickey put his nose down and the others followed. John Quayle could see them disappearing from in front of him. When Richardson went down, Quayle followed. He could see nothing but Savoias and CR.42s, and he was thinking, "This is going to be miraculous!"

By the time his nose was down far enough, Quayle could see Hickey was going onto the bombers right through the fighters. The others were following. Tap and his flight had stayed up top to get the squadron out of trouble when they got into it. So there were nine of the squadron . . . nine against this flock!

And then Quayle passed the fighters.

He was going a billion miles an hour. He passed between two CR.42s and saw both the pilots turn their heads to look at him.

The sky was filled with 42s and he couldn't see a Gladiator anywhere, but two 42s were coming beam on at him and he could see another one diving on his tail. He pulled up quickly and there were inches between the two 42s as they passed under him. The other one was still on his tail. Quayle dived hard and pushed the throttle open and kept pushing it because he was crazy for speed to get away from the Italians. He didn't look around. He pulled the stick back and roared up in a loop, straightened out at the top of the loop, then dived.

HE PUSHED hard on the throttle again but it was wide open as he dived and he knew he would get the 42. It was Hickey-trained calculation and he came down right on the 42's tail. Quayle was less than fifty yards from the 42 when he straightened out and the 42 didn't know Quayle was there. Quayle had the Italian's head in the sights when he pushed frantically on the button, felt the vibration, saw the tracers cut the Italian in half and his hand push through the glass panel.

"Let's have a cocktail first—I never eat on an empty stomach"

AL ROSS

There were still 42s all around. Quayle suddenly saw a Gladiator zooming, with a 42 firing close at him. He winged over and didn't look behind but pushed down on the 42 and ripped a burst into its tail. The 42 lifted its nose too suddenly and stalled and fell. As Quayle came out level, he could see a parachute burst way to the right and wondered if it was one of the squadron.

But it stopped there, because he looked below and was almost wing to wing with a 42, a little above him but closer than if they were deliberately formation flying. Quayle could see the Italian's face and its puzzled look because he didn't have a mask on. The Italian could see Quayle's look. They were so close and both instinctively looked behind to see if anything was on either of their tails and frantically kept level flight, waiting for the other to move and looking at each other. It seemed a long time but it was seconds . . .

Then Quayle pressured the right rudder and closed the throttle until his right wing stalled. He slipped in a falling leaf under the 42. He pushed the throttle wide open and pulled straining up and got the 42's belly in his sights and swore aloud as he pushed the gun button and knew for certain that he hit his mark. He nearly crashed into the 42 as he banked and winged over out of the way as it burst into flames and fell.

Then Quayle seemed alone.

Far to the right, the sky was filled with mixed-up planes and he could only see 42s until he noticed one Gladiator hurtling down on two 42s and saw the guns' red and yellow streak and the tracers cutting into the 42. The 42 hung, then fell over, but Quayle saw a Gladiator on the left losing height and it seemed to be in trouble.

It was then he saw the Gladiator go down in flames right past him. He could see the figure still in the cockpit but couldn't make out who it was; but he knew the flier was done for. He looked up and saw the 42 that had got the Gladiator, winging off. He was going after it when Tap winged in because he was nearer and he climbed after the 42. The 42 did an Immelmann and was nearly on Tap's tail, but Tap did the tightest, fiercest loop Quayle had ever seen, came out over the 42 and clung to the side of it, pouring burst after burst into the Italian plane, which was burning and falling off. Quayle knew Tap had run out of ammunition because he saw him put his hand up—a signal.

THEY headed for home. The two of them were all Quayle knew about now. He felt very tired and didn't look to see what had happened to the 42's which were away out, heading north. He didn't care if his flight had stopped the bombers or not. He didn't care about anything, but he was very tired and the strain had given him a tight pain in the stomach. He set a course for Larissa and climbed, because they had come down from fifteen thousand to three thousand feet. He had forgotten about the mountains during the scrap, and now they were there and very frightening.

Quayle plugged in the phone, pulled the switch and said, "Tap, come in."

"Yes," Tap said. "Say, that was a shaky-do. Who was that going down?"

"I don't know," Quayle said.

They didn't say any more and dragged on back to Larissa. They dropped carelessly when they were over the town. Tap came over the drome in a perfect slow aileron roll, and Quayle followed him with a snap roll, though he was tired and sick, and he knew Tap was sick. He couldn't see any Gladiators on the drome until he was coming in. He saw three at the end of the field—other than Tap who was taxiing to the corner nearest the Greek operations room. Quayle pulled up at the other side, climbed out and saw the big Bombay transport. Two figures came across the field at the double, and Quayle saw they were Jock and Rutger, the fitter and the rigger. They had come up in the Bombay while the flight were scrapping.

"Who's back?" Quayle asked them.

"Mr. Hersey, Mr. Finchley, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Stewart," one of them said.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Finchley is lucky to get back at all. His plane's in bits."

Quayle had pulled off his parachute and was undoing the harness as Jock walked around his plane.

"Not a hole. But look at those stays," Jock said.

THE stays were loose and almost flapping in the slight wind. Quayle glanced at them and walked away.

Only four, and Hickey not back; that must have been Hickey down in flames, he was thinking as he walked across to the Greek cement hut. No, it couldn't be Hickey! Gorell, Constance, South, Vain, Brewer, Finn . . . none of them back . . . Brewer and Finn. What a scrap for them to get into! Brewer? Might have been Brewer. And South, quiet South. Five back out of twelve. There must have been a hundred 42s. There were others somewhere. He wondered what had happened to the bombers.

"Would you believe it?" Tap said to him as he came into the operators' room.

"Do you know what happened to the others?" Quayle asked him.

"No, nobody does."

They heard an engine and went out. They all looked up. There was more than one plane. He could see three, coming low from the narrow valley. They were very low. They came in straight and landed as if they were anxious to get it over with. Anderson, the squadron doctor who had come up in the big car, drove over to the three planes because they didn't spread out over the field but kept together and pulled up. Quayle saw Hickey get out of one. They ran over to the planes. He saw Constance get out of the second.

Both Hickey and Constance went to the third plane, and the others rushed there along with Anderson, the doctor. It was young Gorell they were bringing out when they got there. He was dead white and kept his eyes strained closed tight, as Anderson pulled him onto the ground. He had blood all over his face and down his jacket, and Quayle saw the clean bullet hole in the neck when Anderson pulled off the Irvin jacket.

Anderson opened a small case and started swabbing the neck with gauze and ether. Quayle saw Tap turn gray and step back and they were all talking as two of the ground crew came up with a rough Greek stretcher. Hickey and Quayle carried Gorell over to the car, as the doctor kept swabbing the blood. Young Gorell didn't open his eyes at all but kept them closed very tight.

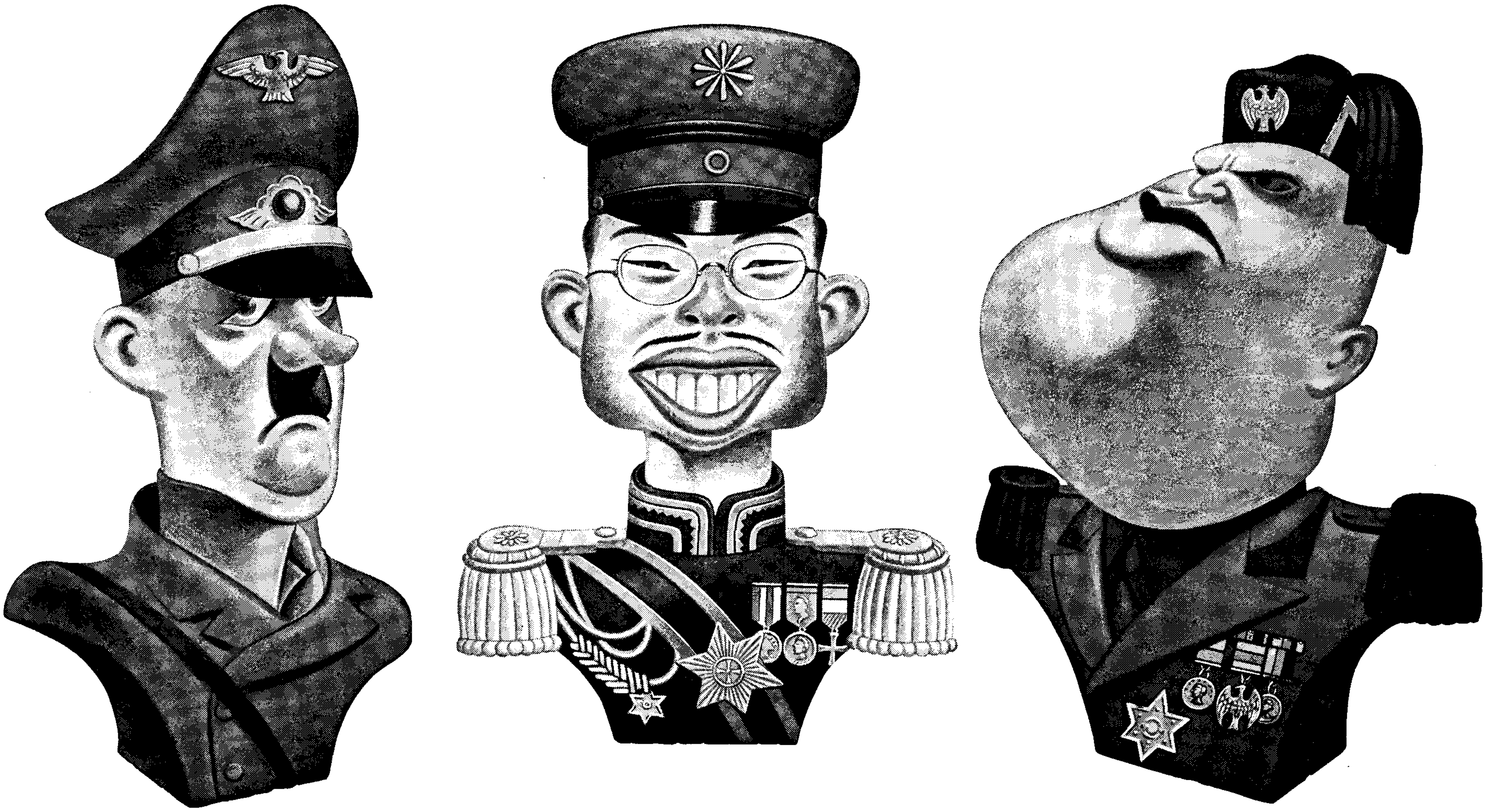
"This is no good," Anderson said finally. "He's lost enough blood. This car is no good."

"Can you wait until we see if we can

Uncle Sam has far more

POWER

for War Production



than all these three together!

Adolf, Hirohito and Benito probably aren't sleeping well these nights. They know that America's great and growing war production must inevitably turn the tide against them.

America can do it because America has the *electric power* to do it. Electric power is basic to production. *Electric* power multiplies *man*-power and drives the machines that make tanks, planes, ships and guns.

How *much* power has America? *More* than the three uneasy dictators and all their conquered countries *combined*—Albania, Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria and the rest of the long, tragic list. *Five times more* than we had in the last war.

No other nation even *approaches* America's power resources. And this has largely been accomplished the American way—by electric companies owned by millions of Americans and managed by American business men.

The practical experience, the people and the plants of all these companies are dedicated today to making Uncle Sam so *power-full* that Axis aggressors will soon be nothing more than three busts in the Hall of Infamy!

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 65

ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

**Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.*

INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

As a chairman, Jerry is a flop

JERRY NEEDS A LAXATIVE. But he's chairman of a Defense Committee that meets at 10.

"Can't risk interruption," he figures. "Better wait till tonight." Quick-acting laxatives are unknown to him.

IRRITABLE, UNCOMFORTABLE, JERRY finds it hard to keep his mind on the problems under discussion.

"They'd have got along better without me," he confesses to Mrs. Jerry later.

All's clear sailing for Bob

BOB NEEDS A LAXATIVE. He's got a Defense group meeting at 10, too. But he takes Mrs. Bob's advice: "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take now."

Bob takes speedy Sal Hepatica!

BEFORE HE LEAVES HOME, Sal Hepatica has brought easy, prompt relief! Bob faces the day's problems cheerfully.

His clever handling of the meeting wins praise from visiting officials.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

WHY PUT OFF till tonight the laxative you ought to take this morning? Discover gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica!

This refreshing saline is the favorite of millions because it acts quickly—usually within an hour—with no discomfort, no griping. Acts by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract.

Moreover, Sal Hepatica helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, helps counteract excess gastric acidity. Three out of five doctors recently interviewed recommend it!

Next time *you* need a laxative, take gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica!

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E W T

get an ambulance?" Hickey asked him.

"No. Get him in. Keep him flat. Keep his head up," Anderson said.

They put young Gorell lengthwise on the back seat, and Hickey got in the driver's seat as the doctor sat on the floor in the back holding his medical kit.

"I'll come back. Wait here," Hickey said to the others.

"We'll go in with the crew," Tap said.

Hickey said, "All right," roared the car to a start and went slowly off.

The others walked over to young Gorell's plane to see what had got him. His tail unit was just about shot away completely. The bullet that went through his neck had come in the back of the cockpit and finished up smashing the turn-and-bank indicator. There was blood covering the bottom of the cockpit and the seat.

They walked away from the plane.

"How many did we get?" Richardson asked.

"I saw about two go down in the first twenty seconds," Tap said.

"What about Vain and Finn?"

"I think that was Finn who went down in flames," Constance said.

"No. I saw Finn getting hell from about ten 42s near me and I was away from that," Richardson said.

THEY heard the engine then and looked around. "That's a Glad," someone said. They couldn't see anything yet. They could hear it and were physically straining their eyes to see where it was. It appeared low coming from the north. There was a second one way behind it.

"Two of them . . . two."

When the planes landed they stood and watched someone get out of the first plane. They couldn't see who it was until he pulled his parachute off and walked toward them.

"It's young Finn."

The second one landed. "That's Vain's plane," Constance said. But they waited for him to walk toward them.

"It's Brewer," Tap said.

Now, only Vain and South to come. And one had gone down in flames. One by parachute.

Brewer was beating his hands together as he came over.

"I'm frozen. Who got back?" he said.

"Everybody but Vain and South."

"I saw South bail out," Finn said. "I followed him down a while."

"Well, Vain came almost on top of me on fire," Quayle told them.

So it was Vain! "Somebody in Australia will be feeling pretty low in a couple of days," Quayle thought.

They went into Larissa in the big truck the ground crew had been given by the Greeks. They didn't talk. Hickey came up just as they were getting out of the truck. They asked him how young Gorell was, and Hickey said he thought he would be all right.

He smiled quietly when he saw Finn and Brewer. "That leaves only Vain and South," Hickey said.

"It was Vain that went down in flames," Tap told Hickey.

"South. He must have bailed out. Was that him?" Hickey said.

"Yes, Finn saw him," Quayle said. "By the way—how did you pick Gorell up?" He knew Hickey would not tell that unless someone asked him.

"I just saw him wandering off and losing height. I steered him in."

"Well, how about something to eat? Has anybody got any money?" Tap asked.

"We can go to the place we were at last night," Quayle said.

Between them they had enough money to buy a meal each. Hickey went to Greek headquarters to send the operations report back to Athens. The others went to the restaurant to drink the white *uzo*. When they came in, the waiter went out and got the Australian Greek, Georgius.

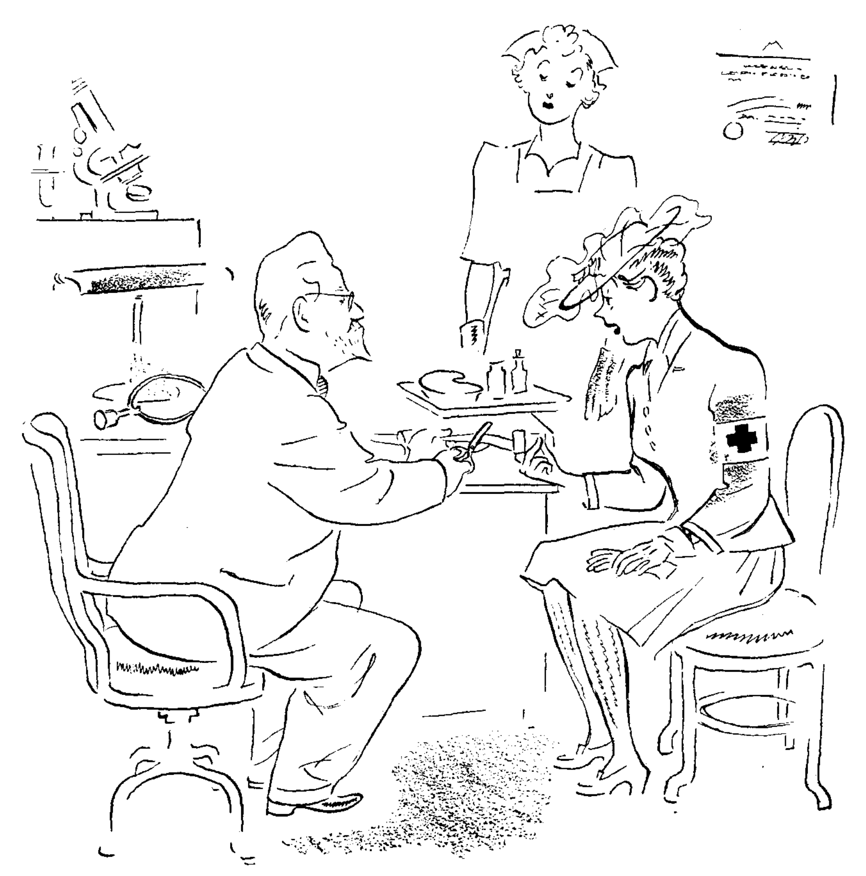
"My fine Tommies," Georgius said when he came in, "they want to know if you shoot down any Italians today."

"About twenty or thirty," Tap said and drank the *uzo*. "Have a drink."

"Thank you," Georgius said. He was looking around. "You cleaned the air, certain." He looked around again. "Where is my Australian?"

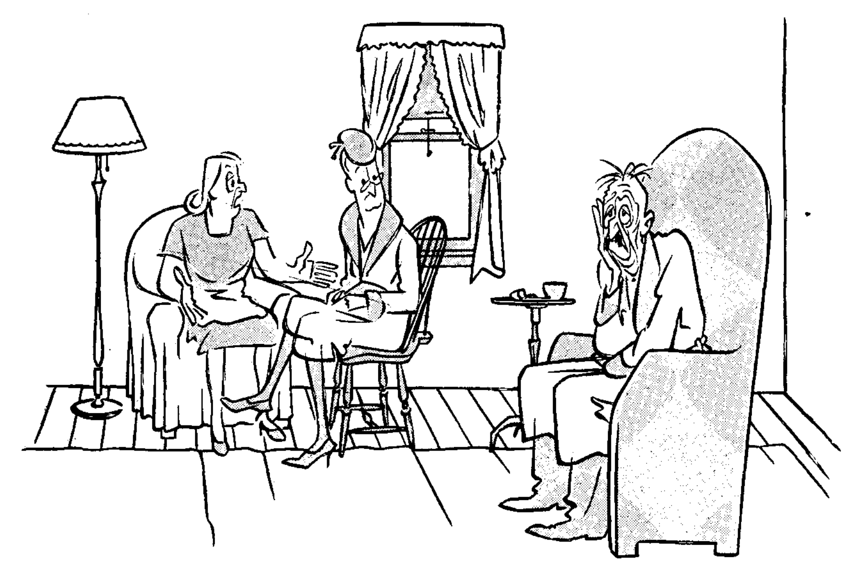
Tap looked at Quayle. Finn and Brewer were arguing at one end of the table and they stopped. Quayle looked at them all and their expectant faces.

"He got shot down," Quayle said to the Greek.



"May I make a suggestion, Doctor?"

GARRETT PRICE



"He's a creature of moods—down in the dumps one day and even further down the next"

GEORGE PRICE

"Yes? He gets shot down?"

"Yes," Quayle said.

Georgius turned away. Then he looked around and at all the squadron sitting there and said quickly, "He was all right. That he was."

"Yes," Quayle said quietly. "He was."

"I have sorrow," Georgius said. He turned his back to them and walked quickly out of the room. Quayle could see in his back the argument between emotional Greek and careless Australian and he never knew which really won because he never saw the Greek's face—then or ever again.

HICKEY got a report that night and he was told to go up to Ioannina to inspect the airdrome and facilities there. The squadron would move up if the airdrome was all right. It was nearer Albania. From now on, the squadron was to intercept the bombers before they got to the target, rather than over it. They would do some escort too and patrol over Greek lines. Meanwhile the flight would go to Arta again tomorrow as today. John Quayle would lead it while Hickey was at Ioannina looking things over.

The rigger had patched Gorell's plane, and Tap flew it. It was raining when they took off at ten o'clock. Hickey had already gone to Ioannina. The Bombay transport was still there and a Greek Junkers had come in that morning. The airdrome was a fine target when the squadron left it.

They got above some bad weather and came down into it over Arta to look for the bombers. But there were none to be seen. They patrolled the road and the valley leading north for an hour, then made back to Larissa because their fuel was limited.

Hickey had not come back from Ioannina that night. They patrolled again at two o'clock the next day but they didn't see anything.

When Hickey came back he said the squadron would move straight up to Ioannina, which was nearer everything. So the nine good planes left on the Thursday morning for Ioannina. Tap's plane was being fixed by the riggers and could be used as a spare. The remaining three planes in the squadron had arrived at Athens from Egypt and were coming up in a day or so.

It was straight flying over the Metsavo Pass, which, from the height Quayle saw it, looked the worst country he had ever seen. He was thinking of Helen. He remembered the name Ioannina and her telling him not to forget it; that she was going there. If this was the place—you could never tell with these Greek names, they all sounded the same—it was going to be fine. . . .

Rain was falling when they landed, coming down in the basin of low mountains under the cloud to the field that Hickey had chosen. It just looked like an ordinary field even from three hundred feet. There were no runways, no hangars, and a flock of sheep in the middle of it which Hickey almost ran into. It was worse than Larissa, thought Quayle. This is the worst of the bunch.

There was a large camouflaged bus waiting to take them into the village, which was sprawled around one side of a lake set in mountains. There was a Greek driver in blue Greek air force uniform with blue puttees and very muddy. There was a tall Greek in an army uniform near the bus.

"I am Captain Alexander Mellass," he said to Hickey.

"My name's Hickey." Then he introduced the others.

"I am to look after you," Mellass said. "I will take you in my bus into town."

So they got into the bus. Mellass told them there was fine feeling in the town about there being fighter planes around at last.

They rolled along the muddy road that was not surfaced and passed through the damp, narrow streets of a satellite village that had many people waiting at each side who shouted as they passed by. They went to the Acropolis Hotel, which was the corner of a bombed block of buildings. Mellass had a long argument with the big porter, who was drinking coffee behind his table. They finally got three rooms among nine of them. Quayle was thinking about Helen. If this was the place, she would be here by now. He would not give too much thought to working out if this was the place or not. He had a hunch it was. Ioannina. Ioannina. Mellass said it like Helen. This is the place Helen said she was going to. I've been away about a week. Maybe she's here already . . . at a first-aid post. That would be the hospital; this is the place.

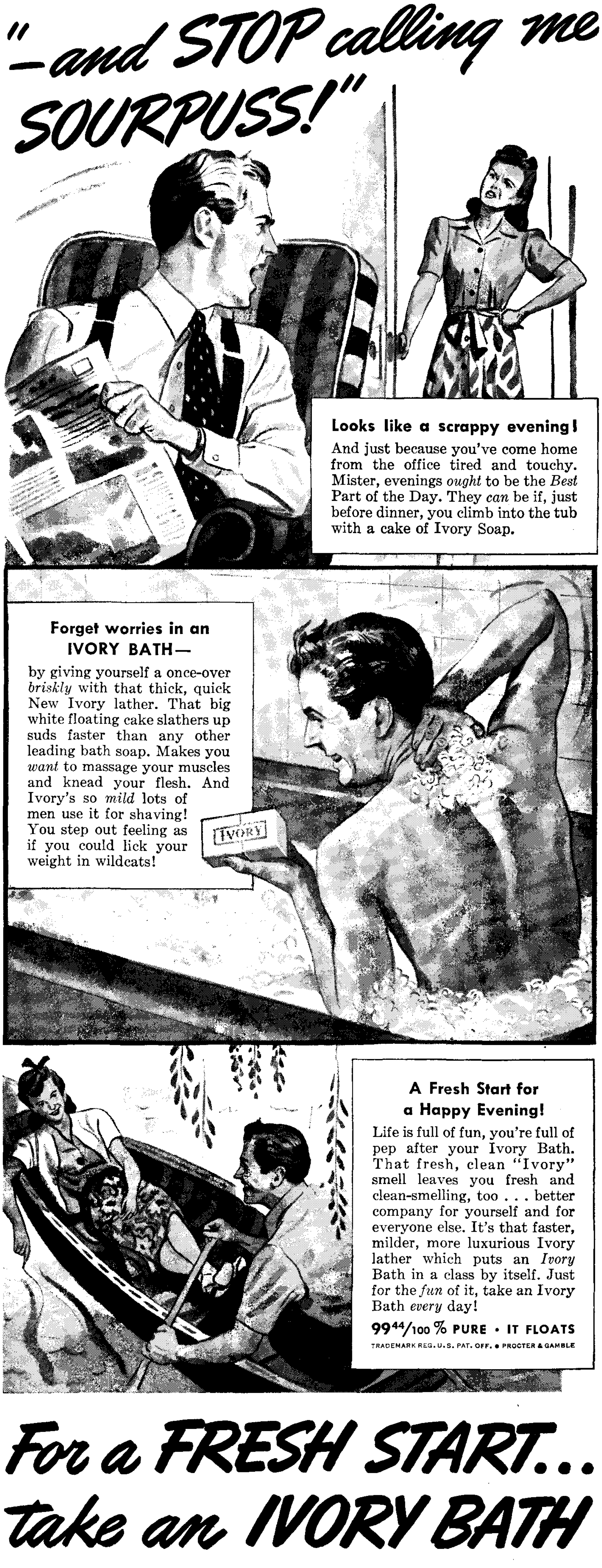
QUAYLE asked Mellass where the first-aid post was.

"There's hundreds of them," Mellass said.

"Where's the head one?" Quayle asked him.

"At the hospital, I suppose," Mellass said. He told Quayle it was right up the street, the only building standing over the hill.

So Quayle went there. The girls at the entrance were being anxious about him when he went in, because of his English uniform. There was a fine lot of nurses and other girls around. Quayle asked a girl at a desk (who said "*Inglisi*" excitedly when he came in) where the first-aid post was. She shrugged but touched his arm and led him along a



"—and STOP calling me SOURPUSS!"

Looks like a scrappy evening!

And just because you've come home from the office tired and touchy. Mister, evenings *ought* to be the *Best* Part of the Day. They *can* be if, just before dinner, you climb into the tub with a cake of Ivory Soap.

Forget worries in an IVORY BATH—

by giving yourself a once-over *briskly* with that thick, quick New Ivory lather. That big white floating cake slathers up suds faster than any other leading bath soap. Makes you *want* to massage your muscles and knead your flesh. And Ivory's so *mild* lots of men use it for shaving! You step out feeling as if you could lick your weight in wildcats!

A Fresh Start for a Happy Evening!

Life is full of fun, you're full of pep after your Ivory Bath. That fresh, clean "Ivory" smell leaves you fresh and clean-smelling, too . . . better company for yourself and for everyone else. It's that faster, milder, more luxurious Ivory lather which puts an *Ivory* Bath in a class by itself. Just for the *fun* of it, take an Ivory Bath *every* day!

99⁴⁴⁄₁₀₀ % PURE • IT FLOATS

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH

passage. She knocked at a door. There was an elderly woman seated at a table. Now the girl said "*Inglisi*" again and the woman stood up.

"How do you do?" she said.

"Is this the first-aid post?" Quayle said. "How do you do?"

"No. I am the matron. This is a hospital."

"Excuse me, Matron," Quayle said to her. "I'm looking for the first-aid post."

"There's none here," she said and smiled. "What is it you want? Perhaps I can help you."

"It's all right. I want to check up on somebody . . . a friend of mine who said she was coming up here."

"Oh." The matron looked up. Quayle looked solidly at her.

"What's her name?" the matron asked.

"Helen Stangou." He spelled it in English. "I don't know if she's here or not yet."

The matron picked up a phone and spoke to someone. She spoke for a while—in Greek; then she turned to Quayle and smiled.

"Your young lady is not here yet. She will be here tomorrow perhaps, perhaps the next day."

IT WAS early-morning patrol next day. They were all out at the airdrome before sunrise. It was wet, and the basin of high hills around couldn't be seen for the breath of thick mist that was a strata flat over the field. The Greeks had put trees over each of the Gladiators, and the squadron was surprised when they pulled the camouflage away. They had to wait an hour for the Greek truck with the gasoline in drums to refuel the machines. Hersey went around with them to make sure they did it all right. The others walked around stamping their feet and looking at an old French Bréguet, a 1918 model, that was weighed down by Greek camouflage.

When the Greeks finally got the refueling done, the flight took off into the mist, climbed above it and met low clouds and bumps. They hit out toward Delvinakion right on the Greek-Albanian border, which was the front line at the moment in this sector. They crawled around the mountains, following Hickey because it was too thick to try getting over the clouds. Once you got above them you would never find your way back through them again. So they bumped down low through the valleys, banked around the snow-tipped mountains, climbed over sudden peaks and then got as high as they dared over Delvinakion.

They were over the area for an hour. Twice Greek front antiaircraft guns opened fire on them but they didn't take any notice. They never knew whose lines they were over because there was no indication by either side where they were.

There was just thick timber and a road that slunk around the mountains. Quayle could see a thin stream of transports coming southward along the road. When it was about time to be going back he heard Hickey say, "We'll do some strafing. Keep your eye on that motor column and come off after me. Only one attack, then we'll pick up formation and go home."

They came low into a slight cloud and Hickey shook his plane, then winged over through the cloud and came out along the valley, machine-gunning the surprised Italian motor convoy. One by one they came off, and Quayle put his nose down after Brewer. He pushed his gun button the moment his sights caught a truck and, as he leveled out, with his sights blurring along the line of trucks, men, faces, objects, he kept it down and kept his nose down as long as he could and the gun shook. Then he strained his belly as he pulled out of it. He blacked out for a second, then remembered the sides of the valley and the machine-gun fire from the convoy, and he pulled way up again until he saw the remainder of the flight ahead. He turned around and saw Tap coming up in a steep bank, climbing with one wing down to get up out of the valley. The others were coming after him and he could see some of the trucks burning and small figures at the side of the road.

They headed back to Ioannina through the valleys. Quayle was feeling pretty sick by the time they got back. They had eaten no breakfast because the staff of the hotel didn't get up until seven o'clock.

They were in a restaurant waiting for coffee when the whine of the air-raid sirens started. People passed quickly through in a crowd to the back of the restaurant where there was a shelter. They tried to get the squadron there but the fliers waited for their coffee until the cook went down to the air-raid shelter too.

They went out into the streets and across to an open stretch from where men had been digging sand. In a bombing raid, the open was better than an uncertain shelter. A bomb had to be close to hit you when you were in the open. The debris always got you in the shelters. So they waited around in the white mist. They heard the echo of an engine from the mountains . . . several engines.

FRESH AIR LINES
FRESH AIR LINES

"I'm returning from furlough. Just let me know when we're over Fort Bragg"

GEORGE LICHTY

THEY sat down, waiting for the planes to appear. A flight of low-flying planes came out of the mist from the northeast. Immediately two Bofors pom-poms, which the squadron knew nothing about, opened fire somewhere out near the airdrome. As they got closer, the three planes widened out and they came over very low.

"They're Fairey Battles," Finn shouted.

"Don't be cockeyed," someone said.

"They've got our markings. We've got no Fairey Battles around here," Tap said.

"They're Italians," Brewer said.

"They're Greek markings. We sold ours to the Greeks," Quayle said. "They're Battles."

"Only brave men fly Battles," Tap said. "The Greeks can have them."

They walked back to the hotel, still arguing about Fairey Battles.

BY MIDDAY they were all sleeping except Hickey. He was at Greek headquarters trying to get the Bombay up from Larissa with the ground crew and some equipment. He wanted the three Gladiators in Athens up in Ioannina too. When he came back he said the squadron was due for another tour over the lines at three o'clock that afternoon. They got up, had dinner at a restaurant and went out to the field. The Greeks had not shown up with the refueling truck, so they stood around in the mist waiting.

The Greeks meantime wheeled out the old 1918 Bréguet observation plane that had been weighed down by a couple of trees. They pulled the boughs off the fuselage, uncovered the cockpit, and a tall Greek climbed in. The other Greeks wheeled up a great wooden triangle and a stepladder. One of them climbed up the stepladder, attached the apex of the triangle to the airscrew, and another began to wind a handle on it. This turned the propeller so that it primed the engine and tightened a spring on the winder at the same time. When the Greek got down off the ladder, the one in the cockpit shouted, "Contact!"

"Contact!" the other shouted and pulled a release of the spring. There was a great twang, the spring released and the airscrew turned; the engine coughed, then stopped.

"What war is this?" one of the men asked.

"My father used to talk about these things in the last war," Brewer said.

A Greek was putting two rocks under the wheels to serve as chocks as the engine was primed again.

"Contact."

"Contact." There was a long "t-t-t" in the Greek version.

They had to repeat what they were doing several times before the engine burst open and started, with great chokes of flame shooting out of the ejector exhaust and nearly lifting the plane off the ground. The engine was metallic, and the fitter was giving it short bursts of fuel which made it roar then die softly. The squadron was laughing when the two Greeks came up from nowhere. They both wore Greek army egg-shaped steel helmets. The smaller of the two had no uniform on. He was wearing two heavy overcoats and knee boots that laced up the front.

The tall one had a great beard and was laughing at them when he came up.

"*Kalymera,*" he said.

"*Kalymera,*" some of them said.

"You fly . . . you fly this?" Tap pointed to the Bréguet. He didn't know how much English the Greek spoke.

"Yes, I fly. Observe. I have pictures, take pictures. See?" He pointed to the little man with the laced knee boots and laughed with a great headshake. The little man grinned and pulled on a parachute harness over the two overcoats. The big bearded Greek tapped his tin helmet, opened up a hemp bag he had been carrying and pointed inside. There were old boots and empty cans and bottles.

"WE HAVE no bombs, these we use. It is enough to make fear for the Italians." And he roared, laughing into his beard, and threw his head back. He put his arm around Tap's shoulders when Tap slapped him on the back.

"You come this trip with me, you take pictures, uh, *Inglis?*"

"In that?"

"Nay. Yes. It is good. We come low. No one sees from above. They shoot badly from underneath. Only the Greeks shoot get close to us. The Greeks shoot at everybody."

"No, thanks," Tap said, and the bearded Greek laughed again.

"I am Nitralexis. I am pleased you *Inglisis*. We fly together. You come."

Hickey, who had been silent till then, smiled so that his blond mustache stretched almost to his ears. He introduced all of the squadron to Nitralexis and the little Greek who said his name was Papagos. "My great general," the big Greek had said, alluding to General Papagos, when the little Greek mentioned his name. Nitralexis clicked his heels to each of them, then pulled on his parachute and climbed into the forward cockpit. He was laughing as Papagos tried climbing up the high cockpit. He roared when two of the ground crew pushed him up and he fell in.

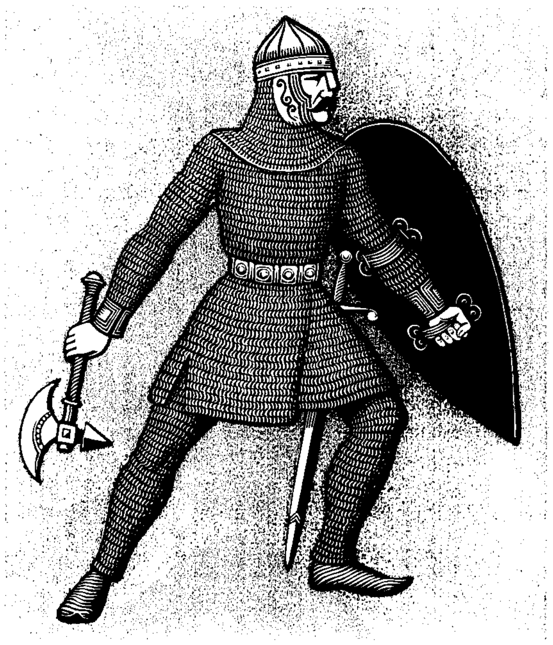
One of the ground crew handed Nitralexis his hemp bag and, without revving his engines, called something in Greek, whereupon someone crawled in the mud and pulled the rocks from the wheels. Nitralexis taxied straight down the field and they all expected him to turn and take off into the wind. The plane roared, speeded, floated for a while, then rose shakily into a down-wind climb. They could see little Papagos stuck way up in the air, holding the machine-gun steady, its barrel sticking up in the air like a mast. They disappeared quickly in the mist, though John Quayle heard the engine for a long time, straining in low climb, and once he heard Papagos, the observer, clear his machine gun.

"That is the end of him," young Brewer said. The others said nothing.

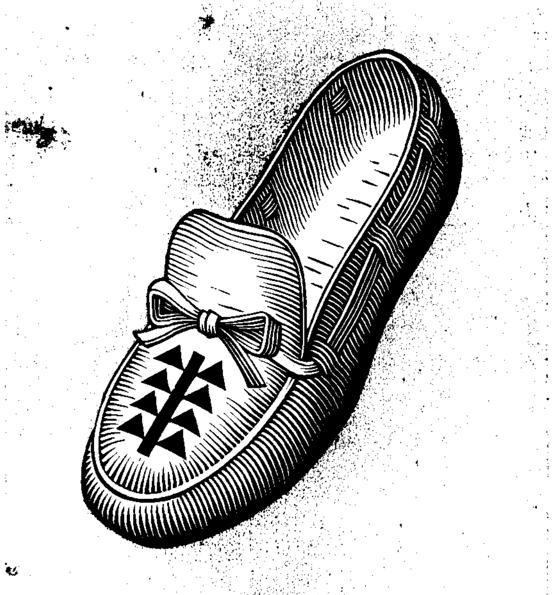
They got into the bus and went back to the hotel.

(To be continued next week)

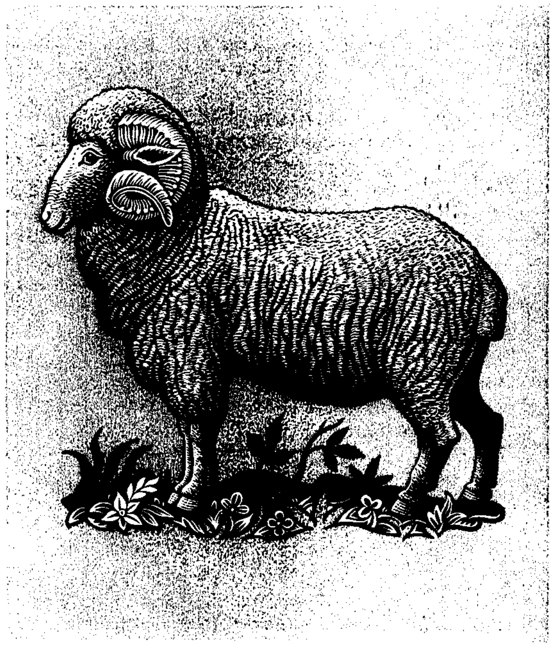
Know your M's



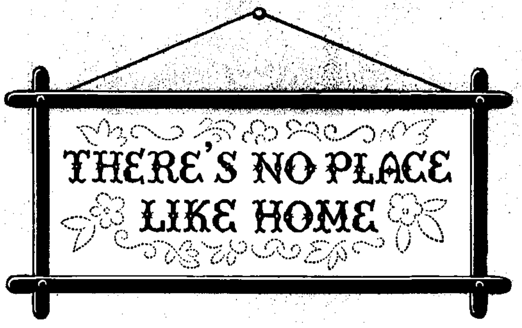
1. This is M___



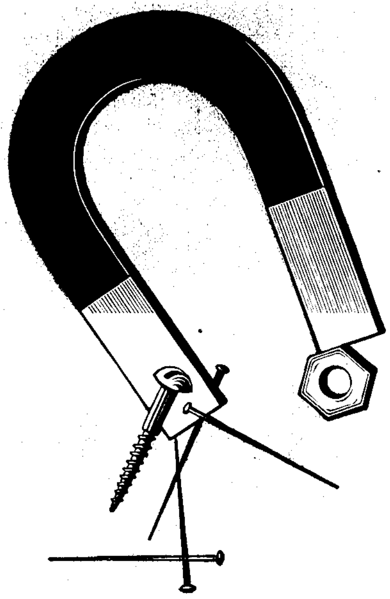
2. This is a M_______



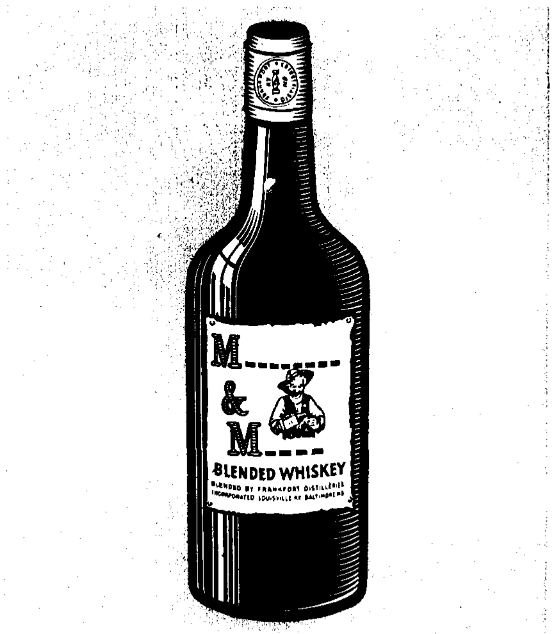
3. This is a M_____



4. This is a M____



5. This is a M_____



6. This is M________ & M____

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Mail;* 2, *Moccasin;* 3, *Merino;* 4, *Motto;* 5, *Magnet;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore,* the whiskey that's mellower and milder than many much more costly brands.

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

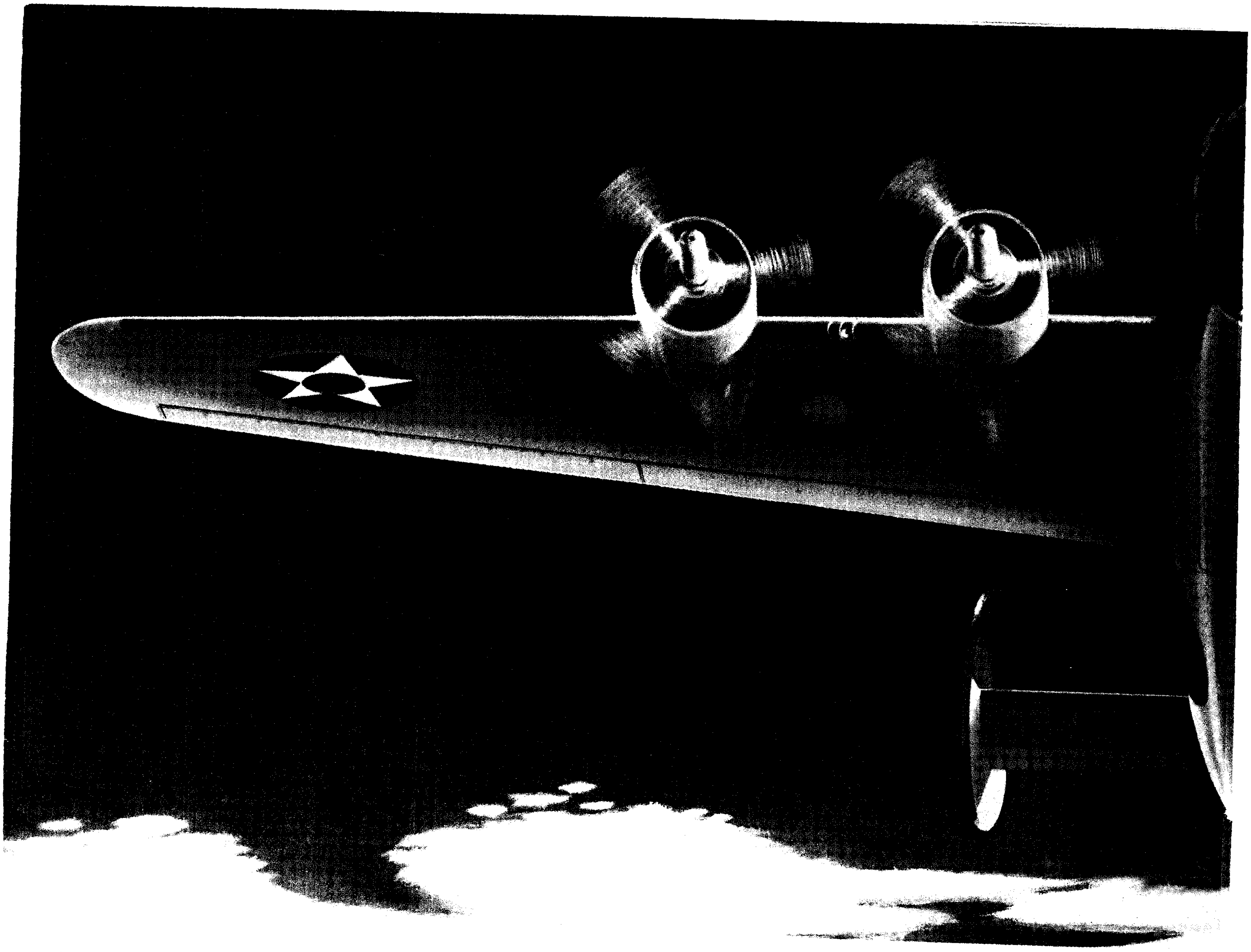
This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense... *for M & M is probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.*

The Best of 'em is

M&M

—Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore



Some day the eagle

THE AIRPLANE is not primarily an instrument of war. Even the longest-range heavy bomber is, first and last, a means of transportation.

But today our nation is engaged in a life-and-death struggle for its very existence, and the wonderful gift of flight is proving one of the strongest of all weapons for freedom. Every ounce of American energy must be turned to producing the airplanes needed for war—the airplanes that will in time spell Victory!

From the early days of heavier-than-air craft, Goodyear has been helping America to be swift and sure in the air.

Goodyear Airplane Fabric was on the wings of Wright Brothers' planes as early as 1910. And the first U. S. air-mail flight was made in 1911 in a monoplane equipped with Goodyear Airplane Tires and having wings covered with Goodyear Fabric.

That was in the years of peace.

Today, as in 1917, Goodyear is working with the U. S. Army and the U. S. Navy to strengthen our arm in the air. Thousands of Goodyear people are working night and day, building almost every essential airplane part—doing their share to "keep 'em flying."

This is in the years of war.

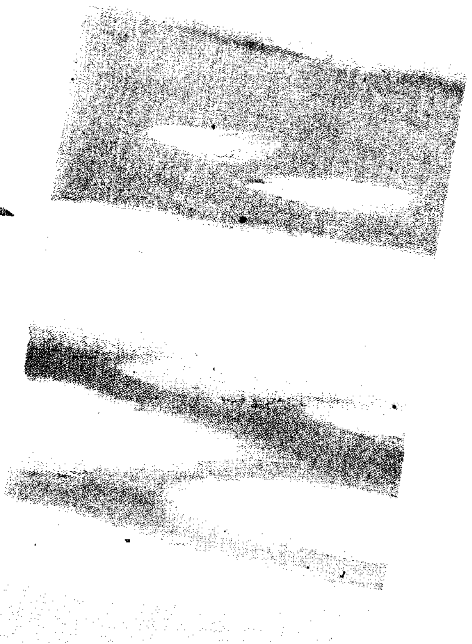
will be a dove

But the eagle will not always be an eagle. It will some day be a dove.

For just as the war will be won in the air, so will the destiny of the world *after* the war be decided in the beckoning skies of the future . . . once the freedom of those skies has been assured.

Of all the achievements of man, the airplane carries with it the promise of peace and understanding throughout the world. It knows no boundary lines. It erases time, distance and the barriers of man and nature. Through free-moving flight, it is destined to bring to the world, for the first time, the true taste and proper measure of fraternity.

- For heavier-than-air craft, Goodyear makes complete wing and tail units . . . control surfaces, floats, fuselage subassemblies, magnesium and aluminum alloy wheels, hydraulic disc brakes . . . as well as tires, tubes, bullet-puncture-sealing gas tanks and hose, and flotation gear for leading aircraft manufacturers. In the lighter-than-air craft field, Goodyear supplies barrage balloons and blimps to the U. S. Army and the U. S. Navy. Goodyear Aircraft Corporation, subsidiary of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.



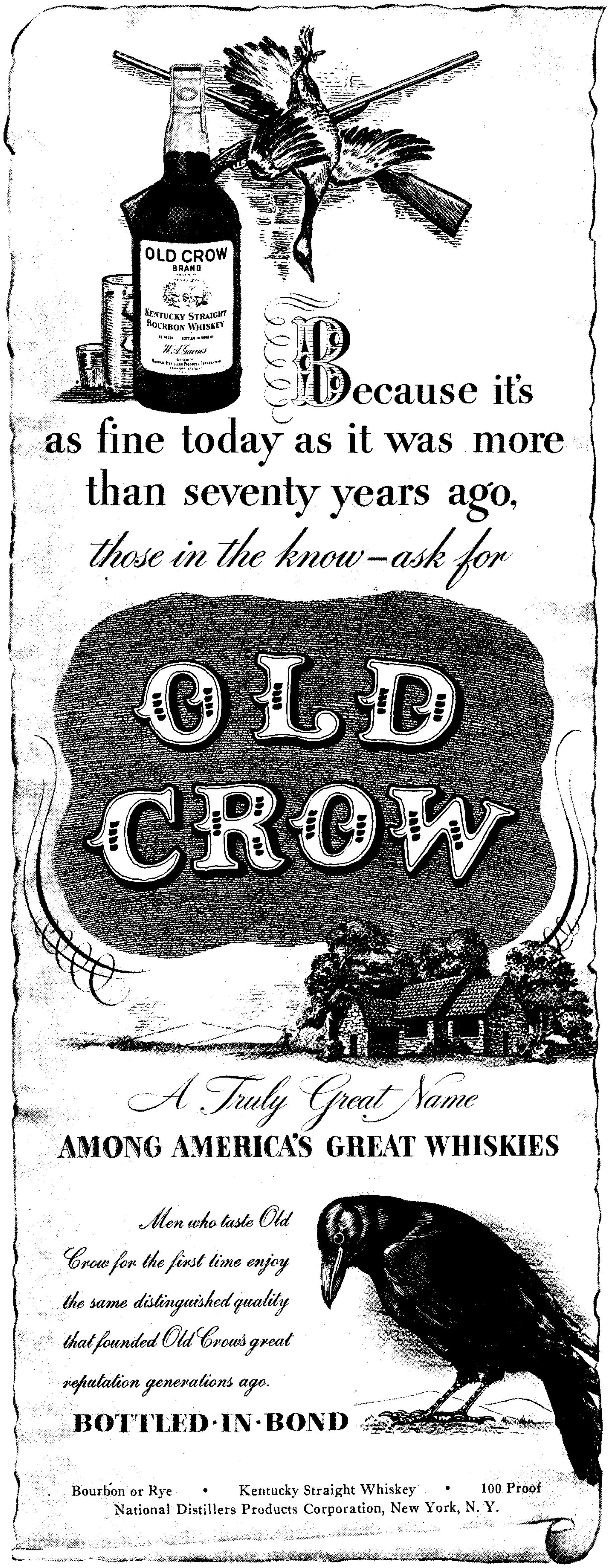
AMERICA MUST BE FIRST IN THE AIR

Unless and until America is the most powerful nation in the air, our safety, our freedom, and our standard of living will not again be what they have been in the past.

P. W. Litchfield

GOODYEAR

GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT


Because it's as fine today as it was more than seventy years ago, *those in the know—ask for*

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Men who taste Old Crow for the first time enjoy the same distinguished quality that founded Old Crow's great reputation generations ago.

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

Bourbon or Rye • Kentucky Straight Whiskey • 100 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

Trial by Marriage

Continued from page 24

winner in the derby stakes to come, and Duff worked him carefully. When Tequila was taken up they headed back to camp.

After supper, Delia and Duff drove four miles into the village of Leason. The sun had not gone down; an occasional hawk sat upon the crude telephone posts and watched them indifferently. On a rise to the left, Duff thought he saw a jumping deer. At the tiny post office was a letter from James Lampley, saying that he would be at Moose Jaw for the opening trial, and the Tafton Weekly Times, which Delia sat in the car and read while Duff went to the local poolroom for a package of cigarettes. Some of the town boys were organizing a game of pea pool; several of them had been stooking and were dust-covered, but liking it—the wheat crop was the first in years worth mentioning. Most of them had grown up hardly knowing how to work, for during the dry years there was nothing to do. But now there was a crop; and, too, there was the Army to go into.

Delia had finished the paper when he got back, and by her vacant expression Duff knew she was thinking that there was nothing to look forward to until next week when the Tafton Weekly Times came again.

Duff touched her hand. "Listen, in about another month we'll go to Moose Jaw for the trials. I think you'll like Moose Jaw."

She smiled at him. "I'm all right, Duff. Don't pay any attention to me."

As soon as they got to Moose Jaw, Duff began trying to make up to her for the lonely time she had spent. The town has a frontier exuberance of its own, and during field trials the dog men are in a convivial state of mind that is not altogether characteristic. There are gatherings in the hotel lobby, and in the rooms, and bottles of whisky and ginger ale are open on almost every dresser. Duff led Delia from one smoke-filled room to another, introducing her to the other dog men and women who sat upon the beds and on the floors and in the windows. Duff couldn't help thinking of Lucie, and how fine this would have seemed to her. For Delia didn't fit, and didn't try to.

"My Lord!" Delia said finally. "Don't they talk about anything but dogs?"

THE phone rang. When Duff lifted it off its cradle, James Lampley said, "Webster? How's it been going?"

"All right."

"You and Mrs. Webster are going out with me for dinner. Okay?"

"That's fine."

"Come on down when you get ready. I'm in the lobby."

They walked down Moose Jaw's long street, with its busy sidewalks and neon lights and bright show windows, and turned into a restaurant. The place was crowded, and the juke organ played the record *I'll Never Smile Again*. The juke organ was as magnificent as any in Bill's Tavern in Tafton, with a bright-hued peacock whose tail kept changing colors, and pastel tubes of bubbling green liquid.

"Well, Mrs. Webster, how do you like the prairies?" Lampley said.

"Wonderful," Delia said.

Lampley missed the sarcasm. He turned to Duff. "How's Tequila?"

"He's a mighty good prospect. I post-entered him in the derby, like you said."

"Is he steady yet?"

"Well, steady enough."

Lampley said, "I hear you've entered that outlaw dog of yours. That right?"

"Well, I may be just throwing away the money, but he's coming around fast, and I thought I might get lucky and keep him on the course. He's getting pretty steady on point, but you have to look him in the eye when you flush because he'll go right on out with the birds if he thinks you're not watching him. What I want to do is stay up until the hunting season opens so I can kill some birds over both those dogs."

"That sounds all right to me. I'll know more after I see them run."

Delia lit a cigarette disgustedly.

TEQUILA won second place in the derby. That was a fine break, placing a young dog your first time under a new boss; and the couple of hundred dollars that went with the placement wouldn't be hard to use, either. He and Delia might go back up to Orange Lake for a week end, and do some dancing. She had liked hearing the Canadians sing *We'll Have A Party In Berlin* and *There'll Always Be An England;* she said it made her think she was in a foreign country. It was the only thing she had admitted liking.

Before the All-Age, Duff said, "I don't like to try to crowd my luck, but it would really be something if I could win with Judas too."

"If you still intend to leave his muzzle off, you'll be lucky if he doesn't bite somebody and they sue you," Delia said.

"He's not so bad now; he won't bite you unless you try to pet him, and fool with him. He can breathe easier with the muzzle off."

He lifted her into one of the rubber-tired buckboards they call Bennett buggies—named after the depression premier—and went back to the dog wagon for Judas. He looped his quirt through Judas' collar and gingerly slipped the muzzle off. The dog lifted his lips and showed his teeth, but that was all. Duff led him up front through the horses and wagons and pickup trucks, to where the judges and the other handler with his dog waited.

It was still early morning, and chilly, which was good; the chickens would be out feeding. Judas growled at the other dog, and Duff wondered if he had done wrong in leaving the muzzle off. But when the judge said, "Let 'em go," Judas shot away without a further glance at his bracemate. As Duff swung up on his horse, Judas was headed for the outer limits of the course. Paul watchfully reined his horse outward, in case he needed to turn the dog. Now Judas was far away, a spot of white moving distantly on the brown, rolling prairie. They saw him shoot up a rise, then suddenly there he stood on top in motionless silhouette, the sun beyond him to lend an aura. The gallery broke toward him. Duff spurred his horse exultantly, thinking, *Don't you bust 'em, you durn fool!*

Judas held them, leaning forward in his impatience. Duff dismounted and quirted the prairie grass. A fine covey of bleating Hungarian partridges thundered up and streamed down the hillside and lit in a distant bluff. Judas made one jump forward, but Duff had watched for that and was in front of the dog with his quirt plainly visible. Sharply he said, "Whoa!" and Judas stopped, grinning evilly at him.

Now the dogs were out again, and James Lampley rode up beside Duff and said, "You've got a dog there."

Duff said, "He'll cut his throat yet."

Judas hunted as far out as he could and still be in judgment. "Yes, sir," Paul said once during the hour, "he seems to have got the idea, all right."

Then came a drama that was well staged, for everybody saw it. The plodding bracemate of Judas made a point and the flushed prairie chickens flew far ahead and settled on a low ridge. Judas, hurrying across on one of his prodigious casts passed under the ridge and immediately, as if jerked by a rope, stopped and came back. Obviously he scented the birds, but as everyone knew they were above him. He pointed for a moment then made a violent, frenzied whip through the brush trying to decipher that elusive scent. It came to him strongly again, and he now went uphill in short, tense jumps, straight toward the birds.

A jack rabbit came leisurely out of the sage, measured off a few steps, and sat down. Judas looked around to be sure Duff was not within reach, then sprang at the rabbit, clearing half the distance in one bound. They raced down the slope and across the flat, the rabbit now with his ears laid back, perceiving that nothing less than full speed would be enough.

The amused gallery stopped and watched, waiting for Judas to see that he couldn't catch the jack rabbit and give up. But Judas stayed on, running over the prairie with an effortless freedom. After a mile of it, the jack began leaping sidewise, desperately; Judas leaped sidewise too. And then they saw the dog close the last inches of the gap, and the race was over. For one moment the dog tarried, shaking the dying jack rabbit, then swung out toward the front.

"Well, boys," a man said, "that outlaw put on a show then. But he done a pretty fair job of cutting his throat along with it."

"Even if he didn't cut his throat," another said, "he pumped himself dry outrunning that jack. He won't have enough left to hop into his dog crate with."

Judas now was coming back, cutting directly toward the front of the gallery and moving almost as swiftly as if the jack were still ahead of him. They saw him swing around the bottom of the hill, and then they understood what he was doing, and one man said, "Well I'll just be darned!" Judas returned to the precise spot where he had flushed the jack rabbit, and made a short quick cast downwind, and then froze in a lofty, tail-up point. The newspaper account next day said, *It was as if this bold, brainy dog were saying, "Well, now that I've disposed of that jack, here's those birds I was trying to locate when interrupted."*

Duff flushed the birds and sent him on. The next time they saw Judas, he was a half-mile ahead, again on point.

"Pumped dry, eh?" one of the men said.

Another man rode up beside Duff for a moment, and said, "I've been trying to get hold of a dog like that all my life. I'll give you twenty-five hundred dollars for him."

"I guess not," Duff said.

When the heat was over, and Duff and Paul had ridden Judas down and brought him back to the dog wagon, James Lampley joined him, and said, "In that dog and Tequila we've got two of the best prospects anybody ever saw. I'm going to lease a place I used to have in Tennessee, and we'll see what we can do with those dogs. The kennels are gone, but we can use the barn for the dogs; and there are plenty of birds."

"Well, plenty of birds is what will do the trick for these dogs," Duff said.

After loosening the girth of his horse, he tied him to the back of the dog wagon. He wondered what Delia would say when she found out that instead of going back to their cottage in Zurich, they were going to live in a training camp in Tennessee, nine miles from the nearest village. He walked to where her wagon waited for him.

A COLD rain was falling when Duff and Delia reached the Tennessee farm that was to be their training camp. Water stood in the furrows of the bare cotton field, and the ground was mud five inches deep. From the front porch of the old house, the rain dripped steadily. A wet mockingbird sat on the bannister. Beyond the house were old chicken houses, and the barn in which they would house the dogs.

"Are you sure this is it?" Delia asked.

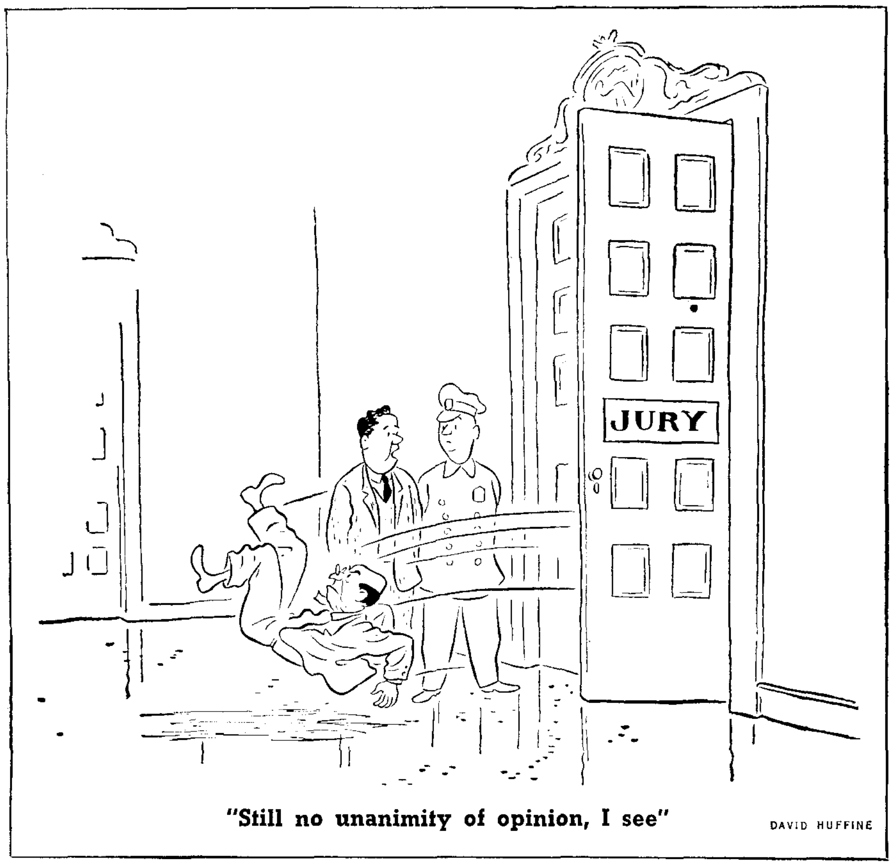
Duff said, "Lots of birds here."

"What kind of birds—ducks?"

He looked at her quickly, for—he thought with a little pain—it was something Lucie might have said, only in a different way. "I'll drive in the yard so we'll be closer."

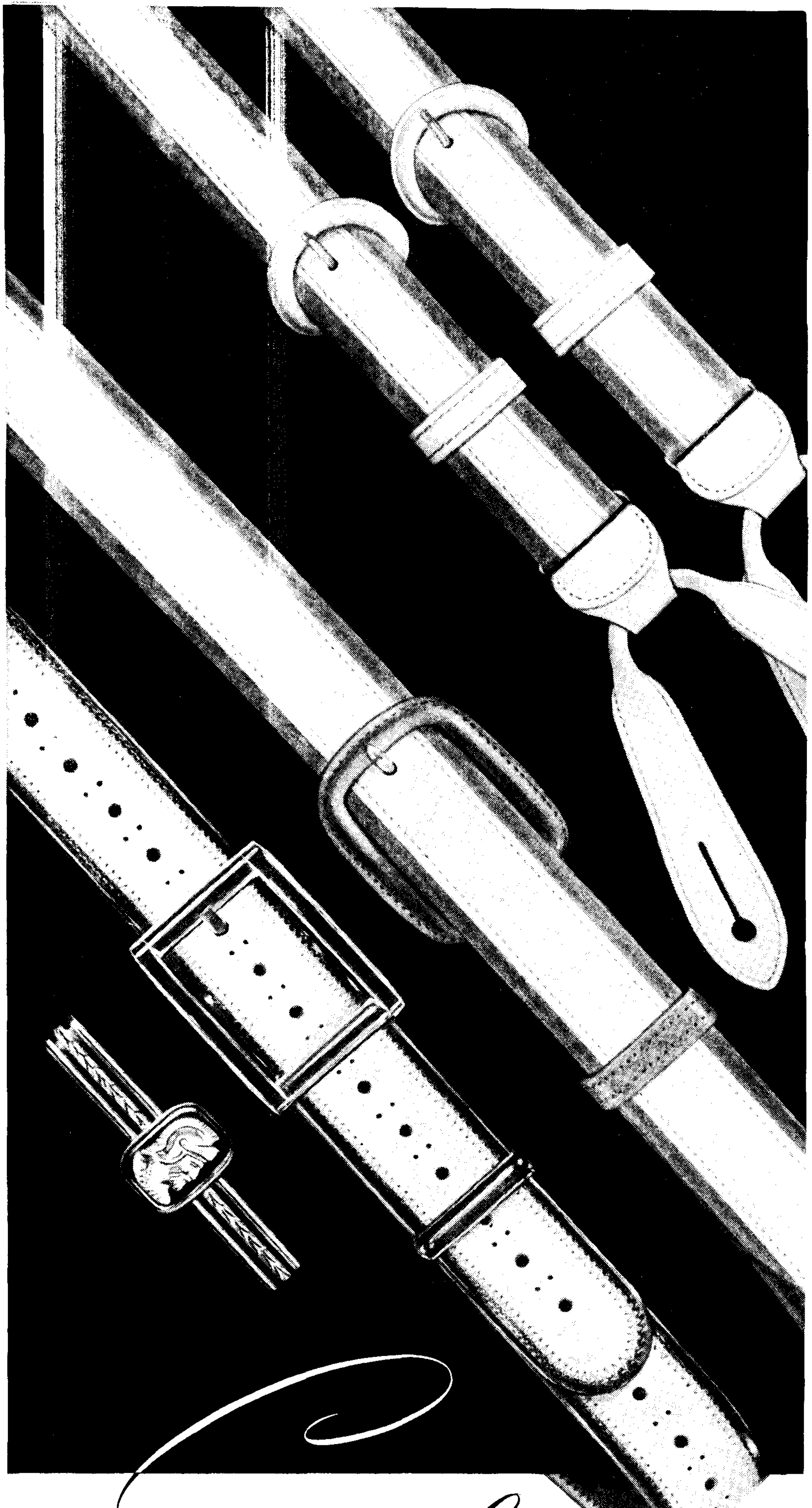
"I was wondering if you were going to make me run in through that rain."

He drove the car across the little



"Still no unanimity of opinion, I see"

DAVID HUFFINE



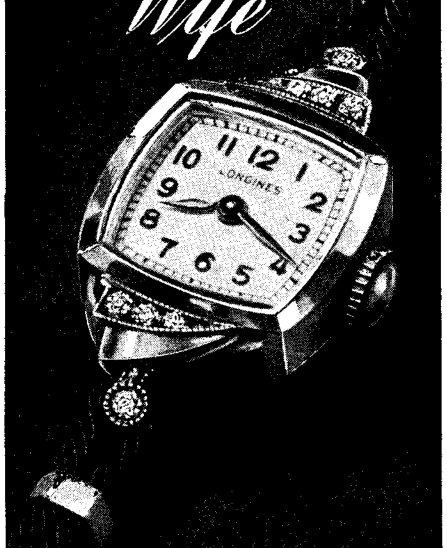
Sandune

BRAND NEW, GRAND NEW COLOR....BY

HICKOK

Sandune makes Summer's smartest belts and braces...not tan, not yellow...but a handsome, soft, in-between color seldom seen in leather. You really must see it...in the original...at style-wise stores that feature Hickok Style Leadership!

Hickok Sandune Belts, $1 and $1.50
Hickok Sandune Braces, $1.50; others $1
New! Hickok Cameo Tie Bar, $2



LONGINES
the most honored watch for your Wife

That blending of graciousness, beauty and dependability that you admire is echoed in this lovely Longines Model 550B shown here greatly enlarged. In 14K gold and set with 8 diamonds, priced at $175.

Longines

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Longines watchmakers are proud of their success in building dependable timekeeping qualities into even the tiniest Longines ladies watches. The dual virtues of elegance and excellence are the reasons for Longines' 10 world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medals. For accuracy, Longines Watches have won more honors throughout the world than any other timepiece.

In addition to Longines Watches, Longines jewelers also sell the Wittnauer Watch a companion line of outstanding value, moderately priced and known for 75 years . . . product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva.

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

Ladies' Longines: left Tally-Ho, $77.50; right Salina, $75.00; men's Longines: above, Pres. Garfield, $150.00. below Robert Burns, $55.00.

bridge, and, slithering, turned it toward the front steps. In the soft mud of the yard the wheels spun; the car crawled forward by inches, and eventually would go no farther.

"This is pretty good," Duff grinned, "being stuck in our front yard."

"Oh, it's *very* good," she said.

"Listen, if you'll quit that griping for a minute or two, I'll tote you in."

"No. I'll walk."

She opened the door and stepped down into the mud. Holding her skirt with one hand, and a newspaper over her head with the other, she floundered the short distance to the porch. One of her slippers came off in the soft earth but she didn't stop to get it, the stocking foot sinking ankle deep in the cold mud. Duff brought the slipper in when he came, and poured the water out of it and handed it to Delia. She looked at him in angry disgust.

"YOU think it would help your feelings," Duff said, "if I apologized for causing this rain, and for muddying up the yard, and everything?"

She said, "Have I blamed you?"

"You might as well," he said. "I have to listen to the complaints."

"Am I supposed to like losing my shoe in the mud?"

"It wouldn't be natural for you to like anything concerned with being married to me," Duff said slowly. "Delia, you've got to get used to being the wife of a man who makes his living from field trials. I guess it's like being the wife of a farmer and a traveling salesman combined. But there's no other way."

"You talk like it's all my fault. You don't ever seem to consider my preferences. All you care about is those dogs."

"They're our living, don't forget."

"How could I forget? It's all I hear." She looked around. "My Lord, what a place!"

Briefly Duff let himself picture Lucie standing there: *Isn't this something, though, Duff? Look yonder what a big barn for the horses. Look at that open rolling country, with all the plum thickets and lespedeza and bird cover. Gee, and this house—I always did want to camp out. I'll plant some flowers this spring, and put some grass out in the yard—then even a bum driver like you can't get stuck. Okay?* This vision was too painfully precious, and Duff forced himself to shut it off.

He patted Delia's back. "Listen," he pleaded, "let's make a new start, right here in all this mud and rain. We'll fix the house up, and plant some flowers around it maybe. What do you say?"

Delia smiled and turned her lips to him. "All right."

Duff kissed her lightly. She complained, "You don't kiss me like you used to."

"Sure I do," he said. "Look. When the big trials get started we'll take them in together. I might make pretty good dough if I'm lucky—five or ten thousand a year, even."

"While you go to your trials," she said, "I'm going to visit at home. That one in Moose Jaw was enough for me."

Duff poised on the steps before ducking into the rain to begin unloading their stuff. "Okay," he said shortly.

THE horses were stabled near the house Wesley and Paul were using, and the dogs kept loosely chained in the spacious main barn with its half-filled loft of old hay and its mule-chewed troughs. By the time they were ready to start working dogs, the weather improved, and it was soon evident that they had made no mistake in coming here, for the country was ideal—open, slightly rolling, and full of quail.

As the weeks passed, the birds that fell daily under Duff's gun gave the dogs a confident steadiness to add to the hunting wisdom they had gained in Canada. Because Delia's continued dissatisfaction made home an unpleasant place, Duff worked harder and longer, leaving in the chill predawn and coming back after dark.

The dogs that seven months ago had been to Duff just a bunch of handsome, healthy pointers had long since become individuals, each with his own personality.

Of the Lampley-bred pointers, Tequila was brag dog, already rated as one of the best derbys, quite steady now unless his bracemate crowded him too close on point, when he would spring in and flush the birds. Then there was May, a little firecracker bitch, and Fred, whom Duff nursed through distemper in the kitchen, against Delia's will, and Preacher, who spent his odd time chewing up his food pan, and indefatigable Nate, who never seemed to sleep for eagerly watching for somebody to come into the barn to take him out hunting, and wise old Sunshine Babe, the dam of Tequila and half the others, who lay against her chain post with half-closed eyes following the play of the younger dogs.

Judas, chained at the end of the barn, had acquired a certain irritable tolerance; he stood for no fondling or sudden movements, but he submitted to an amount of Duff's routine handling, such as the snapping on of a leash or even the tarring of his feet, with no more than a low, ominous growl like the warning rattle of a diamondback.

In the field Judas was now practically a broken dog; sometimes in the fire of running he forgot himself and left the course, but he eventually came back; and sometimes his lightninglike way of going to scented game landed him in the middle of the covey instead of on the edge of it. But in the main his errors were of overboldness, not meanness. Fundamentally, Judas was the same. His outlook had been changed, that was all; his spirit was not broken, or even bent. What he wanted of any day was to be allowed to hunt as much of it as possible—preferably all—and to be left strictly alone the rest of the time.

After his win at Moose Jaw, Duff decided to pass up some of the fall trials in order to point for the big southern stakes like the Continental, and the Free-for-All, and the Quail Championship, and then, of course, the National Championship.

In January, Duff managed to persuade Delia to go to the Pinehurst trials with him. "Just for luck," he said. The luck that came was of two kinds: Judas, obviously off his nose, ran well but found only one covey of birds. Tequila, on the other hand, was on fire, and he won the two-year-olds' stake so positively that even the other handlers admitted it. James Lampley was there to see it, too, and to receive congratulations. But in the last ten minutes of the heat, a broken sliver of cotton stalk rammed through the muscle of Tequila's right hind leg, and he finished on three legs.

"Webster," James Lampley said enthusiastically, "after seeing that dog run this afternoon, I'm convinced that he's what I've been breeding to get. He's worth all the money and all the years of waiting for him. Now listen, take Tequila back to Tennessee and keep him in that barn until he's absolutely well."

"I'm hoping he'll be well for the Derby Championship."

"Don't take a chance on it. There'll be plenty of stakes for that dog to win in his lifetime."

So when Duff began to make preparations for the swing to Georgia, only Judas was to be taken. With the heaviest part of the campaigning ahead, Delia went home for a visit. Duff and Paul drove to Waynesboro, and there they saw that Teague McGinnis' Hotfoot was still the dog to beat—and nobody did it.

"That McGinnis is a lucky one," the men said. "Got the hottest dog on the circuit, and now going to marry that good-looking Lucie Sullivan." Hotfoot took second at the Continental, at Thomasville. At the big invitational Quail Championship at Albany he won first, and this time Judas, handling somewhat better than he had before, won second. Afterward, on the way to Tennessee, Duff thought, *Next time we meet that Hotfoot, we're going to lick him.*

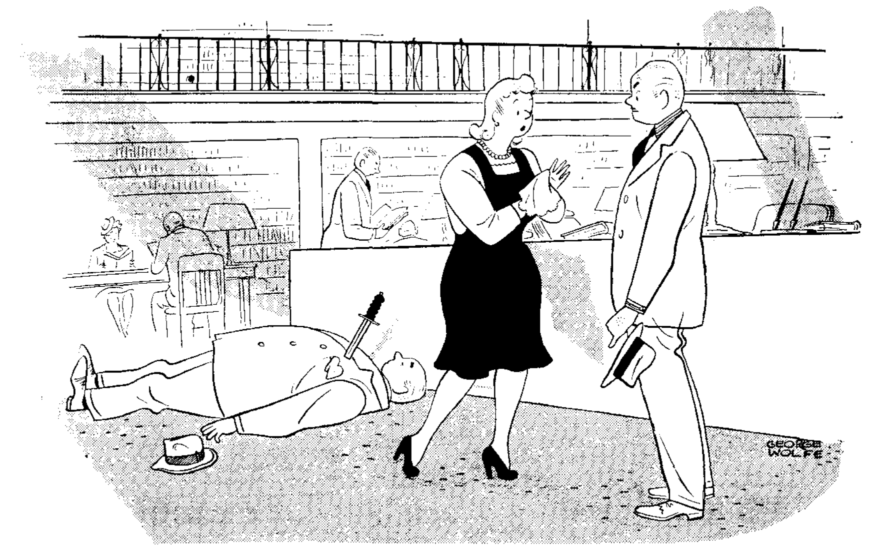
DUFF'S room at Grand Junction, facing the main street, was especially cleaned for field-trial week, with the best chenille spread upon the bed and new curtains on the big windows. He had arrived at midafternoon on the Sunday of the drawings, penned Judas satisfactorily in the woodhouse in back, and after talking a while to the Mrs. Tufts, who rented him the room, gone upstairs to unpack. From his duffel bag he took his boots, slickers, spurs, quirt and sheepskin coat. As he was standing the freshly oiled boots in the corner, a knock sounded on the door, and Lucie came in.

"Hello, Duff," she said. She wore a gray suit, and toeless gray suède shoes with tiny lacy bows, and no hat. Her light hair had blown a bit.

"Hello," he said, swallowing the quick emotion that constricted his throat.

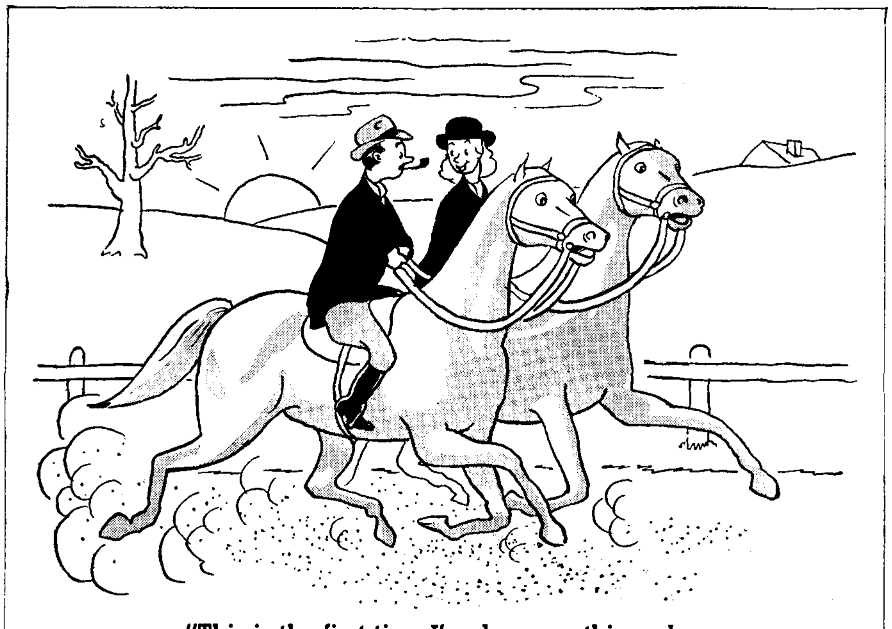
"Is it all right to sit down?"

"Sure, have a seat," he said, when he was able to speak. He still held one of



"There, briefly, is the plot of the murder mystery. Think you'd like it?"

GEORGE WOLFE



"This is the first time I've been up this early since the last time I was up this late!"

GEORGE SMITH

the boots. "I didn't know you were coming to Grand Junction."

"I don't think I'll ever let anything keep me from riding the National," she said.

"You're looking good," he said slowly.

"If you've started passing out compliments, something has changed you," Lucie told him. "Were you tight with them before—zowie! One day you told me I was easy on a horse's mouth, and I had a tough time going to sleep that night."

Duff put the boot down. "How have you been, Lucie?"

Lucie said, "Okay. I came to ask you about Paul and Wesley. Are they satisfied to be away from Tafton?"

"I guess so."

"Well, how's Judas?"

"All right."

"You have a pretty good chance with him?"

"Don't know." Suddenly he said, "Listen. How would it be if I kissed you?"

She looked at him. "You know about Teague and me, don't you?"

"I heard you're going to marry him."

"I am, Duff. No fooling," she said. "You still want to kiss me?" she asked. "Okay. But take it easy. 'Tain't fair, otherwise."

He kissed her gently on her lips. There was an infinite sweetness about the touch of them, and it was almost more than he could stand. Then he went to the bed and sat down, deeply shaken.

"What did that mean, anyway?" Lucie asked.

"It's just something I've missed," Duff said finally.

"Since when?"

"Since the last time I did it."

"That was a pretty long time ago," Lucie said. "I've changed my way of thinking since then, Duff. I had to, because most of my thinking was about you, and you were gone for good."

"It was the thing to do, all right."

She looked at him accusingly. "Duff, I never thought you'd be doing this."

"Doing what?"

"What you're doing. Throwing a lot of junk at me, just because I'm here in your room. But it just rolls off my back like a duck."

"I haven't said anything."

"You're married, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I knew I could come and talk to you without getting air bubbles in my blood like I used to," she said, "but I never thought I'd be able to feel like you were somebody I'd never seen before."

"Look, what did I say but that I'd missed kissing you, for gosh sake?"

"That was plenty. I'm not dumb."

"Well, forget I said it," he said heavily. "Let's don't quarrel."

"Okay," Lucie answered, fumbling in her pocketbook for her lipstick. "It just made me sore to see the change in you. I was sort of saving you as something to measure people by. You know, for instance, the guy my daughter falls for, if I have a daughter." She stood up. "Well, so long. I'll be going."

The door clicked shut, and he stared at it. Now he could hear her little gray shoes tapping down the steps. The sounds faded, leaving him with a sense of profound loss and emptiness. He walked to the chair and touched the back of it. Here she had sat. This was where she had been. Some of the faint clean perfume of her lingered. But the rest of her, he thought emptily, was gone.

ALL afternoon the cars arrived—coupés with dog crates, horse trailers, pick-up trucks with especially made dog compartments, expensive sedans. Cars from all the Southern states and many of the others . . . Indiana . . . New York . . . Illinois . . . Oklahoma. The layers of tobacco smoke began to grow against the ceiling in the hotel, and in the drugstore. There were men in boots, and men in English tweed suits, and some of them made three thousand a year and others made a hundred thousand; but this week they all spoke the same language.

"I never come to this stake," one of them said, "but what I call to mind the time Jim Avent rode his prize gray horse to death placing old Comanche Frank. Now boys, you can all have your pick, but there was a bird dog, old Frank. He was a rugged rascal, big at both ends and solid on his feet, and six years old when they sent him to Avent. They told Jim to win the championship or bust a gut trying. Avent brought him to Grand Junction, and got him into the second series with that Paliacho setter.

"This was on a Friday, and it was a good day. The birds were out but scenting conditions were bad, and the bird work was sloppy. But old Frank was putting it on anyway, working his ground like no other dog before or since. Only trouble, he was a sort of dark-marked dog, and when he was just nicking the edges of the course he was hard to see. He kept Jim riding and squalling from the time he was down until they took him up. Paliacho ran fine almost to the last, when they caught him and watered him; some say they did too good a job of it and got him chilled, so

"My wife's given me a new job for the duration!"

Keep it clean! That's the Little Woman's order. She's talking about our car. Says the dirt and grease and road scum that's accumulated will raise Ned with the finish. I sure thought I was in for it. And me a block captain, too!

Jumping Jupiter, was I surprised when I found how easy it is to clean and polish our bus with Johnson's Carnu. Carnu does *both* jobs at once in *half* the time — cleans and polishes with one application. It slicks up chromium trimmings, too. Rub Carnu on just hard enough to loosen dirt—let it dry—wipe it off. Just like that, your car is sparkling with its original showroom shine.

No sabotage in our garage! Johnson's Carnu removes every trace of road scum, grease, bug juice—which can damage the finish. Deterioration is retarded.

For lasting protection — to make a Carnu polish last longer — save car washings and make upkeep easier — apply Johnson's Auto Wax. At better auto supply stores, service stations, regular wax dealers. If you can't obtain Johnson's Auto Wax, use regular Johnson's Wax—which you probably have in your home. It's almost as easy to use as Auto Wax. All Johnson's Wax Polishes provide positive protection.

Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly —Tuesday nights—NBC

COPYRIGHT S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., 1942

Your car looks like new —when you use CARNU!

Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax

that he wasn't going right at the finish. Anyway, they named' old Frank the champion. Next morning Jim went to the stall, and there was that gray horse laying there stone dead."

Another said, solemnly, "What I always remember is a piece of salt-pork rind a man found in the crate with his dog the morning before he was to run a second series for the championship. He knew his dog didn't have much of a chance after being given that salt pork, but he ran him anyhow. Not many of us knew anything about it, because this fellow wasn't one to go crying that his dog had been messed with. But I knew it, and when I saw the way that dog ran I got a lump in my throat. He hunted almost at his best and when he found birds he stood them solid as Plymouth Rock, regardless of his guts burning up. But he didn't find birds much though, because most of the time he was looking for water.

"I heard one of the judges say, 'I don't think I ever saw that dog do so much aimless running.' And, of course, in the end he lost, because he would've had to be at his best to beat the other dog. But he *had* beaten the other dog before, every time they met. When the judges made the announcement, the owner rode over to the other handler, whom he pretty well figured had given the dog the salt pork, and he shook hands with him and congratulated him, and you'd never guessed that he had been cheated out of something he'd've given an eye for."

"Seems to me," one said, "that if sporting animals could talk, they'd have a mighty sorry opinion to pass out on mankind. They go on pure guts, most of 'em, and you'd think it would improve man just to associate with 'em. But, no, somebody's got money to think about. So they feed the other man's dog salt pork, or they give his gamecock aspirin, or they shove a sponge up his race horse's nose."

THE talk continued through supper; and afterward, at the hotel, the club secretary had to rap upon the table for quiet. Gradually the room became attentive, and the order of the drawings was given. Judas was called for the third brace, which meant that he would run on Tuesday morning, against one of the few setters entered, Arnold's Mohawk Pride.

Afterward, Duff went to the drugstore and called Paul, in Leason, who was waiting for word of the draw.

"We go Tuesday," Duff said. "Put the horses on the truck first thing in the morning and come on down, so they'll have a breathing spell before the running. Take it easy now and don't be in too damn' big a hurry, because a crippled horse can ruin us. Be sure to have Wesley come."

"Yes, sir," Paul said, "he'll be a big help if that dog tries to cover all of Tennessee, like he's liable to."

Duff hung up the receiver. While he talked the crowd had begun drifting back into the drugstore. Sitting on stools at the fountain were Lucie and Teague McGinnis, having a lemonade. Duff nodded to them and would have walked on out, but Teague said, "How's your dog, since Albany?"

Lucie shook the ice in the bottom of her glass. Her mouth was moist from the lemonade; finally she loosened the ice with a straw.

"Just fair," Duff said. "I don't expect him to do very much."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Just not going like he should," Duff said. "How's Hotfoot?"

"He's been off some, since Albany," Teague said. "I'm scared he's got a little stale."

Duff knew he couldn't sleep if he went home, so he walked across the railroad tracks toward the house of Mutt Sonderson, where some of the boys were going to start a blackjack game. Down by the depot, an engine sharply sent a geyser of steam through the strata of station lights. Above, the sky was clear, and the stars stood out in cold brilliance.

That lying scoundrel, Duff thought. *Scared he's got a little stale. He'll be stale, all right. But not too stale to run the feet off any dog here. Any dog but Judas.*

The day Judas ran was bad. It was a dismal sort of morning; a morning, it seemed, of impending calamity. No calamity occurred, but the birds must have been affected, for they didn't move. Judas hunted hard and wide, and found just three coveys. His bracemate found only two.

SPORTING GOODS

"No, it's not for hunting—I have to go to Washington for a few days"

LEONARD DOVE

As they went into the third hour, Duff had kept desperately hoping for one more find. *We'll never be called back on three coveys.* Even until the last minute he hoped. But when the judges ordered the dogs up, the bird score was still three coveys.

"Well," Duff told Paul, heavily, as they put Judas in the dog crate, "that finishes us."

"Yes, sir," Paul answered in a sorrowful voice, "I reckon so. What we going to do now?"

"Go on back. No use to stay here."

"He ran strong," Paul suggested hopefully. "*Might* be they'll call him back."

"On three finds?" Duff shook his head. "Well, if they do want to call him back, they know where we'll be."

AFTER Judas' showing at Grand Junction, where he drew a bad day and found only three coveys, Delia's tongue grew sharper than ever.

"Thought he was such a great dog," she taunted.

"We had tough luck," Duff said gently. "Some time or other the breaks will begin going our way."

"Oh, sure," she said.

"Delia," Duff said, heavily, "losing out was hard enough. I don't see the point in trying to make me feel worse."

"How do you think I feel in this house all day, without a soul to talk to? You go out at daylight, and you come back after dark, and when you're not too tired to talk all you can talk about is Judas, Judas, *Judas!*"

"Maybe if home was a little pleasanter, I'd be tempted to come in earlier," Duff said.

Her cheek whitened in anger. "Now I see! Now I see! You've been staying out on purpose!"

"Oh, you're crazy. I said—"

"I heard what you said." She was furious.

"You think I like being nagged at all the time?"

"You think I like living out here in this—this shack?"

"No. You didn't expect anything like this. I tried to tell you, but you thought you were going to be a sportsman's wife, and see the country, and hobnob with the rich folks. You wouldn't believe you were laying your pipes to marry a plain workingman."

"Laying my pipes?"

"Listen, Delia. That trouble with Amos about Lucie—you caused it, and it wasn't any accident. I thought it was an accident until I married you and got to know you better."

Delia's face was colorless, expressionless, "You're crazy!"

"No. Not quite."

"I hate you!" she whispered.

She wheeled and went out on the front porch. She stood at the steps, breathing hard. The night was cold and clear. A frost lay upon the cornfield across the road, turning it white in the winter moonlight. Several minutes later, a cow came down the road, stopping to pull at the vines that grew on the fence. Delia leaned against the porch post, her fingers thrumming nervously against her sleeve.

She lit a cigarette, and smoked it angrily, in quick, hot puffs. Down at the barn, one of the dogs barked briefly and subsided. Delia stiffened. For a moment she was motionless, poised in sudden thought. Then she threw the cigarette into the yard.

Down at the barn, the chained dogs were bedded deep in their straw, and they raised their heads and blinked sleepily at the match Delia held. One of them, old Sunshine Babe, growled perfunctorily, but quieted when spoken to. Judas raised his head, and his yellow eyes were red in the matchlight. Delia made her way slowly to where the big pointer lay. He rose at her approach, growling warningly.

Now that she was within reach of the dog, Delia hesitated. The match burned her fingers. Determinedly, Delia found the chain and ran her hand down it to the dog's collar. The deep rattle in Judas' throat rose a note, but he let her unsnap the chain.

Delia did not realize she had screamed until Duff came running from the house. She rose from the floor where Judas, in his leap toward the door, had knocked her.

"What is it?" Duff shouted, flashing his light on her.

"He knocked me down!" she said, pulling the hay from her hair

"Who?"

"Your *lovely* Judas, that's who!"

Duff's light fell upon Judas' empty chain. "Where's that dog?" he demanded.

"He got away."

DUFF went quickly to the chain. He straightened, and said incredulously, "You turned him loose!"

"What if I did?" she said angrily.

"What if you did?" Duff exploded. "I've worked a long time getting him broke. Now he's running wild again, and in one or two days of that he could forget all I've tried to beat into his head—if somebody doesn't shoot him first."

"I hope somebody *does* shoot him," Delia said.

Duff's hand snatched her around. "You listen to me," he said in cold anger. "The car's out front, and there's a hotel in Leason. You better go right away. Paul will come to town in the truck in the morning with the rest of your stuff."

"Don't worry—I'll go and glad of it!" she said bitterly.

By the time Paul and Wesley and Duff had their horses saddled, the headlights of the car had disappeared down the road. Duff paused before mounting, looking toward the darkness where his wife had gone. He took a deep breath and went into the saddle.

"Okay," he said shortly. "We'll separate and start riding. Maybe he hasn't got off so far we can't call him in."

The three horses rode out across the frost-covered cornfield.

In the barn, a spark from the match Delia had held worked its way patiently up a straw stem. At the end of the straw was a frayed oat husk. The spark reached this, sputtered, and broke into a tiny flame.

Duff saw the fire glow against the sky. He stopped and listened and presently he heard the howling of dogs. He jerked his horse around and kicked him savagely. The horse reared. Duff struck him on the head with his fist, and kicked him again, and the horse flattened out in a wild run homeward.

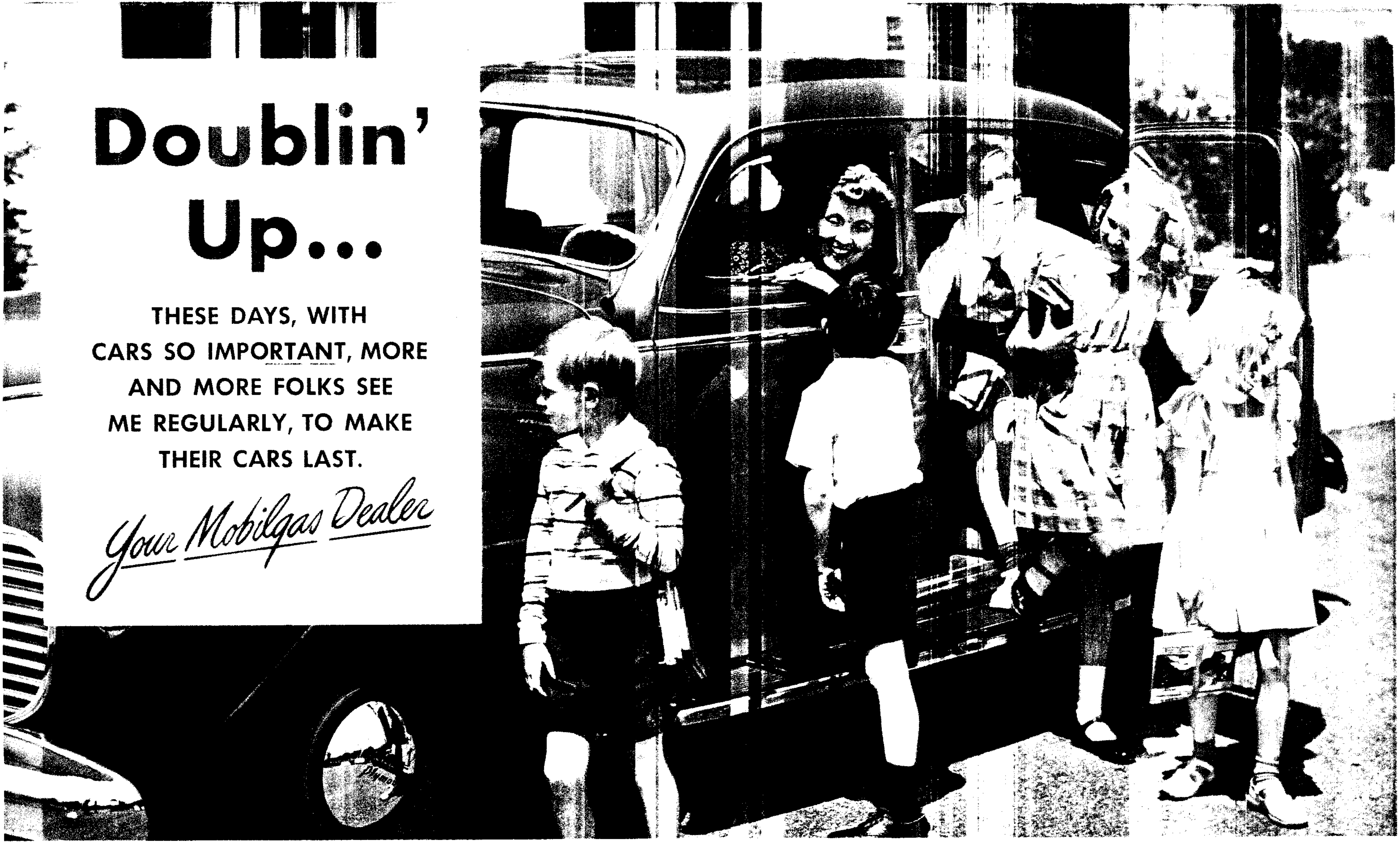
Emerging from the creek bottom, Duff saw the white-red flames eating across the roof of the barn. Smoke boiled in a flood from the wide door. The howling of the dogs grew frenzied. Riderless, a horse galloped past them, his ears forward in fright, the saddle off center. Wesley's horse.

Duff hit the ground running. "Wesley!" he shouted.

Then from the boil of smoke in the door staggered a man dragging a dying, retching dog by the collar. Wesley's clothes suddenly burst into flame. Releasing the convulsive Sunshine Babe, he turned back toward the barn.

Duff snatched his mackinaw off as he ran. "Wesley, wait!"

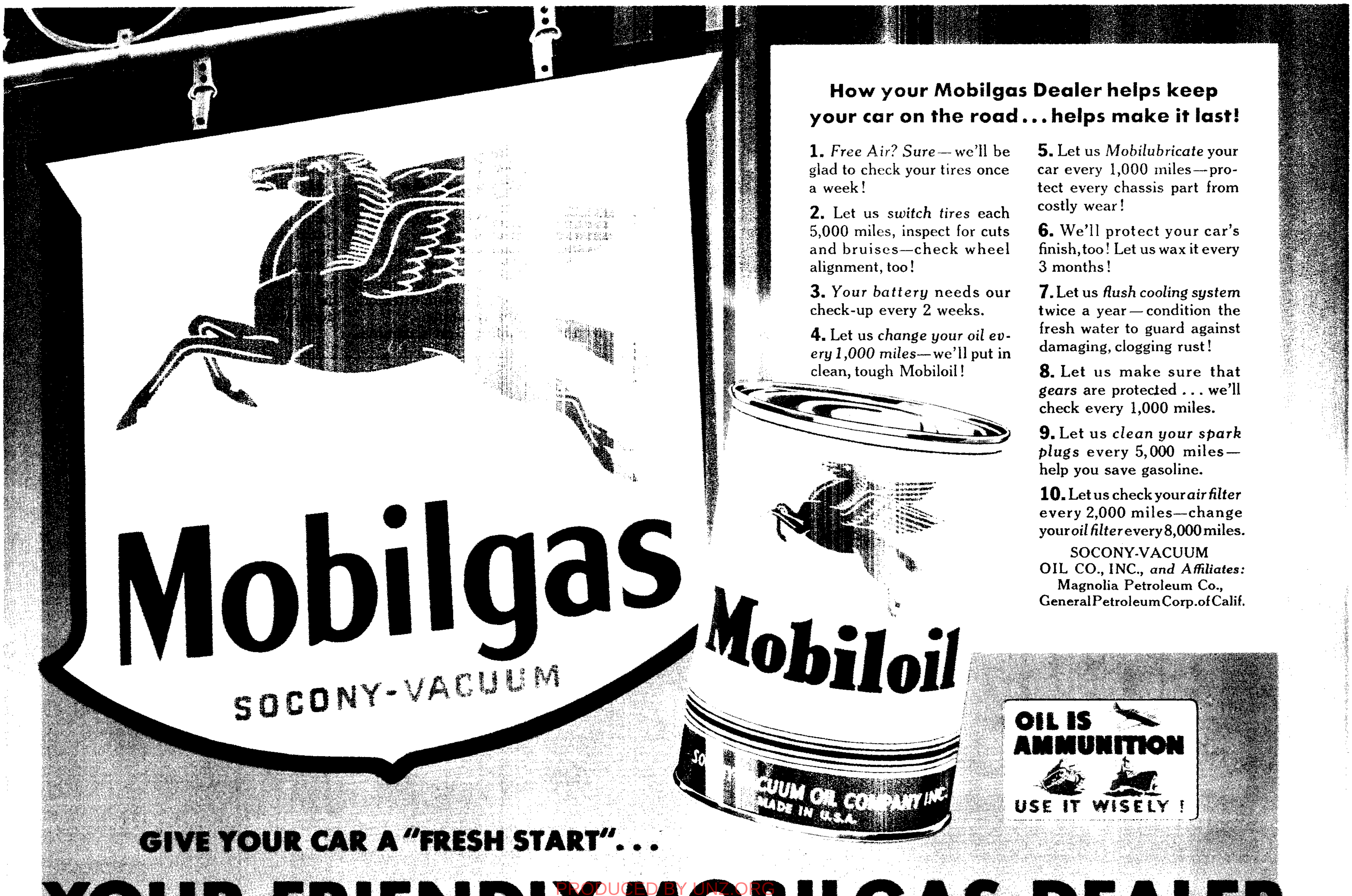
(*To be concluded next week*)



Doublin' Up...

THESE DAYS, WITH CARS SO IMPORTANT, MORE AND MORE FOLKS SEE ME REGULARLY, TO MAKE THEIR CARS LAST.

Your Mobilgas Dealer



How your Mobilgas Dealer helps keep your car on the road . . . helps make it last!

1. *Free Air? Sure*—we'll be glad to check your tires once a week!

2. Let us *switch tires* each 5,000 miles, inspect for cuts and bruises—check wheel alignment, too!

3. *Your battery* needs our check-up every 2 weeks.

4. Let us *change your oil every 1,000 miles*—we'll put in clean, tough Mobiloil!

5. Let us *Mobilubricate* your car every 1,000 miles—protect every chassis part from costly wear!

6. We'll protect your car's finish, too! Let us wax it every 3 months!

7. Let us *flush cooling system* twice a year—condition the fresh water to guard against damaging, clogging rust!

8. Let us make sure that *gears* are protected . . . we'll check every 1,000 miles.

9. Let us *clean your spark plugs* every 5,000 miles—help you save gasoline.

10. Let us check your *air filter* every 2,000 miles—change your *oil filter* every 8,000 miles.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., *and Affiliates:*
Magnolia Petroleum Co.,
General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

OIL IS AMMUNITION
USE IT WISELY!

GIVE YOUR CAR A "FRESH START" . . .

YOUR FRIENDLY MOBILGAS DEALER

IS YOUR HOUSE HAUNTED?

Can your present blend meet the

INDOOR TEST

or do stale odors haunt your house?

Compare your present pipe tobacco with BOND STREET—and you make an amazing discovery!

BOND STREET not only has the rich, mellow flavor and bite-free coolness of a custom blend . . . *it actually leaves no stale pipe odors in the room!*

You see—BOND STREET contains a *rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular-priced mixture.*

It's genuinely aromatic! So delightfully fragrant—even the ladies approve!

Get a tin—make this Indoor Test today!

15¢
POCKET TIN
Convenient folding Pocket Pouch—10¢

PIPE TOBACCO
BOND STREET

BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
A product of PHILIP MORRIS

The Pride of Possum Hollow

Continued from page 23

Education in Smith County, young Gore drove 140 miles three nights a week for three years to attend law classes at the Nashville Y.M.C.A. Miss LaFon was working her way through Vanderbilt University Law School as a waitress in the coffee shop of the Andrew Jackson Hotel at night.

It was Gore's habit to go to the coffee shop for coffee before starting the long ride home late at night. They talked of law and other things, and were admitted to the bar at the same time.

So Gore, still very young, had a wife and a baby, and an important position in the governor's cabinet, when the congressman from his district prepared a statement announcing his candidacy for governor. Gore heard about it. The papers that carried the announcement also carried the announcement that Albert Gore had resigned as Commissioner of Labor and was a candidate for Congress.

The opportunity had come. But he began to doubt the wisdom of taking the step for which he had worked and waited from boyhood. He had a family to support. He had chucked the best job he ever had. He was faced with an expensive campaign of three months, and no money.

The Campaign Begins

One morning, sunrise saw him on the way to Carthage to mortgage his only possession, a small hill farm. The campaign was on. He hired what he called "a band," composed of two young men, equally proficient with fiddle, banjo and guitar, and two girls who could play the accordion and sing mountain songs.

While the band played, Candidate Gore mingled with the crowd. As the band concluded, he got out his fiddle and played while the band proceeded to the next town to repeat the performance—sometimes as many as ten or fifteen times a day. Laying down the fiddle, he discussed the burning issues of the moment to prove that he was a statesman as well as a fiddler.

His wife arranged speaking engagements. She called on every business house in each town and telephoned every person in the telephone directory inviting them to the speaking.

As returns indicating Gore's nomination trickled into Murfreesboro, where all candidates had headquarters, the crowd began to clamor for a speech.

"As I rose to go," said Gore, "a benign old gentleman laid his hand on my arm. 'Remember,' he said, 'in your hour of victory that there are five defeated candidates. I have just come from the headquarters of one. He is the picture of dejection. His wife is crying. This is his third attempt. He probably will never be a candidate again. It is the end of his ambition.'

"I lost my sense of elation. I could think only of the defeated candidates and their wives, and how my wife and I would have felt had I been among them. So I spoke only of my regard for my late opponents and how I regretted that all of us could not have been nominated. I often wonder what sort of fool I should have made of myself except for the admonition of that gracious old gentleman."

For seven months after becoming a member of the House, Representative Gore had let his speech be "yea" and "nay," and occasionally "present." He was a shrewd observer.

"I saw members nibble at everything that came up," he said. "You don't get anywhere nibbling. I decided when I hit I would hit hard."

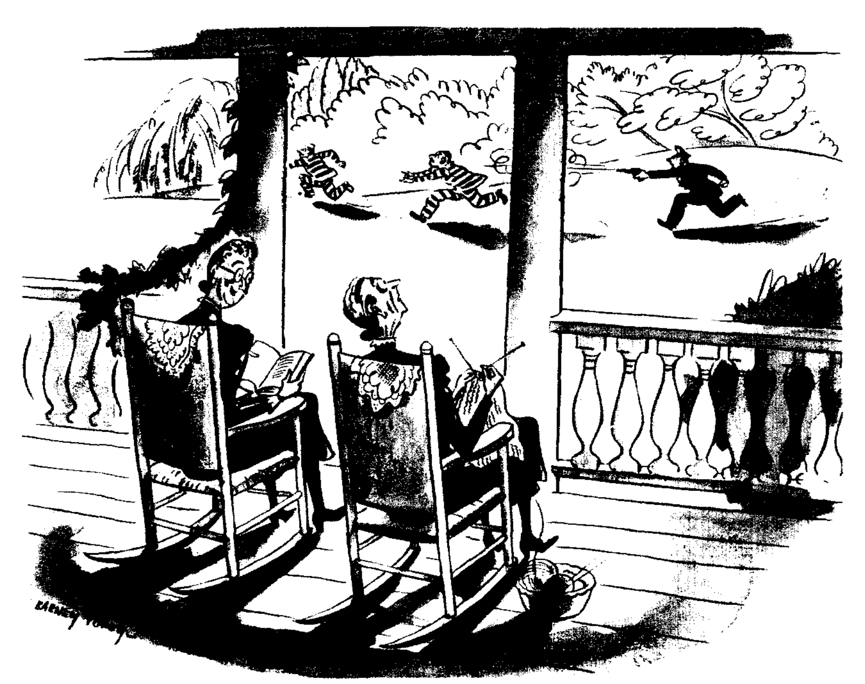
While unknown to most of his colleagues, he attracted national attention with a brief speech. The House had before it a bill authorizing the U.S. Housing Authority to lend $800,000,000 to be amortized in sixty years. Similar authorizations had steam-rollered through without trouble. Gore sought permission from Democratic managers to speak against the bill. They turned him down. He appealed to Republicans. They gave him time.

Democrats joined Republicans and defeated the bill. It was the Administration's first setback on the major spending experiment.

He sponsored legislation guaranteeing a minimum of 85 per cent of parity for agricultural commodities for national defense and aid to the democracies.

"All farmers need," says Gore, "is to have assurance of a reasonable price for their commodities, and many an additional pig will be farrowed."

THE END



"It's nice to see some men around the place again" BARNEY TOBEY

Day Off

Continued from page 17

time to find them boots and put them on. Looks like to me we could have spent all the wasted time fishing. Miss Martha's going to be coming back here tonight, and I won't have another chance to go fishing until next year. We sure could have caught a lot of fish while you was wasting the time fooling around with them boots."

"You'd better mind how you talk," Pa said. "Now, I've got half a mind to go off to the creek and leave you behind."

"Please don't do that, Mr. Morris," Handsome said. "I didn't mean that about the boots. They're the handsomest rubber boots I ever saw before in all my life. They're the finest kind of things to have handy when it rains. I wish I owned them, because I'd be mighty proud."

PA GOT out and went to the water bucket for another drink. Then he came back and laid his hand on the cart.

"Where's the can of worms, son?" he asked.

I ran and got the worms, and all of us climbed in. Pa picked up the reins and was about to slap Ida on the back when Mrs. Johnson came running in through the alley gate. Mrs. Johnson was a widow who lived down on the next street at the end of the alley and *took in boarders for a living*. She was about fifty or sixty years old, and was always complaining about something.

"Just a minute there, Morris Stroup!" Mrs. Johnson said, running up to the cart and jerking the reins from Pa's hands.

Pa tried to get out of the cart, but she stood in his way.

"Where's the things you took off my back porch, Morris Stroup?" she said. "There ain't a drop of water in my house, and I can't get none, because you walked off with my pump handle!"

"There must be some sort of mix-up," Pa said. "You know I'm not the sort of neighbor who'd take a pump handle."

"One of my boarders saw you sneak in my back yard and make off with a lot of my things, including my pump handle, Morris Stroup," she said, shaking her finger at Pa. "You took my sadirons, my tongs and poker, and goodness knows what else. Now, I want them back right away, or I'll call the town marshal!"

Handsome slipped off the cart and backed toward the woodshed. He was just opening the woodshed door when my old man turned around and saw him.

"Come back here, Handsome Brown," Pa said.

Handsome stopped backing away.

"I sure owe you an apology, Mrs. Johnson," Pa said. "All that was the purest kind of accident. I happened to be walking through the alley this morning and I saw some old rusty iron laying on the ground. I thought you was trying to get shed of it, and so I just kicked it along out of the way. I thought I was doing you a favor. I remembered that the boys was cleaning up around our house and in the alley, and that's why your things got mixed up with ours."

"You'd better think about doing yourself a favor," Mrs. Johnson said, "if you don't want to go to jail."

While my old man was calling Handsome, Mrs. Johnson turned around and walked out through the alley gate.

"Handsome," Pa said, "bring me them rubber boots."

Handsome went to the porch and brought the boots.

"Now, let this be a lesson to you," Pa said. "You ought to know better than to pick up just anything you find laying around. It may belong to somebody."

"Me?" Handsome said, shaking all over. "Is you talking to me, Mr. Morris?"

Pa handed him back the rubber boots. Handsome took them, but he let them fall to the ground.

"Take them boots down to Mr. Frank Dunn's store and tell him they didn't fit you," Pa said. "Then ask him to give you your money back."

"Me?" Handsome said, backing off. "You mean me, Mr. Morris?"

Pa nodded.

"Then when you get your money back for the boots," my old man said, "take the money and go over where the man is buying the scrap iron and tell him you've changed your mind and want the pieces back. Hand him the four dollars and then start digging in the pile and pick out all the pieces you sold him. When you get everything picked out, especially the pump handle, load them in the cart and bring them straight home. As soon as you get back you can take Mrs. Johnson the things she wants."

"You don't mean me, do you, Mr. Morris?" Handsome said. "Ain't you *kind of* mixed up a little. *Them* rubber boots ain't mine, and I—"

Pa picked up the boots and put them in Handsome's arms.

"You made me feel so ashamed of myself for buying rubber boots when it wouldn't be muddy enough to need them that I gave them to you."

"You did?" Handsome said. "When did you do all that, Mr. Morris?"

"Just a little while ago," Pa said.

"I declare, Mr. Morris," Handsome said, "I ain't never wanted rubber boots in all my life! That's one thing I never thought about!"

HANDSOME tried to give them to Pa, but my old man shoved them back at Handsome. Handsome stood trembling and trying to say something.

"Stop arguing and do like I tell you," Pa said. "I'd hate to see you go to jail on a fine day like this."

He handed Handsome the reins and pushed him up into the cart. Then he picked up the boots and threw them inside.

After that he slapped Ida on the back with his hand, and she trotted out of the yard and turned down the street. Handsome went on out of sight holding to the seat with both hands and moaning so loud we could hear him until he got all the way down town.

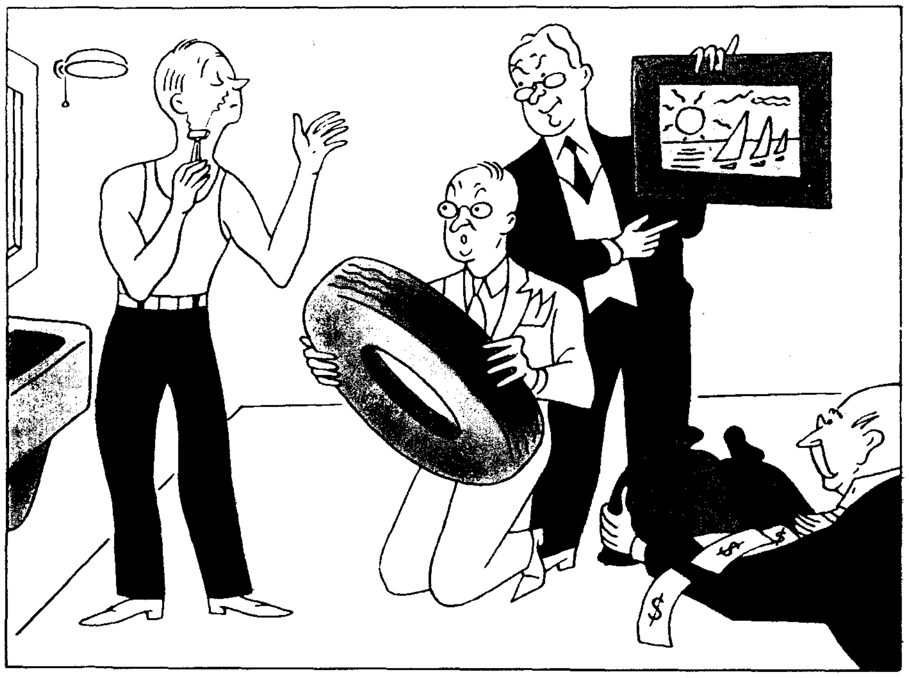
My old man walked over to where the can of worms was and looked at it for a while. Then he picked up the can and told me to get the spade. We went around behind the shed where Handsome had dug them that morning and he emptied the can on the ground.

The worms started crawling off in every direction, but my old man got a stick and pushed them down into the hole that Handsome had dug.

"Cover them up good, son," he said. "Help them make themselves feel at home. It's too late to go fishing today, but the next time your Ma goes off to visit your Aunt Bessie, we'll do our best to make the most of it."

I covered up the hole while my old man patted the earth down tight so it would stay damp down where the worms lived until the next time we had a chance to use them.

THE END



"Sorry Boys, It's Not for Sale"

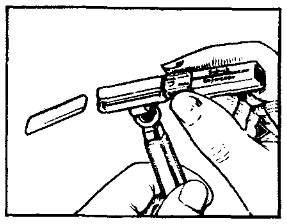
You can't blame the lucky fellow who's got a Schick Injector Razor for not selling it . . . *at any price!* He knows he'd probably be stuck without one for the rest of the war.

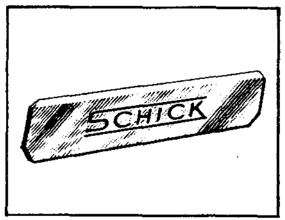
Though there are sufficient Schick Blades, there just aren't enough Schick Injector Razors to fill an ever increasing civilian demand. That's because war metal limitations permit us to make only enough razors for military demands.

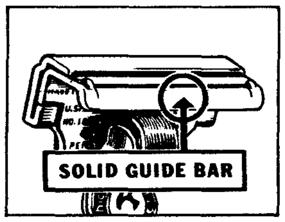
If you—like the fortunate fellow on the left—already have a Schick Injector *be sure to take good care of it*—it is more valuable today than ever before.

No other razor will shave you so comfortably. No other razor has the automatic blade change. As a matter of fact the Schick Injector Razor contains the only basic improvements made in safety razor design in more than 40 years.

SHAVING IMPROVEMENTS
EVERY MAN CAN HAVE AFTER THE WAR IS WON



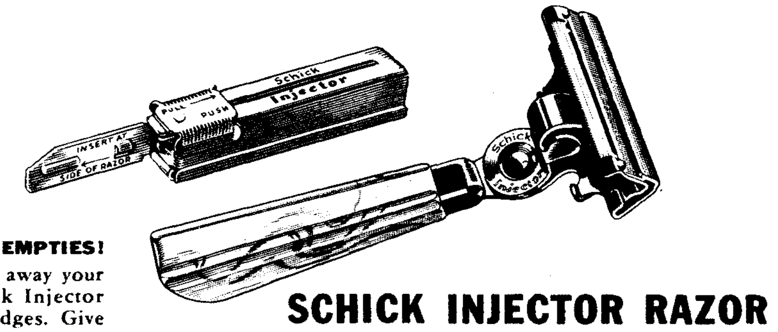




LIKE AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL this razor gets into action fast. Just a pull and a push on the trigger of the Injector cartridge and out shoots the old blade and in slides a new one instantly!

TOUGH AS A COMMANDO, the Schick Blade has plenty of strength and backbone for steady vibration-free shaving. Twice as thick as an ordinary blade—3 or 4 times thicker than the paper-thin kind.

LIKE A TANK the amazing solid guide bar flattens the skin ahead of the blade, eliminating nicks and scratches. As the skin is stretched flat the whiskers pop up straight for a close, comfortable shave.



SAVE THE EMPTIES!
Don't throw away your empty Schick Injector Blade Cartridges. Give them to the Boy Scouts who are collecting them.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Dollings gives Boxer Al Reid one of his famous rubs. Dollings says he's the best rubber in the world—and he isn't bragging

Durable Dai

By Dan Parker

Dai Dollings, 83-year-old trainer of athletes, lets you in on some of his training secrets

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

THIS cockeyed world is cluttered up with bald-headed barbers who have acquired chronic laryngitis from trying to wheedle customers into using their special hair tonic; dyspeptic restaurateurs who look as if a few meals at a rival's eating place would set them back on the right digestive path; and salesmen for reducing machines who haven't seen their great toes, except in a full-length mirror, for decades. But David ("Dai") Dollings, late of Swansea, Wales, is a walking advertisement for his profession. A trainer of athletes, Dai Dollings at the age of 83 is as fit as any of the numerous fighters, runners and swimmers he has conditioned and still leads a more active life than the average man half his age.

Lean and leathery, straight as a whip, his small, sharp blue eyes still able to function without artificial assistance, and his mind as keen as that of the other Welsh David, whose family name is Lloyd George, Dai Dollings is one of the physical marvels of the age. He still puts in six days a week at gymnasiums, getting fighters ready for their bouts. Several nights a week he works as a second, climbing up and down enough ring stairs in the course of a week's work to put him on top of the Empire State Building, if the steps were continuous. Until recent years, he scorned climbing through the ropes. He used to put one hand on the top strand and vault into the ring, like a boy clearing a fence. Then he broke a leg and had to resort to ducking under the ropes.

The training profession runs in Dai's family. One of his great-grandfathers was famous in his day as a trainer of fighters, race horses and greyhounds. His mother was an expert on the use of herbs for medicinal purposes. Dai himself took a crude course in anatomy when he went to work as a butcher boy at the age of 13 and helped to carve up beeves. Later he developed a rugged physique swinging a hammer as a boilermaker's assistant.

Dai has done about everything there is to be done in the line of athletics. He was a star runner in his boyhood, a better than average swimmer, a good rugby player, a heel-and-toe walking champion, an oarsman and a bare-knuckle fighter. Many a time Dollings went up to the mountains, stripped down to the waist and fought some other Welshman, just for the sheer love of a brawl. Often there was a side bet of 200 pounds. He engaged in 30 bare-knuckle fights and 100 with boxing gloves. The only time he lost was when Morgan Crowther, another Welshman, knocked him out.

In the boxing world today, Dollings, oldest man in the business, is a legendary figure, known either by reputation or personally wherever the knuckle-dusting set gathers. His work took him to Australia, South Africa and all through Continental Europe before he came to America and decided that this was the land for him. Ask anyone connected with boxing in Sydney, Melbourne, Cape Town, London, Glasgow, Berlin, Paris, San Francisco, Pontypridd or Manila who Dai Dollings is and the chances are you won't get a shoulder-shrug for an answer. They all know Dai and, what is more important in a business where backbiting and knifing are second nature, they all love and respect the old fellow, though he has never pulled an oral punch in discussing any of his contemporaries.

Magic in His Hands

Dollings is credited with being a miracle-performer. His taciturn nature and carefully guarded methods have helped along the legend that he performs black magic.

He has one authentic miracle to his credit. By means of massages and brine baths, he restored life to the withered limbs of a nine-year-old girl who hadn't been able to walk since birth. Now a woman in middle life, she owes the fact that she can get around like a normal human being to the Welsh medicine man who carries around in his wise old noggin many of Nature's own remedies.

Dollings, reluctant to divulge any of his trade secrets, was prevailed upon only after much coaxing to tell some of his weight-reducing methods.

"The principal thing is to get 'em perspirin' and then keep 'em perspirin'," he said. "'Ow do I do it? Well, sor, I gives 'em an 'ot bath in washin' soda. That opens the pores and draws out the pizen. Then I makes 'em drink plenty of water while they're sittin' in the bath. It flows right through their system, like water flushing a street, takin' all the rubbish along with it, through the pores. No fighter of mine ever 'as to dry out. 'E can 'ave all the water 'e wants while 'e's training, save when 'e's eatin' or before goin' to bed."

At a single rubbing, Dai's marvelously expert hands can rub two pounds off the human frame.

"I usually rubs 'em for an arf hour but I prefers an hour," said the Old Professor. "I rubs in two directions at the same time, like this." (Here Dai made a series of fast passes through the air like a magician palming the ace of clubs.)

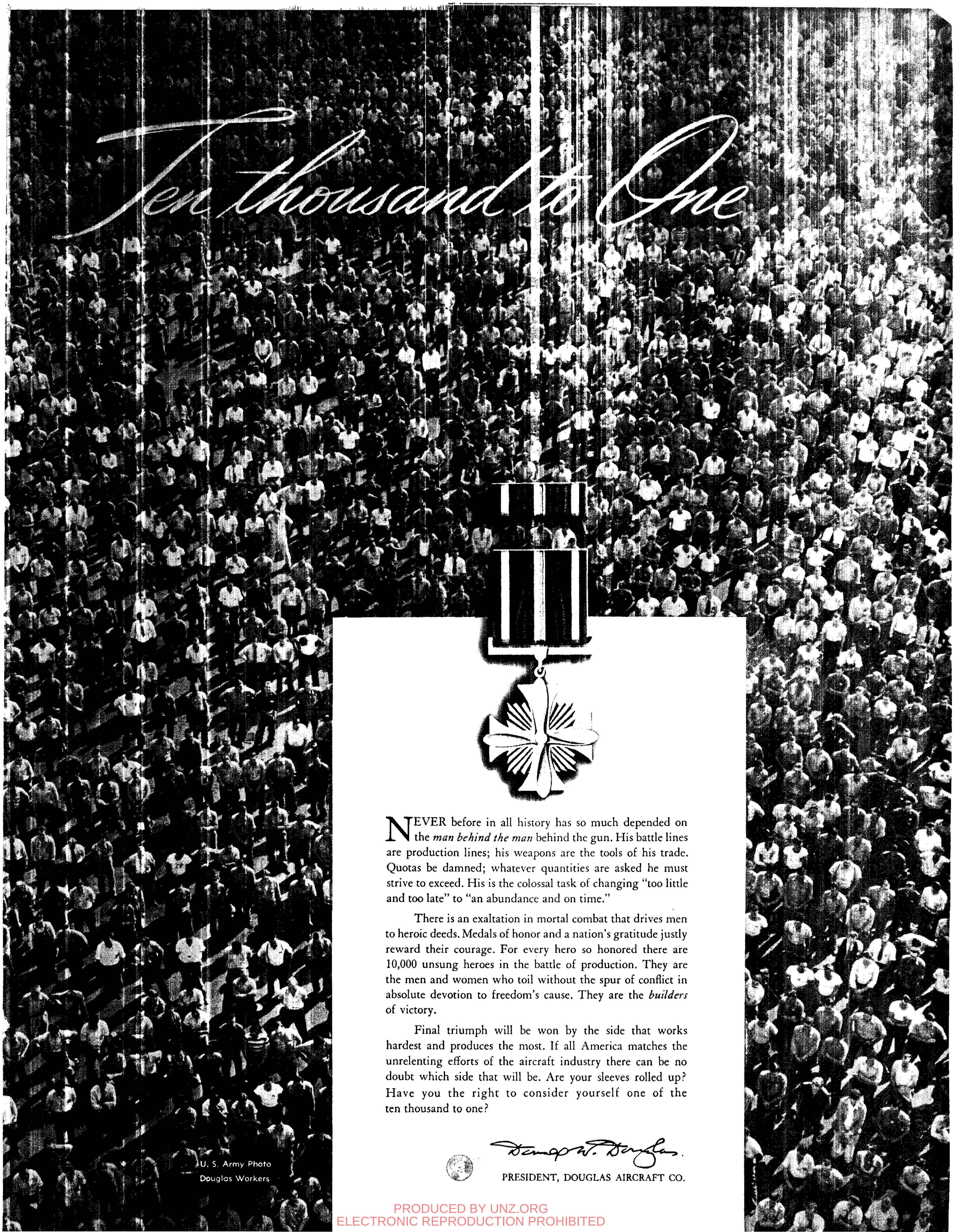
"You must 'ave a solid table for a good rub. A bed won't do, 'cause it gives too much. I can rub all day and not get tired because I uses only me 'ands, not me body. I'm the best rubber in the wurruld."

Dai isn't bragging. He's just stating what he believes to be self-evident facts.

Among the Welsh wonder man's miracles is the feat of making hair grow on his own aged noggin.

"I made a stoody of 'air, too," he

(Continued on page 60)



NEVER before in all history has so much depended on the *man behind the man* behind the gun. His battle lines are production lines; his weapons are the tools of his trade. Quotas be damned; whatever quantities are asked he must strive to exceed. His is the colossal task of changing "too little and too late" to "an abundance and on time."

There is an exaltation in mortal combat that drives men to heroic deeds. Medals of honor and a nation's gratitude justly reward their courage. For every hero so honored there are 10,000 unsung heroes in the battle of production. They are the men and women who toil without the spur of conflict in absolute devotion to freedom's cause. They are the *builders* of victory.

Final triumph will be won by the side that works hardest and produces the most. If all America matches the unrelenting efforts of the aircraft industry there can be no doubt which side that will be. Are your sleeves rolled up? Have you the right to consider yourself one of the ten thousand to one?

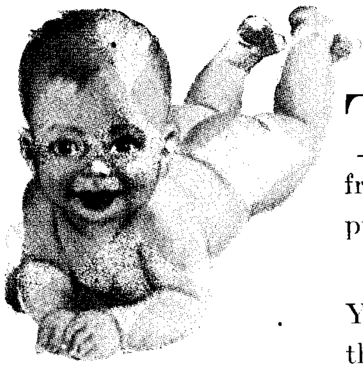
Donald W. Douglas

PRESIDENT, DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO.

U. S. Army Photo
Douglas Workers

The sun is the source of all energy…The energy of sunshine is crystallized in Dextrose sugar.

Life begins on Dextrose Sugar



THE mystery of Life is embodied in the birth of a baby. One thing is obvious from the moment of conception—life is expressed in terms of movement!

For the body is a miraculous machine. Yet it operates in much the same way as do the wonderful machines man has created. Fuel in the form of food is "burned" within the body to provide all the energy mankind expends in activity.

The chief fuel for bodily activity is a simple sugar called *Dextrose.* Dextrose is formed in Nature by the action of sunlight upon plant life. Human life depends on it for energy.

Much of the driving power of the body comes from Dextrose. It is added in some form to the feeding formulas of babies and to the diets of children. Throughout life, it is the one sugar the body uses *directly* for energy.

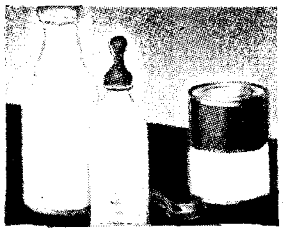
Many of America's finest foods now contain Dextrose. Food processors have found that this pure white, crystalline sugar generally improves the quality, flavor, texture and food value of their products. Whenever you buy foods labeled "*Enriched with Dextrose*", you may be assured of added enjoyment and genuine food-energy value.

★ *Dextrose is an ALL-American sugar, derived from American corn, refined in American factories, distributed by American companies.*

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.

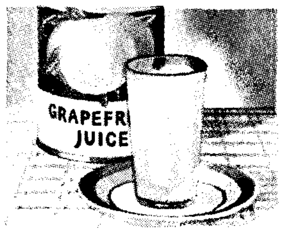
One of the Producers of Pure Dextrose Sugar

17 Battery Place • New York, N. Y.



Doctors prescribe Dextrose in baby-feeding formulas.

Dextrose protects flavor and texture of canned fruits.



Dextrose adds food energy to canned citrus fruit juices.

Dextrose sugar helps make candy a delicious *food.*

Dextrose adds appetite and eye appeal to "sweet doughs."

Keep the *Energy* of sunshine in your diet…Demand foods "Enriched with *Dextrose*"

Sergeant Daru Settles an Account

Continued from page 13

She was very unlike the girl who used to sell us drinks and snacks. She was the daughter of a generation of peasants and innkeepers who had fought and haggled for their pennies until they grew into bank books and rents and property.

"You have a wife and children, sergeant, haven't you?" she asked. "How much is your pay, anyway? About five or six hundred a month?"

"It's more," I said sullenly. "And I can become staff sergeant or even master sergeant. I am still young, and my record is good. And don't forget the pension."

"I haven't forgotten it," she said. "But it's not enough for acting like a wench."

"All right," I said after a moment's silence. "You think it over . . . give me another drink."

"Me too," said André and entered the room. He was slightly staggering and humming a patriotic song; obviously he was drunk. André was a schoolteacher from the south. He was very big and had a red and kind face. He told certain funny stories very well, especially one which was a little risqué, about a sailor, a peasant girl and a stolen horse. We had laughed at this story at least twenty times.

WITH him was the corporal Prokosh and a lance corporal, a certain Villard from Paris. He had been a traveling salesman for a wine firm, and he looked and talked like a traveling salesman. He too told funny stories, and we listened to them because we had nothing else to do. But his stories were by far not as funny as André's, not by a long shot. Or perhaps he did not tell them as well. And then he was always talking about the business he had left behind, and how the salesmen of the competition would grab his customers. Listening to him was a bore.

The corporal was the strangest one of the group. First of all he was a foreigner, a Czechoslovak. He was small and wiry, with black hair and a tiny black mustache. He always carried a little riding stick with him, although he had been told time and again that it was against regulations. The riding stick was sort of a souvenir from another life, for he had been a second lieutenant in the Czech cavalry before he came to us.

I understood that he had a kind of personal feud with the Huns. When he was drunk he spoke about the green hills and valleys of Moravia. His accent made me sick.

It was quite clear that Denise did not care a copper, but it was funny all the same that she picked mostly him when she wanted to annoy me. Sometimes she picked a fellow from the Fifth Field Howitzers as well, to be sure, or any other fellow in an emergency. But mostly him. Well, I said to myself, let her play with her hero. Maybe he leaves to her the *Croix de guerre* when the Boches bump him off. Some Czechoslovak!

The three of them sat down at a table and ordered drinks. I probably should have gone by then. But I had a notion that if I went I would just do the thing Denise wanted me to do; so I stayed on.

"Hello, sarge," said Villard. "You look blue. Done too much drinkin'?"

I did not bother to answer him and ordered a cognac.

"I spoke today to a fellow of sector thirty-two," said André. "They've moved in Corap's third. Along the Meuse and north."

"So what?" I said.

"Well, they are no good," he said. "Rotten equipment. Poor training."

"Oh, you are drunk," I said. "What do you know about Corap's army? And then, they are only reserves anyway."

André looked over his glass. He looked annoyed and kind of like an old cart horse.

"You'll see," he said with his drunken singing voice. "But don't say I haven't told it . . ."

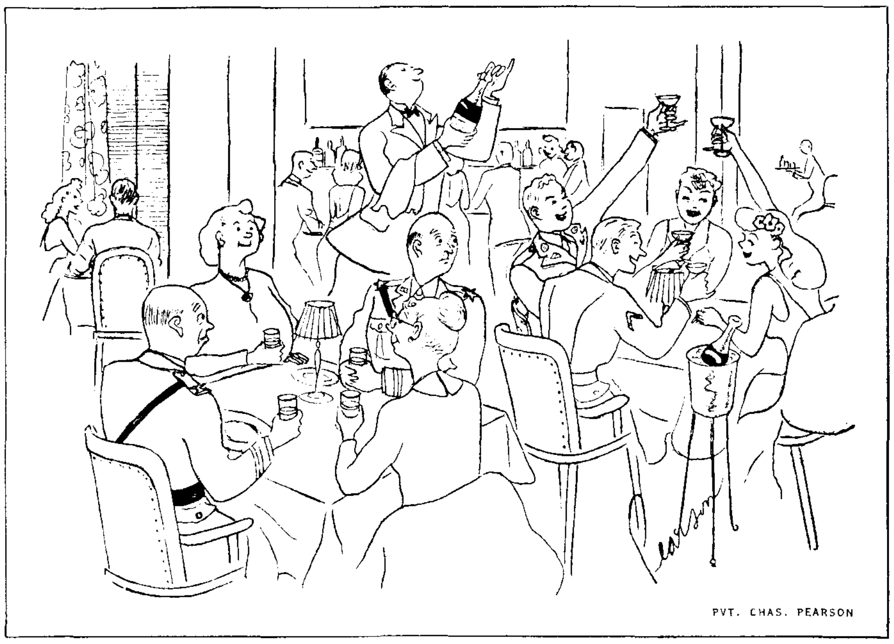
"Oh, forget it!" I said. Denise had served Prokosh's drink as the last one. Now she stood before him and said nothing and smiled. The silence between them was much louder than André's voice; it filled my eardrums with a deafening din.

"Hello," I said. It probably sounded very silly.

"Tonight," said Denise.

"Pardon?" said Prokosh. He said it politely and as if slightly amused.

"Tonight," said Denise. "I kiss you goodby when you go. All four of you."



PVT. CHAS. PEARSON

She said "all four of you" but she looked only at Prokosh.

"We shall be very happy," said Prokosh. He spoke his maddening high-school French. He still looked amused.

"I like the soldiers," said Denise. Her voice was a little dreamy. "I like them because their life is dangerous, and because they are scared and yet brave."

SHE ran her finger playfully up the buttons of his tunic. It always made me crazy when she did that to me, but it made me still crazier when she did it to somebody else.

"Cut it out," I said. I did not feel drunk, and I don't think I was. Villard broke into a stupid laughter.

"Shut up," I shouted. "Stand at attention when you speak to your superior."

Villard kept on laughing. His eyes were all wet and small, and tiny tears rolled down the wrinkles of his face. I stepped up to him and struck him between the eyes. He dropped with a little funny sound like a killed pig. He did not laugh any more. It was awfully quiet in the room, and into the silence rang a very distant single shot. Then Corporal Prokosh said without raising his voice:

"Sergeant, you've behaved like a heel."

"Shut your trap," I said. "Your dirty trap. You Polack. You swine. All that stinky war business wouldn't have started if it weren't for you Polacks and Slovaks. It's about time that the Boche teaches you how to wash your dirty faces."

One moment there was nothing, and the next moment the whole world consisted of a burning, flashing pain. Prokosh had hit me over the forehead with the flap of his silly little riding stick. I ran for my bayonet, but Denise was quicker. She opened the door and threw the weapon with a wide fling out into the night.

"There," she hissed. "Run after your butcher knife. Run and don't let me see your face again!"

I went out. First I could not find my bayonet, but after a few minutes I found it and strapped it on. I did not go back.

AFTER a few days we went back to the line. There was no change out here. Sometimes the Boches made a little raid, just to keep the men busy, and sometimes we made a raid, although not so often. We did not care to give orders like that. The men could have refused, some sections really had, and then we had the mess of reporting and court-martial. There were a lot of rumors about generals who had conspired and officers who had been shot. We didn't believe it, and then again we did.

We did not care, in fact. We drank our wine and played pontoon. Cécile wrote from home that milk and eggs had become very scarce. Wine was still to be had, but it had gone up thirty-five centimes the liter. She did not mention her cousin from Brest any more. Probably they kept house like husband and wife now, and there was nothing exciting left to it. All her sentences sounded like as many lies.

The bruise on my forehead disappeared very soon. But the funny part about it was that the pain did not disappear. It hurt as much as in the first minute, not more, but as much. Time and again I looked into a glass to see if the red mark really had gone. There was not even a scar. But it hurt. Some Czechoslovak!

I did not avoid seeing him. There he was, a little unobtrusive man, small, wiry, with black hair and a tiny black mustache. He did not carry his stick any more; maybe he had given it to Denise as a souvenir. But he still made his risky little excursions as he used to do, alone or with one or two men. Sometimes he brought back a scrap of information or a young German soldier who looked scared and refused to talk. Sometimes he had only a new notch in the butt of his rifle which meant that he had killed a man. I heard that he met Denise whenever he was off duty.

I could have put him on trial, and the outcome would have been a cinch. But I did not like the idea. My business with him was strictly private, and I would settle it somehow. I was pretty sure about that, and I even had a hunch that it would be quite soon.

It came not so soon as I thought, to be sure, but at last I did meet him in the open. It was in the first weeks of the spring, a glorious day with gentle winds and a few high clouds; one of those days that make you unhappy in a certain way, because they are so perfect, and life is so dark and so complicated. A medical officer once told me that the number of suicides goes up in early spring, and I thought of that when I started out. Prokosh had made a sortie to find out what body of troops was on the other side and, if possible, to bring in a prisoner with his pay book and identification tag. There was some shifting behind the lines of the Boche, and the division staff was dying to know what it was all about. They always played grand strategy when they got tired of their drinking bouts.

Anyway, Prokosh did not come back for quite a while, and the lieutenant said that maybe somebody had better go and have a look. It was not an order, for the lieutenant very seldom gave proper orders. He just said this or that ought to be done, and there was always more than one man to do it. He was a mere kid, right from the military school and so brave that it was almost a sin. If he did not find anybody to do things he did them himself, but he found somebody for almost anything. With a few thousand like him we could have won the war, I believe.

THIS time I felt like a little walk, and so I said yes, I would look around, and checked out. I passed two listening posts, and then I was in no man's land. It looked like any other land, only the air was somehow thinner, and one had the feeling that there were eyes on you all the time. Quite a funny feeling. The sun was quite hot for the season, and my invisible scar burnt as I marched on. Tough break, I thought, if the Hun should liquidate my friend Prokosh, and I would stand like a dope with empty hands. I prayed that he would live.

When I reached the ridge of a little hill I saw him. He trotted along a narrow footpath down below, about eight hundred feet off, the rifle dangling from his hand in the way he used to carry his stick. He did not have a prisoner with him—maybe he had killed a German instead and taken his papers.

I went down on one knee and took aim. I had him on my gun sight, nicely and squarely. It was like target practice with a recruit, one, two, three, calm and steady, don't pull her too fast.

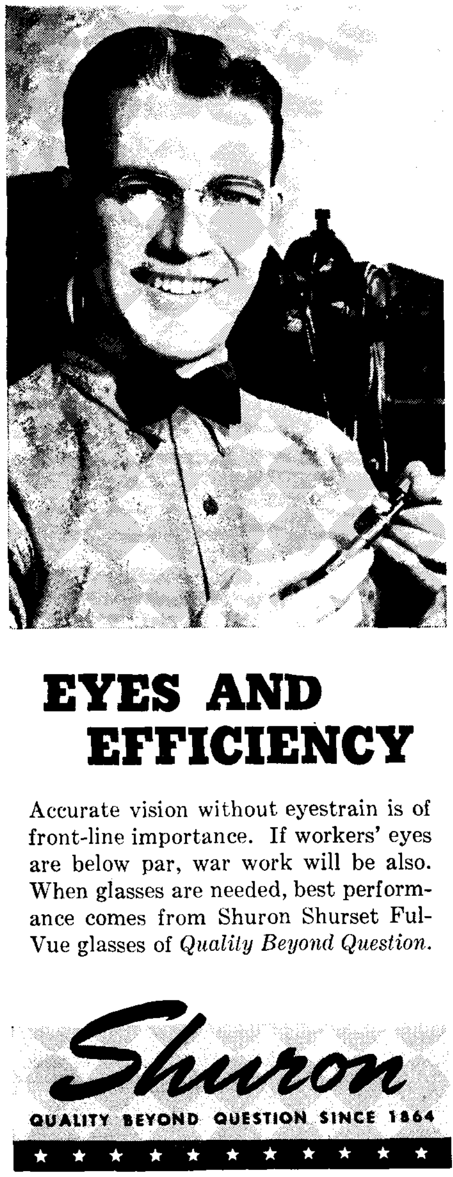
I did not pull her at all, for that matter. I got up on my feet. My forehead was full of little beads of sweat. I had a feeling of being dirty all over, as you may have felt after a disgraceful night in bad company.

"Well," I said to myself, "that's how it is. Better put it off a little. The Polack won't run away. You'll kill the swine, sure enough you'll kill him. But kill him when he sees you. It's no fun when he doesn't see you."

When he marched up to me I came out of my cover. He stopped short and did not know what to do. He looked very silly.

"The lieutenant wants to see you,

SPORT SHIRT
THAT'S A "BEAR" FOR STYLE AND WEAR!
TruVal from $1.35
AMERICA'S FAVORED SPORTSWEAR FOR '42!
Made for action, for fun in the sun! Created in the season's smartest colors . . . Sport Shirts, Slack Suits, Knitted Polo Shirts, Avi-Jacks . . . The very *newest* in Sport Styles . . . at a price you can take in your stride. AT SELECTED STORES.
TRUVAL MFRS. INC., 261 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.


EYES AND EFFICIENCY
Accurate vision without eyestrain is of front-line importance. If workers' eyes are below par, war work will be also. When glasses are needed, best performance comes from Shuron Shurset Ful-Vue glasses of *Quality Beyond Question.*
Shuron
QUALITY BEYOND QUESTION SINCE 1864

corporal, I said, and we went back to the line. Neither of us spoke a word, and I marched in front of him all the way, just in case. I felt tired and exhausted. I had to control myself not to sicken like a boy who has smoked his first cigar.

NOW, it's a funny thing and hard to believe. But it is a fact that from that day on, the spot on my forehead did not hurt any more. I first could not believe it, I was bewildered and called myself names. But you simply can't tell yourself that you feel a pain where there is no pain.

Sometimes I even regretted that I had not shot while the shooting was good and safe. Sometimes I felt like a sore spot in the clean face of the army; and on some other days I was close to going out of my mind or to reporting myself to the colonel, which was about the same, after all.

"It's a strange world," I said to myself. "You, Gaston Daru, for one," I said, "you wouldn't care a hoot about bumping off a guy in a German uniform, or two or five or a dozen for that matter. You would only feel like a big shot. And they are quite nice and polite fellows, maybe, although they most probably stink of sauerkraut and beer. But when it comes to settling accounts with a dirty Polack, you shake in your shoes like a sissy, only because he's wearing a French uniform."

I could not understand it. Once we had sworn loyalty to the tricolor; it was long, long ago, and I had almost forgotten what it was all about. And it was not that, of course. It was simply a childish habit of the mind. But I couldn't get over it.

Once or twice I started talking to André about the whole business. He was a learned man, after all, and he ought to know. But I was afraid he would smell a rat, and so I changed over to something else. He was drunk most of the time anyway.

As to Prokosh, he still had not bitten the dust, and I still hated the sight of him. Or perhaps I only started to hate him now. It was like a woman who has lost her child. She can't cry for grief, and when she starts crying, the worst of it is over. I really did not hate the Slovak before that, or maybe my hatred had been so much part of me that I had no feeling of it. Now I felt the very thought of him like a pain in the neck. Never mind, I thought. I'll kill the beggar sooner or later, or at least plant a nice souvenir round his snout.

But sometimes I thought of other things too, and quite often of Cécile. Her last letters were sober, sensible and friendly. She had not been a bad wife as women go, after all. And the kids must have grown a little. I began to count the weeks again. There were about twenty to go to my next leave. Twenty weeks. A long time. A very long time.

I NEVER got this leave, for that matter. The Boche broke into Holland, and we were hastily entrained to meet him somewhere in Flanders; on the plains where generations of our young men had spilled their blood, twenty years ago, and hundreds of years ago, and ever since time has begun. That's why they are so fertile and overflowing with grain and flowers.

When we got off the trains, the roads were jammed with carts and trucks and refugees and corpses and everything that could roll or walk or creep or die. It was a gruesome sight, and the German fliers peppered into the *marmelade* like rain from a cloudburst. We had been sent to the front, but there was no front at all, only screaming and running people down below, and screaming and roaring birds of hell overhead; all of it between a sheet of gray dust and a glaring and pitiless sky. It was like an enormous three-decker sandwich, made of human flesh. The officers disappeared one by one; only our little lieutenant stayed on the job, and he commanded soon a whole body of troops, although you couldn't tell whether it was a battalion or a regiment, because there were no such things left as battalions and regiments. It was a horrible mess.

We marched in a northerly direction. We shot at everything we saw, but we didn't see very much to shoot at. The planes mowed down soldiers like ninepins. Somewhere to our right the tanks had broken through. In front of us were the Britishers instead of the Germans, and in our rear the Nazi tanks instead of our supply trucks. Our march became a flight, and nobody knew where and why.

Near the coast we made our last stand. Long formations of Tommies passed us. It was the first time I saw them. They laughed and waved to us, full of mud and blood as they were, and they seemed to take the whole affair as a joke. We waved back, but we didn't feel like laughing. The sappers had prepared sort of field fortifications in a wide circle around the town. It was not much better than trenches with sand bags and some light artillery. The pride of the whole setup was a few antitank guns, and when I say few I mean it.

We had to hold the position at any price, and we settled down and held it. It was better than nothing, after all, and still better that we saw the Huns now at last. They came in clusters behind their tanks, green troops, apparently, and a pleasure to shoot at. It was a riot of noise: M.G.'s, artillery, hand grenades, motors and some deep-voiced big rifles from the sea. There were planes too, and quite a few of them; it was practically more planes than sky when you looked up. They emptied their vicious bullets into our trenches. We hated them for it and tried to get them by machine-gun fire. They probably told it back home as a good joke.

It must have been one of these slugs that got me. First I felt nothing but a slight pang on the right side of my chest, just about the spot where I kept the handbook for noncommissioned officers of the French army. The book did not do me any good; the slug went clean through it. When I took it out it was full of blood. I coughed and staggered slightly. The noise of the battle became a distant, continuous roar like water gushing from a broken main. Then I collapsed.

When I came to I was on the sea. I was lying on the deck planks of a little yacht or motorboat, and I felt the throbbing of the little engine right through the thick coat I lay upon. It was evening. The sky overhead was pale blue and clear like glass, but the coast far behind hid under thick layers of yellowish smoke, broken by towering flames. I had a nasty pain in my chest, that much was sure. When I stretched my hand out I felt the texture of gauze.

I tried to get up and look around. The deck was jammed with tommies and poilus. Some of them were standing at the railing and staring back to the coast, black shadows before the fireworks that went on over there. Others lay sprawled over the deck in all positions of sleep and exhaustion, and all of them looked like a gang of hoodlums rounded up after a brawl in a bad place. One fellow, a husky French lance corporal was delirious, he behaved as if he were drunk. Probably shell shock. At the wheel was a short and paunchy guy in striped pants and black bobtails, the top hat balancing on the back of his head. He looked very foolish. A British colonel paced the deck up and down. He stopped by me.

"Hello," he said, "coming round?"

"Yes," I said. "What is it all about? Where are we going?"

"We are going to England, sergeant. We have evacuated Dunkirk, most of the men are already out, and they're still shuttling back and forth like bluebottles, to get the remainder. I say. A devil of a job."

"Seems I am wounded, aren't I?"

"You are wounded all right, sergeant. Shot clean through the chest, nice clean shot. Never mind. They will fix you up nicely in Harley Street. Want to see your friend?"

"What friend?"

"Fellow from your section. Snappy fellow, I should say. Carried you out of the jam in the good old-fashioned way, on his back like a knapsack, and through the surf to the boat. Hello, corporal. Come over. He's coming round."

PROKOSH came over. He stood bebefore me and smiled a little. It was the first time I had seen him smile.

"You," I said weakly.

"It just happened so," he said, almost apologetically.

"I did not think you would do it," I said.

"Well," he said, "in the trenches we are all comrades in a way, aren't we?"

"You're a dope," I said. "You have a poke in the face coming to you, you know."

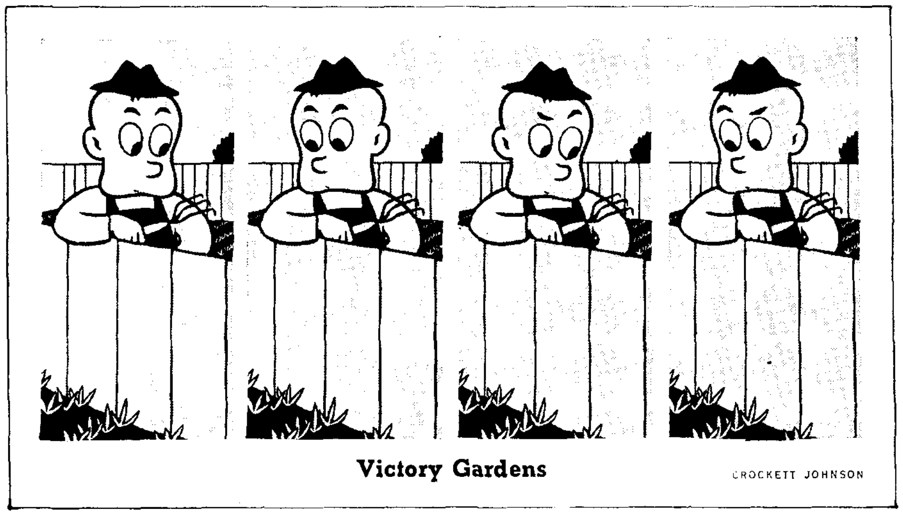
"And then," he said as if he had not heard me, "it's always worth while saving a good soldier who can fight the Boche again."

"So you think I am a good soldier."

"Yes," he said. "You are a lousy guy, but you're a good soldier. Only you don't know it."

I grunted and rolled over on the other side. His accent still made me sick. I closed my eyes and pretended to sleep. The little ship rolled gently in the ground swell, and then I really slept.

THE END


Victory Gardens
CROCKETT JOHNSON

Deep in the Heart . . .

Continued from page 12

the complacency of our fellow citizens. If they'd just get away from their desks and their microphones, stop interviewing themselves, stop talking and writing, and look and listen a while, they'd realize that there are still giants in the land.

Now take Berkeley, California: I met a man who was an air warden in Berkeley. He and his mates were giving an exhibition that afternoon. They had already given several. I went along to watch. Quite a crowd of the local citizenry was on hand. The firemen and the air wardens had incendiary bombs with them; the same kind of bombs which destroyed a one-mile-square section of London on December 28, 1941.

How to Treat Incendiaries

The bombs were thrown into the middle of the street and ignited. Then the fire chief made a little speech. He told the assembled citizens how not to put out an incendiary. He tossed water on one. It had no effect. Then he showed them how to put out an incendiary. He didn't just tell them; he demonstrated with stirrup pumps and then with sand. When he was finished everyone who watched and listened knew just what to do in case of a shower of incendiaries.

"This must seem silly and elemental to you," one of the air wardens said, "after seeing so many incendiaries in London."

"Silly my eye," I said. "It's the first time I ever knew the proper way to put out an incendiary. In public buildings and in elevators all over London there are printed signs telling us what to do. But we never read them. And if we do, we forget what they say. No one actually ever demonstrated to us how to go about putting out incendiaries."

Up and down the West Coast I found civil defense precautions intelligently handled. Often there were minor conflicts between civil and military authorities; San Francisco was one such city. But minor differences are as much a part of the American scene as is whole-wheat bread or bacon and eggs. They are not symbolic of anything except our innate love of arguing, making speeches and saying, "I told you so."

We have been at war five months. Two months after France fell six million of us were complacently sitting in London saying, "They'll never bomb us."

The enemy was only twenty minutes' flying time away but we laughed at the warnings of the military and civil authorities. When we got our baptism of night bombing on September 7, 1940, we were quite unprepared for it. It wasn't the fault of the authorities who had done everything possible to get us ready for it. We, in truth, were complacent and unaware. I found an entirely different state of mind on the West Coast of the United States.

R.A.F. pilots there, either to test new aircraft or to instruct, agreed with me that people on the West Coast were far more war-minded, far better prepared mentally and practically than were the people of London at the same stage of war.

The people of Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hollywood are not saying, "They'll never bomb us." Soberly, intelligently they are going ahead on the assumption that sooner or later Japanese bombers will be over and the only sensible thing to do is to take out insurance to minimize possible losses.

Insurance against bombing is very inexpensive; it consists of alert, trained civilian defense organizations taking suggestions and orders, without grumbling, from military authorities who know their business.

In Hollywood, that much maligned community, picture people sitting around Dave Chasen's or Mike Romanoff's restaurant were laughing a little bit at the show put on at the Warner Brothers studio. The Brothers Warner built bomb shelters large enough to accommodate all employees should an air raid come, either by day or by night. They held a rehearsal and, of course, had cameramen stationed all over to record for posterity the rush of employees, stars, technical men and executives toward the bomb shelters. The next day the pictures duly appeared in the papers.

I didn't laugh. I thought of the lives which would have been saved in Coventry had that sad city built shelters such as those I saw in the Burbank studios. I thought of the dead I'd seen in defenseless Southampton and in unprepared Plymouth and I could only mentally congratulate the Warner Brothers for their farsightedness and thoroughness in preparing for the worst. Other studios followed suit. The aircraft factories in the Los Angeles district have blast walls and shelters which would put the factories of Britain and Moscow to shame. Complacency? Unawareness? Maybe I'm a bum reporter but I could not find it on the West Coast.

In San Francisco I walked into the office of the Chronicle. I saw a telegram on the bulletin board in the city room. It was from the publisher of the Chronicle, now Lt. Commander Paul Smith, who works for Secretary Knox. The telegram was addressed to the staff of the Chronicle. Some of it might bear repetition here.

"Avoid being Pollyanna in heads and banners," it said in terse newspaper style. "Editorials and cartoons should strive for stark realism. Needn't be Gloomy Gus nor defeatist about ultimate outcome but war is going to be far tougher than anyone yet suspecting. Victory will exact tremendous price. Do your best to toughen our community for news ahead. Don't overplay our minor victories nor understate enemy position . . . Cost of victory in blood, sweat, toil and tears is going to be colossal. This cannot be overemphasized. You are doing a good job. Keep it up and try not to fall into weaknesses of so much of the press today, such as blind Pollyannism or on the other hand blind defeatism. To win we must not only be prepared to give all, but actually to give all. Regards. Paul."

The Truth—Even if it Hurts

I never met Lt. Commander Paul Smith but he makes a lot of sense to me. He seems to be one publisher who isn't sitting in his office interviewing himself, thinking of new ways to criticize the government and our war effort. To me he seems to be a realist who knows we're in for a tough fight and who has confidence enough in the public (that's you and me) to use his newspaper to tell us the truth. To me, Paul Smith represents the state of mind of the typical American of today. Is that complacency he is preaching? If it is, I'm nuts.

Now take College Station, Texas. I've got to be careful when I talk about Texas. During the past ten years I've worked in every country in Europe. And been everywhere, but never in Texas. I just came from spending two weeks there and I walked out of the state

"She's with that young man who works for the lighting company"

FRITZ WILKINSON

GUMS BLEED A LITTLE?

then beware—it may be

GINGIVITIS

TENDER GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 of you may contract it!

If your gums bleed a tiny bit when you brush your teeth or are tender to touch, *don't take chances!* This may be the start of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation which may strike at 4 out of 5 people.

If not combated—Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea, with its loosened teeth, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home there's—

No Better Way To Help Guard Against Gingivitis

Massage your gums and brush teeth twice daily with Forhan's—the toothpaste known *first* for massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their natural sparkling beauty.

Forhan's—formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—even helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. So start using Forhan's *today!* At all drug and dept. stores.

use Forhan's *with massage*

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

laughing. I was laughing at Hitler and Hirohito and at the defeatists and enemies within our own borders. I was laughing at their insolence in thinking that they could ever conquer our country. Texas affects you like that. Texas didn't wait to be stabbed in the back. During the past two years, I've met kids from Texas on British destroyers in the Channel and in the North Atlantic; flying with R.A.F. bomber groups and with our own magnificent Eagle Squadron, No. 71, the first to go into combat; flying Curtiss-Wright P-40's in Libya, and I met them all places on the sorely beleaguered island of Malta in the Mediterranean. I'd never been in Texas before but I'd met Texans all right.

They sing a song down there, The Eyes of Texas are Upon You. Texas, putting forth her hundred-per-cent war effort intelligently, viciously, with hatred in her heart against those who would snap Uncle Sam's suspenders, has her eyes on the rest of us. If we lag in our war effort, Texas is liable to get mad and fight the war alone. Texas is like that. When I die I want to go to Texas.

Let's get back to College Station, Texas. You probably never heard of the place unless you're a football fan. There's nothing there but a college. College Station is the home of Texas A. and M., the great Texas Aggies. I doubt whether they'll have much of a football team there next fall. Those 4,500 students are too interested in learning ways and means of killing Japs and Germans to bother with football. They were just winding up spring football practice when I was there and Coach Norton was mighty pleased.

"They'll make great soldiers," he gloated, watching his tall, lean boys run to the showers. "Maybe football will help them a little."

"What kind of a team will you have next year?" I asked him.

"There's only one team that counts now," he said a little reproachfully. "That's America. A lot of our boys will have qualified for service by the fall. They're wonderful boys and they'll make great soldiers."

I sat up late with a bunch of those cadets at Texas A. and M. They are all cadets at Texas A. and M. Every one of those 4,500 boys will be in one service or another within a short time. I sat up with them and talked and listened to them and it was exciting. This is the generation that is going to win the war for us. It's a good generation. They've had their little fun with girls and with juke boxes and with a little beer on the side and with football and junior proms. But they were just killing time doing that and now they're Americans, and their country has said, "We need a little help, boys," and they're quite willing and very anxious and soon will be technically trained in the various ways of knocking the brains out of those silly Germans and Japs.

Young America is Ready

When you return from the war zone, you get asked an awful lot of fool questions. People ask you, "What is the truth about the Hess case?" They ask (as though two million Russians hadn't already proved it), "Can we trust the Russians?" They ask, "Are the British one hundred per cent behind their war effort?" (As though thousands and thousands of British civilians hadn't proved that too.) But those men from Texas A. and M. didn't ask questions like that. We sat for many hours and they asked, "What weapon do the British Commandos use? How do they sneak in places and kill Germans without rousing the whole German army?" I knew the answer to that and when I told them of the knives and the beautifully effective methods used by the Commandos, their eyes glistened and their young hands clenched and you knew everything was all right with young America.

I could go on for many many thousands of words telling of my two-month quest for unawareness and complacency. But, so help me, I couldn't find it. So instead of a sensational story, all I can offer is an honest story.

I was in a gambling place in Nevada, in one of those small towns that are still "Wild West." I played a little roulette and shot a little craps and drank a little red liquor with the boss, who worked on a ranch in the fall and the summer.

"A lot of people think we don't take this war serious," the tall cowboy-gambler drawled. "Lemme tell you, mister, maybe in the beginning we didn't. Maybe England seemed a long way off and, hell, we hardly ever heard of them slap-happy Jappies. But take a look at the casualty list, friend. You'll find plenty of names on it from Nevada and Idaho and from hereabouts. That's brought England and Russia pretty close to us. We don't like our boys killed. We're pretty mad about it and from now on we're taking orders from the Boss. Whatever he says goes. We don't care what taxes he makes us pay. That dough is all going to kill Japs and Heinies, ain't it?"

It was that night I met the Negro porter. He brought me a drink and said, "Boss, ain't you low on cigarettes?"

I said, "Bring me another pack."

He brought me another pack and then picked up my old package. "Mister, you ain't got but one cigarette left in this old pack. Can I leave the cigarette here and take the tin foil outa the ol' pack?"

"Sure." I told him. "What do you want with it?"

"Well," he was a little embarrassed, "us porters got a kinda competition to see who can collect the most tin foil. So far this month I collect twenty-three pounds. The gov'ment wants tin foil so we grabs all the cigarette packages we can find. I guess they make airplanes or somethin' outa the tin foil—"

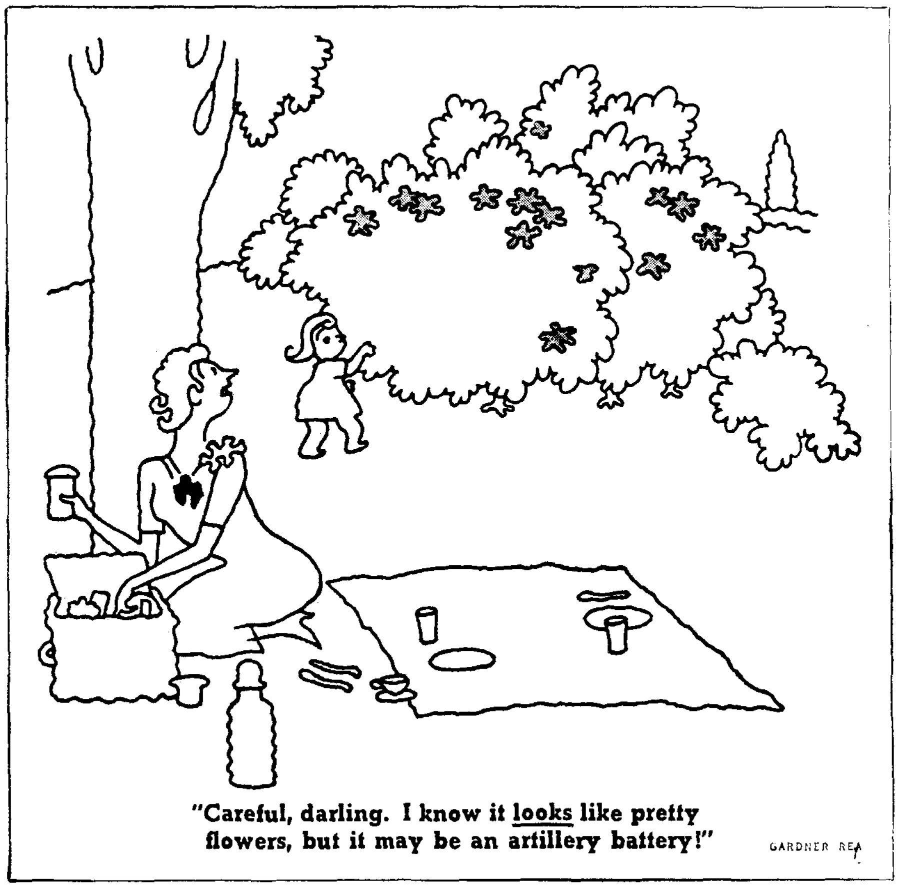
Yeah, man, these here Americans are getting mad. A little punch-drunk after two months of one-night stands I scurried to Sun Valley, Idaho, to fall down mountains for a week on skis before the snow melted. One doesn't expect a sense of war consciousness at a resort like Sun Valley but, surprisingly, I found it. Fred Turner, deputy sheriff of Blaine County, Idaho, had organized a group of Commandos from among the citizens of near-by Ketchum and Sun Valley. The idea came from gnarled 49-year-old Spike Spackman, ex-rodeo performer and maestro of Western sports at Sun Valley. Spackman, Lou Hill, Ketchum hotel man, and Grant Walker, Union Pacific Railroad special agent at Ketchum, act as the sheriff's assistants. This small group of thirty men they organized is well armed (each man has three hundred rounds of ammunition), well equipped (the Union Pacific donated trucks, automobiles), each man is an expert skier, horseman, and accurate rifle shot. I saw them in action and I don't want any trouble with them.

Fifth Columnist Antidote

Why Commandos in Idaho? For one thing the government is sending thousands of interned Japanese to the state. For another there are many small mountain airports controlled by the U. S. Forest Service. Then, although they haven't been spotted yet, there may be fifth columnists in Idaho. The Sun Valley Commandos are ready—thirty, well-trained, very angry Americans. If nothing else, it is a symbol of how people in the West feel about things.

Where do you look for this complacency and unawareness? I can find it in the saboteurs of Congress; the obstructionist minority who spread the Bill of Rights over themselves like a protecting cloak; those little men who do all they can to wreck our national unity, those men who are just as guilty of sabotage as if they were wrecking munition or aircraft factories. I have heard whispers about them from Seattle to southern California; from New York to Nevada; from men on trains and from people in New Orleans and Kansas City and Dallas and Chicago. The people I met these past two months are getting mad at those who would disrupt our national unity, and when our citizens get mad they are apt to be very mad and very annoyed at those who do such things because wherever you go, now, you meet people who have sons or nephews or friends who are facing enemy guns and enemy torpedoes.

In the past we Americans have been



"Careful, darling. I know it looks like pretty flowers, but it may be an artillery battery!"

The Gold Label by Alligator, $31.50. Weatherstyle, $25.75. Surain, $21.75.

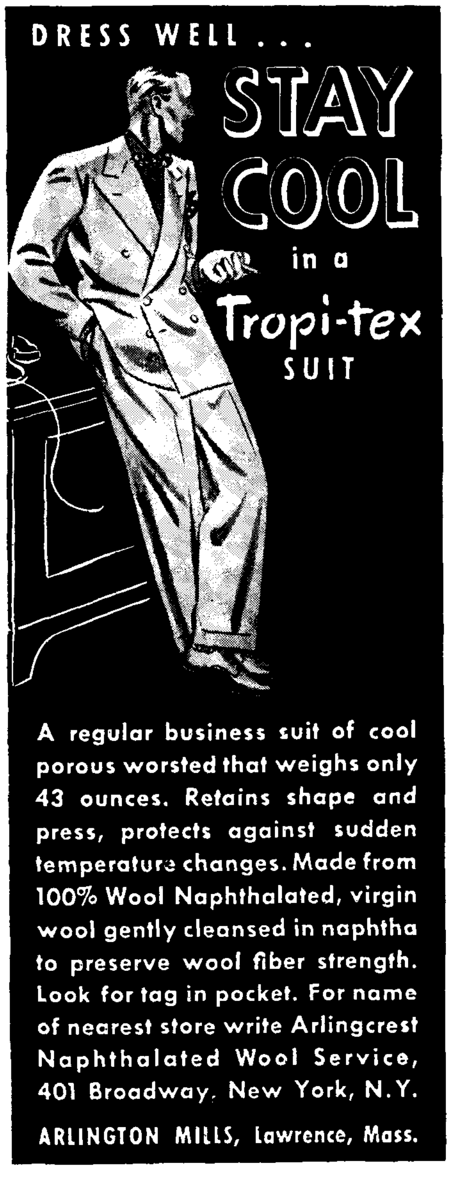
The Distinguished All Weather Coat

ALLIGATOR GOLD LABEL

Rightly called the aristocrat of all-weather coats, the "Gold Label" marks its wearer as a gentleman of good taste. The tailoring is superb, the fabric is fine and the weight is just right. THE ALLIGATOR CO., St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

See the Complete Line—
$6.50 to $31.50
At Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats · Galecoats · Sportswear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!



DRESS WELL . . . STAY COOL in a Tropi-tex SUIT

A regular business suit of cool porous worsted that weighs only 43 ounces. Retains shape and press, protects against sudden temperature changes. Made from 100% Wool Naphthalated, virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve wool fiber strength. Look for tag in pocket. For name of nearest store write Arlingcrest Naphthalated Wool Service, 401 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

ARLINGTON MILLS, Lawrence, Mass.

divided into two classes: those who enjoy kicking labor around and those who love to throw verbal bricks at industry. Today there is no need for anyone to defend labor. The record shows how few strikes we've had in war production industry factories since December 7th. At this writing we have lost something less than one half of one per cent of our war production by strikes since we got into the war. Every time some khaki-clad lad from Mansfield, Ohio, or Waterloo, Iowa, or Eau Claire, Wisconsin, throws a shell or a bullet at a Jap in the Philippines, it is a tribute to the American labor which sweated to produce those shells and bullets. Labor is not some nebulous intangible thing you can talk about the way you talk about the trend toward sun bathing or interest in vitamins. Labor is you and me and the man next door and millions like us; real people who are right now working their heads off to speed up production. Labor needs no defense. How about industry?

All right, I don't live with gamblers and Pullman porters and little old ladies from Dallas or college boys or Hollywood people all the time. Lately I've been sitting around with the men who make things; with what we used to call the industrialists. I know a lot of them and when they open up they give you that "off the record" tag. You can't quote them or mention their names or their companies but, believe me, I'm not talking about Boy Scout leaders. The automobile industry, which is now bearing the brunt of war production, is engaged in its biggest (and for once friendly) competition. Each company is trying to outstrip its former rivals but this time dividends and the number of automobiles sold are not the goals. When one company finds a new gadget which will turn out shells or tanks or aircraft quicker than another company, that is the triumph. Once they've found something, they may gloat for a hot moment and then quickly disperse the new information. Sit around with me and listen in to these former captains of industry. They're rather pleased with themselves. They've stolen a year's march on the Axis, they'll tell you. Typical of their attitude is the new slogan adopted by General Motors: "Victory is our business." Not a bad slogan.

Here is America's Greatness

If you sit around with the men who make things better than anyone else in the world can make them, you don't feel like throwing up your hands and saying: "Okay, Adolf, you're too tough for us." You don't feel like joining the doleful dirge of the defeatists. When you hear them talk quietly, confidently about the problems which confronted them a few months ago and of how they've overcome those problems; when you hear them talk of how magnificently labor has responded to the new and difficult conditions, you want to throw your hat in the air and tell the world what a splendid country this is you belong to.

Consider the automobile industry for a moment. Suppose you called in your neighborhood plumber and said to him, "Brother, my piano is out of tune. Tune it for me." The plumber could say with justice, "Mister, I'm a plumber. I've spent years learning my trade. I'm no piano tuner. It would take me years of training to become one."

Yet the automobile industry in less than a year has, in a manner of speaking, turned its back on plumbing and become expert in piano tuning. Today the automobile industry is making the best tanks ever made anywhere. Ninety-one per cent of all tank production is being handled by companies which a year ago were making automobiles—using the same workmen to do the job.

"At our plant," I heard a man say in Detroit, "we switched men from painting automobile bodies to welding in ten days. They're good welders, too."

The automobile industry tossed away and scrapped thirty-four years of mass production and started all over again. One plant ordered to make guns had to devise 3,500 operations of manufacture, create 6,000 complicated tools and procure more than 1,500 specialized machines before it could start producing. That was ten months ago. Today the plant is exactly a year ahead of scheduled production.

Consider the machine gun. The basic design of the machine gun and the process of manufacturing it had not changed since the last war. There was no reason why standard manufacturers should have changed either design or manufacturing methods. The demand was slight, the result was acceptable and there was no reason for any short cuts in manufacture. Then that comfortable old world we once knew came to an end and the automobile industry was given the job of making guns. At first they made them as they had always been made but bright young men from technical colleges and veteran foremen with years of practical experience in making things kept figuring out time-saving devices. The industry pooled its brains and if an engineer at one plant thought of something new, it would be all over the industry the next day.

Invention Marches On

Following this plan, someone thought out a conveyer system that would carry the gun barrel from machine to machine, thus obviating the need for slow hand carting. Sharp metal edges had always been filed down by hand. Someone dreamed up the idea of applying what is known in the industry as "tumbling" (rotating parts in a drum together with oil, abrasive and metal slugs) and what formerly took hours now took seconds. Someone noticed that holes in the gun barrel cover were elliptical. This meant that they had to be machined, a slow process. The inquiring soul asked if the gun would be just as effective if the holes were round. He was told that it would. Now they are made round and one machine punches ten at a time. Another punches all the holes on flat sheet steel, then rolls it instead of using tube steel.

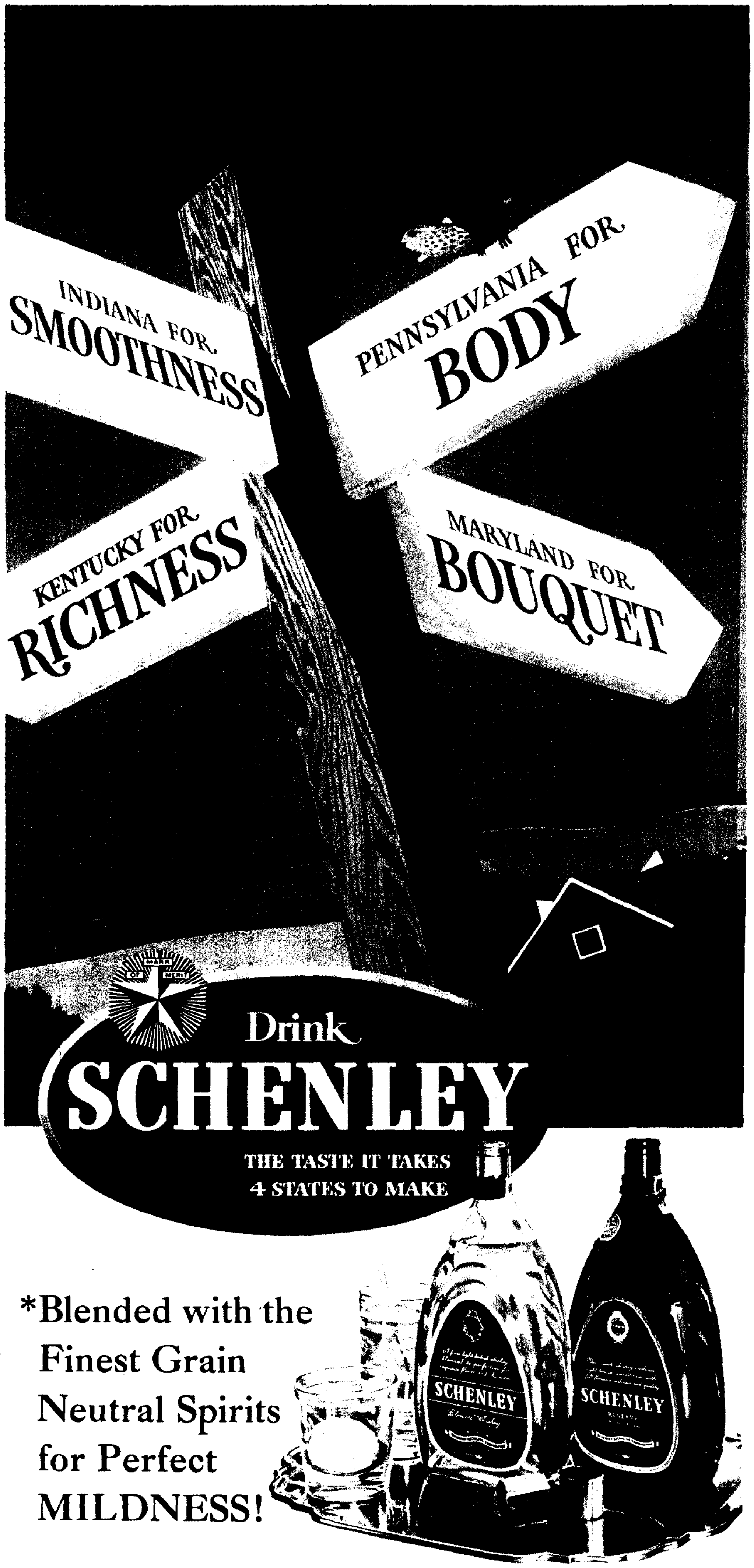
Take the matter of shells. The automobile companies are turning them out the way they used to turn out carburetors. They've streamlined the ancient business of shell making. Today manual handling is reduced to an absolute minimum. The steel bar stock is first moved from freight cars to bins by electro-magnets, and then roller conveyers carry the shell to its ultimate destination—a freight car headed toward some convoy port.

Six months ago the automobile industry couldn't spell Oerlikon. Now this marvelous gun first ordered by the British from a Swiss plant is rolling off the assembly lines of Detroit. So is the 20 mm. aircraft cannon, and tanks are crawling out of factory entrances as fast as shiny automobiles once did.

There may be something wrong with this country of ours but I couldn't find it—and I tried. Of course, there's some confusion, duplication of effort, blundering, misapplied energy but that is to be expected. Our country is now engaged in a brand-new business—the business of murder. That's all that war is. Hitler and Hirohito are professionals. We'll catch up to them soon. It won't be long. Look back over the 153 years of our country's life. Very often the country was in grave danger but always giants emerged to lead it out of peril. There are still giants in the land.

THE END

Get the Best from
Four Great Distilling States*
in One Great Whiskey



*Blended with the Finest Grain Neutral Spirits for Perfect MILDNESS!

SCHENLEY, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. SCHENLEY RESERVE, 67% Grain Neutral Spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

MORE MILES PER QUART of OIL

SAVE WEAR
AC
OIL FILTERS
SAVE OIL

If you drive with dirty engine oil, you buy *more* oil than you should—and, *more often.* The reason, in rather technical language, is this: dirt clogs the oil control piston rings, and they cease to perform their function as oil economizers.

One sure cure for this kind of expense is a new AC Oil Filter Renewal Element. It not only keeps oil clean, it also removes *discoloration.* Consequently, you can safely continue to drive as long as the AC Oil Test Pad (used by your AC dealer) shows that your oil is clear. Thus, you protect your engine, keep it on the job, and get more miles per quart of oil.

SEE THAT YOUR OIL IS CLEAN

Have your oil checked for dirt with an AC Oil Test Pad

Whenever you have your oil checked, ask the attendant to use an AC Oil Test Pad to wipe your gauge stick. *Then, look at the Test Pad.* The spot on it will tell you whether there's dirt in your oil.

AC Oil Filters Get the Dirt

For engines not already equipped, there's a complete AC Oil Filter which your dealer can install in a short time.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
There's one near you

OIL FILTER AC SERVICE

NOTE: *Follow the recommendation of your service man as to when oil should be changed.*

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
General Motors Corporation

Air Line to Everywhere

Continued from page 19

as we shall see, eventually all over the world.

General Olds, the man who organized it, holds the rating of Command Pilot, Military Airplane Pilot and Combat Observer, with more than 5,000 hours' flying time to his credit. It was he, in 1938 and later, who led the long-range flights to South America, proving that, in addition to good will, we had planes that could go places with big loads—the four-engine bombers. For years, this type of plane has been Olds' special baby. In his new command, this knowledge was precisely what was needed—particularly since he was soon called upon to run a transatlantic air line.

This service was started last summer in order to get our diplomats to and from Europe; no small assignment, even in ordinary times. Under war conditions, with use of radio restricted, weather reports uncertain or unobtainable, and hostile aircraft to contend with, it was a formidable job. Let's look at the first trip: This was undertaken on July 1st, one month after the AFFC had been organized. It was a special mission to U. K. (The United Kingdom). The pilot was Colonel Caleb V. Haynes, the man who broke the altitude record for Flying Fortresses with full load at Dayton in 1939.

Extraordinary Achievement

He was also awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in 1939 for piloting a bomber from Langley Field, Virginia, to Santiago, Chile, on a mercy flight with Red Cross supplies for earthquake victims. In February, 1942, he was awarded the oak-leaf cluster for "extraordinary achievement" in flying a four-engine bomber over three continents on a "secret mission" last fall.

The plane left Bolling Field for Canada, then took off for U. K. As it neared the British Isles, bad flying weather was encountered, with ceilings too low for safe landing at the scheduled airdrome. Colonel Haynes tried to get other airdromes by radio and failed. For two and a half hours the ship circled the British Isles looking for a place to land. No luck. Finally Colonel Haynes radioed the original airdrome: "We are coming in under the overcast." A message came back immediately: "The ceiling is 600 feet and you are on your own."

The rest of the story is in Colonel Haynes' own words from his report to headquarters: "I went out for three minutes, turned and let down to 550 feet, and then landed. This was the initial trip of the Atlantic Ferrying Command."

On the way back, at least one third of the trip was flown blind. Ice was encountered at 12,000 feet, and part of the trip had to be made at 22,000 feet.

The files in Washington are full of such laconic reports that give a quick glimpse of the moments or hours when the life of a plane and its crew and the success of a mission hung upon the nerve, experience and physical endurance of some pilot. For instance:

On August 29, 1941, Lieutenant W. N. Vickers ran into a tornado over Wilmington, Delaware. He was flying a four-engine bomber on his way back to Washington. His report indicates the tremendous force of the storm; with all power off and his landing gear down he was unable to lose altitude. This is the way he described it: "Encountered difficult weather at Boston but got okays from Newark and Philadelphia. Toward Philadelphia, weather became more turbulent . . . later became so violent that plane was tossed up to 13,000 feet and back down to 7,000 feet . . . with all *four* engines idling and landing gear down. Lasted twenty minutes. Airplane could not be forced to lower altitudes. So rough that radio headsets were thrown off the heads of the radio operator, pilot and copilot and could not be kept in position.

"Not even the Philadelphia control tower had knowledge of the storm one minute before the plane encountered it. After twenty minutes the plane came out of it okay and made landing at Bolling Field."

Lieutenant Vickers, by the way, is one of the few old-timers in the Air Forces with a background of barnstorming before he entered the service. One of his jobs now is to test planes for the AFFC.

On October 8th, Lieutenant James W. Anderson, Jr., established a record for which there is no place in the books: he kept his plane flying successfully despite a load of *several tons* of ice.

This happened on a trip back from U. K. It was pitch-black when he ran into the ice storm. His radio had been silenced by the aurora borealis; the course had to be set by dead reckoning. Many minutes later when they could take bearings, the crew discovered they had been carried far north into Labrador.

The pilot reported: "An hour and a half from Montreal ran into severe area of icing which came down in the form of large, supercooled raindrops and formed a hard, clear ice on the surface of the aircraft—two to three inches of ice—adding considerable weight to the plane.

"Whether due to weight of ice alone, skin friction, or a direct distortion of surfaces, the aircraft takes on a very sluggish reaction to changes in the controls, and there is a sensation of traveling down a river in a heavily loaded canoe. In other words, it feels as if you have control, but the ship's reaction is very slow."

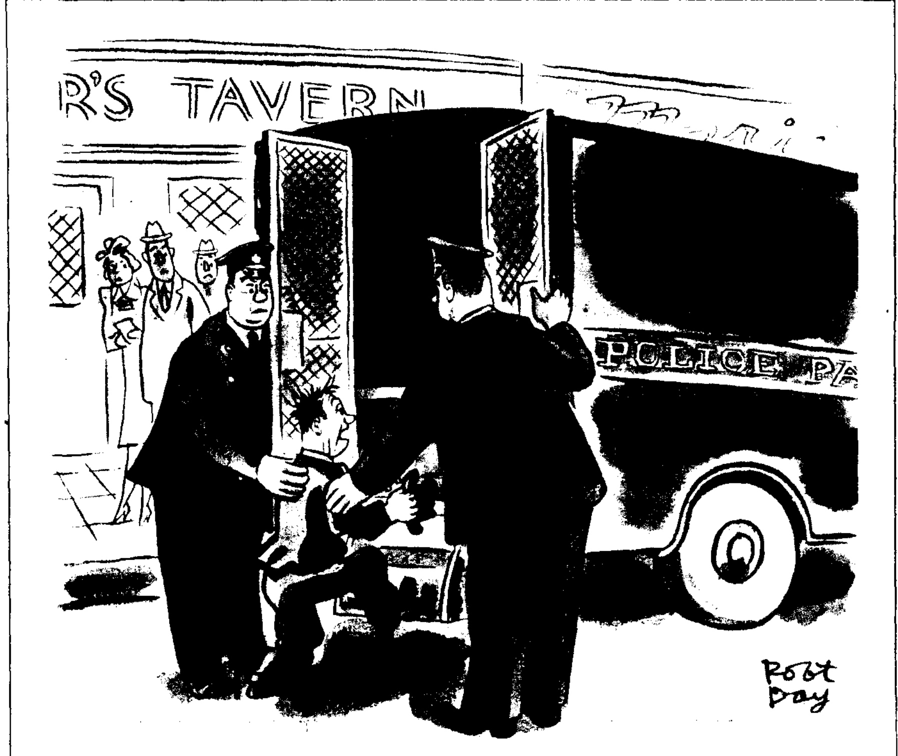
The report goes on to say that these tons of ice did not seriously affect the plane's power. The de-icer boots were able to shake off a good deal of the ice, and the plane came in safely.

But the North Atlantic run was only one of the routes that the Ferrying Command was busy pioneering. When General Brett wanted to get to Cairo, he was flown there by way of South America. That route has been very useful since then. However, the biggest peacetime job of the Air Forces Ferrying Command was the Harriman Mission to Moscow. That ended by taking one of the two planes all the way around the world.

A Well-Earned Reward

The crews were assembled and plans made on less than a week's notice. The two ships left Bolling Field, flew to Canada, and from there to U. K. Routine, so far. But from U. K. they flew nonstop up to the Arctic Circle and down to Moscow where they delivered the mission. It was a spectacular and magnificent flight. The Russians must have thought well of it, for they gave the crews a breakfast consisting of champagne, Crimean wine, caviar, fish, bread, butter, tomato-and-onion salad, more caviar—after which everyone was asked if he'd like a beefsteak. Ambassador Oumansky acted as interpreter and, the report reads, "There was a spirit of good fun all around."

After waiting for the mission in Moscow the two ships took off on different routes. Ship Number One, commanded by Major Louis T. Reichers, flew around the Mediterranean to Cairo, thence through Africa to the West African Coast, to Brazil, Puerto Rico, and straight to Washington. There was some trouble with radio communications in Africa. Reichers had grown accustomed to the excellent weather reports of the Russians; he was a little puzzled when he was unable to raise a certain African station for reports or bearings. He came down anyway and discovered that the radio operators were natives and that he had simply run into an old native custom—to celebrate the festival month of October by eating and drinking all night and sleeping all day.



"What with this tire shortage I should think you'd cut out small pick-ups and deliveries!"

ROBERT DAY

One remote outpost when asked for a weather report replied that it would take three days to get any kind of forecast and then it would not be reliable.

The second ship, commanded by Major A. L. Harvey, proceeded through the Middle East to India, Singapore, Australia, New Guinea, Wake Island, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Ft. Worth and Washington. This added up, all told, to almost 27,000 miles and accounted for the longest ocean hop ever made by a land plane. Other records were broken, too, but no one had time to keep track of them.

All this ferrying and pioneering and organizing had been going on for months before December 7th. As a matter of fact, the Ferrying Command went to war last May and so it was no accident that it was in full swing when the nation followed it seven months later. It was the Lend-Lease Act that made this head start possible. Let's look again at what we owe to it:

(1) On December 7th we had a going organization that could carry on the serious business of aerial ferrying anywhere in this country—or to any other country.

(2) This organization had a group of trained pilots who had been handling the very latest planes as they came from the factory. They could fly anything, including planes designed for the British with which our regular Army airmen were unfamiliar. Pilots and crews had had experience in flying the Atlantic and the Pacific and had pioneered new routes at home and abroad. Hundreds of men had had invaluable intermediate training between flying school and combat service.

(3) The AFFC had plenty of funds from the start. It still uses some Lend-Lease money. This has made speed and efficiency possible. It has allowed General Olds and his staff to be innovators, and you can't establish an air line to everywhere without innovations.

This was the dividend Lend-Lease paid.

Its worth became evident on December 8th. The Air Forces were faced with a series of staggering jobs. They needed experienced men; they needed precise information. The AFFC was able to supply them and it has been supplying them ever since. No amount of money could have brought these things into existence overnight.

It was on that day, too, that the stream of bombers crossing the continent from West to East suddenly reversed its direction. The ships on the East Coast waiting to hop to U. K. were ordered back and started on their way to Hawaii, Australia and the Indies. The Ferrying Command is able to make sudden changes like this because it has been kept completely liquid. From the start, part of its job has been to prepare for unexpected assignments. Now they are coming thick and fast. The AFFC gets ready for them by running an intelligence service of its own. You can't start ships off for a flight halfway round the world without accurate knowledge of what they're going to run into. When accurate knowledge is impossible the next best thing is expert foresight based on the latest available reports.

Reporting the Flight

For these reports the AFFC prefers to rely on its own men—control officers abroad and crews of ships that come back. An hour after a ship lands, reports from each member of its crew are on the desk of the chief of the Intelligence Section. Digests are made at once, and these supplement the short-wave reports and give headquarters detailed information that could not be transmitted any other way.

On April 7th, Brigadier General Olds relinquished the command of the AFFC to Brigadier General Harold Lee George, a cavalry officer in the last war who now holds the flying ratings of Command Pilot and Command Observer.

The insignia of the Air Forces Ferrying Command represents the delivery of aircraft from West to East. Luckily the Command itself is less rigid. As we have seen, it can reverse direction as quickly as you can put a plane through a 180° turn. If the theater of war changes tomorrow the AFFC will be ready—with pilots who know the new routes or, if there aren't any, are ready to make them. You can almost hear them say as they spit on their hands, "Fine, fine! Just what we didn't expect. We're all set!"

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

somewhat like Schnozzle Durante's immortal words on the same subject. Said Mr. Durante: "Boy, if I make the same swell mistakes from now on that I made when I was a kid, I'm a liar." But inspired by an editorial of ours entitled, Better Luck This Time, Mr. Kullopp writes, in part: "The very best we have done is domain social legitimacy, domain political legality and domain economic right never above the level of divided human dignities and separated human community wisdoms in a disunity of human legitimacy, legality and right to the contrary. And all rights reserved, too."

WE SUSPECTED at once that Mr. Kullopp was the fellow who has been writing guidance releases for the Office of Civilian Defense. But Mr. Kullopp will have no truck with the OCD, saying that his "rational legitimacy will outdistance and domain physical whereabouts." Besides, the OCD's problem is much simpler. We've just heard from a lady who is soliciting funds to take herself and thirty-two perfectly darling children to Washington to demonstrate to the President what "cheerfulness cheerfully expressed" will do in the event of an air raid. If the lady gets the money, gets to Washington, sees Mr. Roosevelt, he will be danced around by the little ones, chanting "Cheerful, cheerful, never tearful; free people are never fearful," to music written by the lady. We are not contributing a cent to this cause because we're afraid that something will go wrong and she might get in to see the President. From all we hear, the man has several other things on his mind.

AT THE moment we're doing our best to get a berth or seat on a plane for Los Angeles. Until a moment ago we were nicely booked on a ship that was to land us in California in time for breakfast. But the Army decided that it was more in the public interest that a major occupy our space and we've begun negotiations all over again. Of course, we kicked, knowing it wouldn't do any good. The fellow on the other end of the telephone listened patiently. "Sorry," he said, "the Army and Navy get priority. Wait until the war's over, then you can kick those guys around. If you need any help call on me." W. D.

WALK! with my fallen arches?

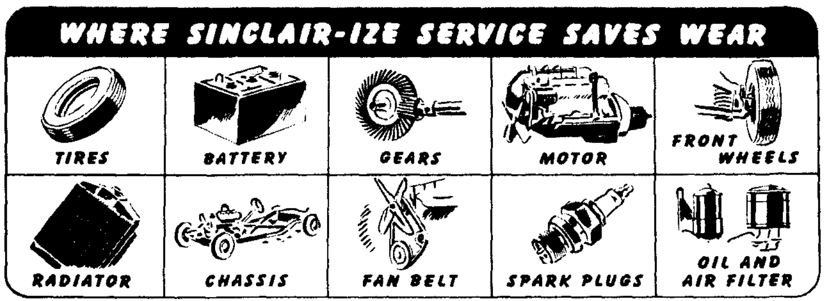
TOO BAD, LADY, but when your present car gives out, you'll have to hoof it along with the rest of us.

But there's a way to help postpone that day. Let a Sinclair Dealer prolong the life of your car. He offers a special Sinclair-ize service that does just that job.

Just as American railroads, airlines and the U. S. Army use Sinclair lubricants to save wear on vital transportation equipment, so Sinclair Dealers use specialized Sinclair lubricants to save wear on your car.

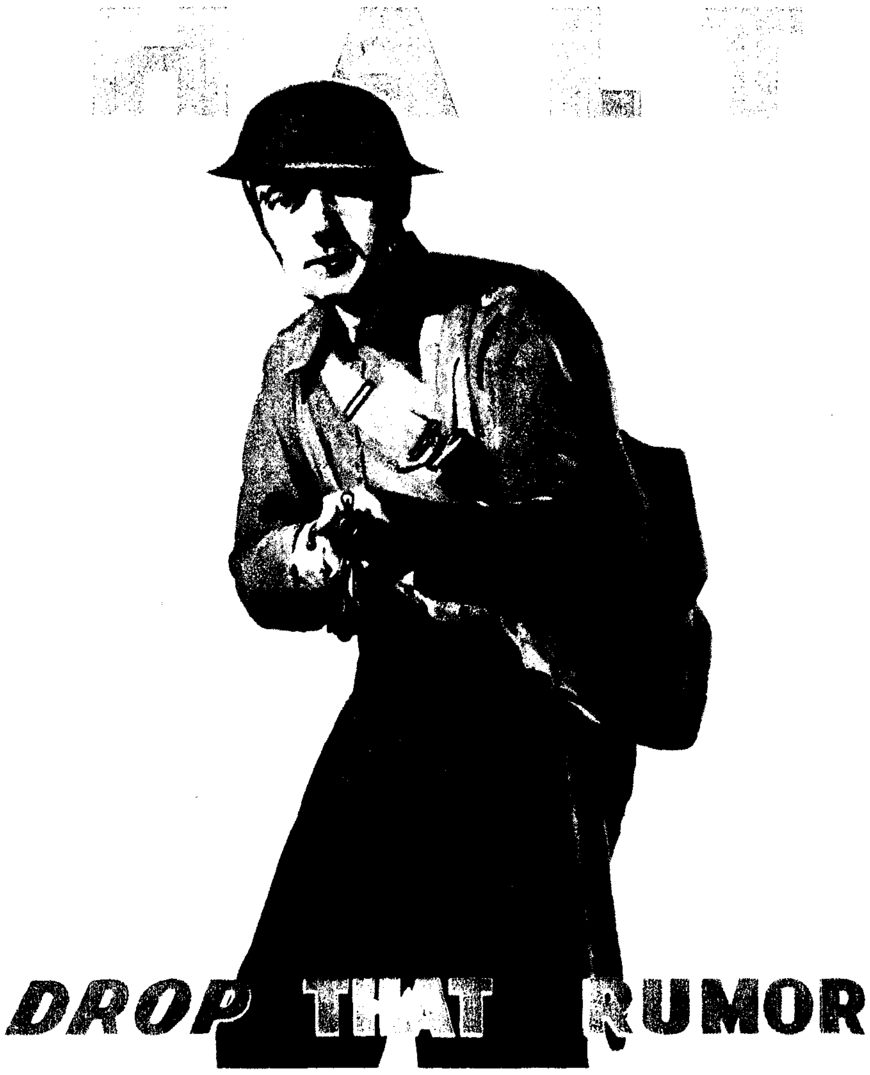
Ask a nearby Sinclair Dealer about this service today. You'll find that Sinclair-ize service can save you money and worry, too.

WHERE SINCLAIR-IZE SERVICE SAVES WEAR

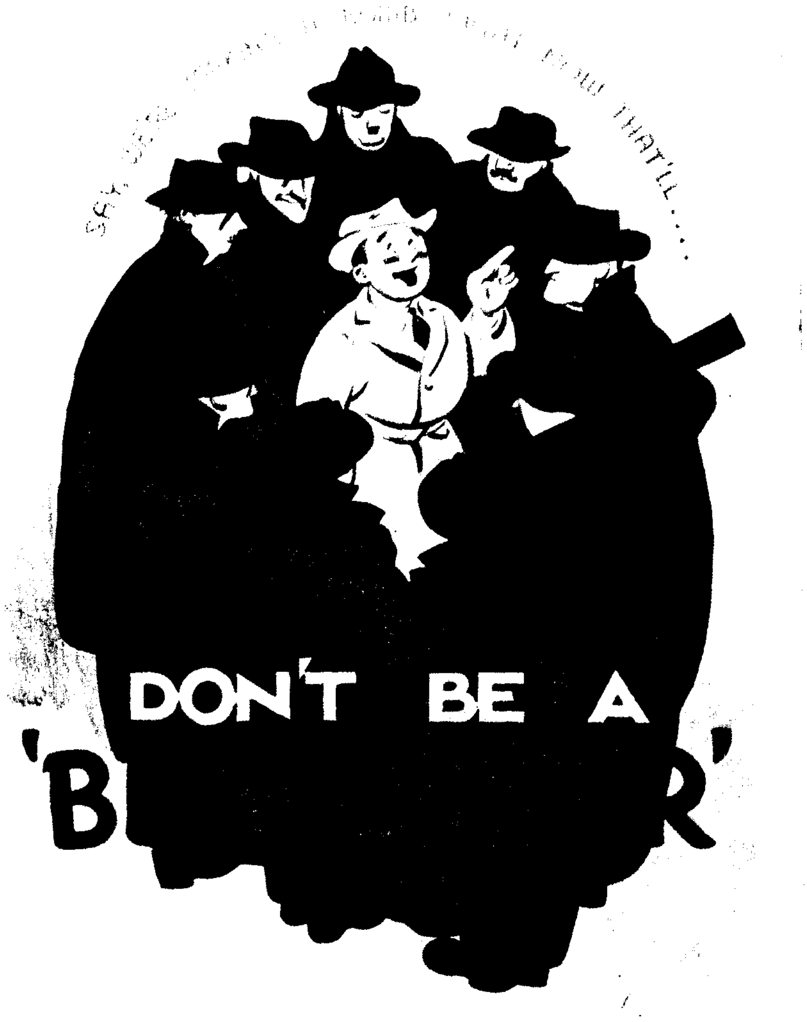


SAVE WEAR WITH SINCLAIR

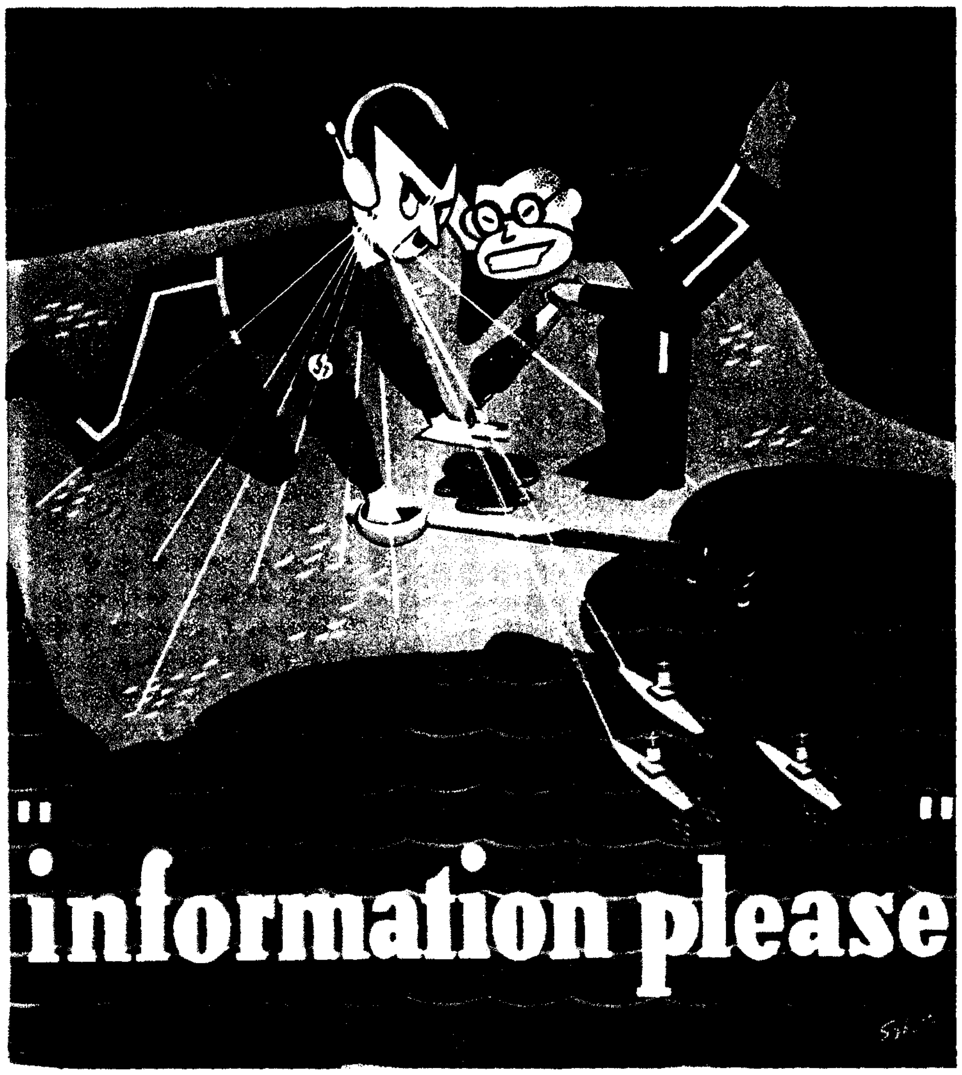
OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY



Pvt. Francis H. Beaugureau, Hq., 5th Army Corps, wins $100 for this arresting poster. In Chicago, where he had been studying art, Pvt. Beaugureau enlisted in the Army eighteen months ago at the age of twenty



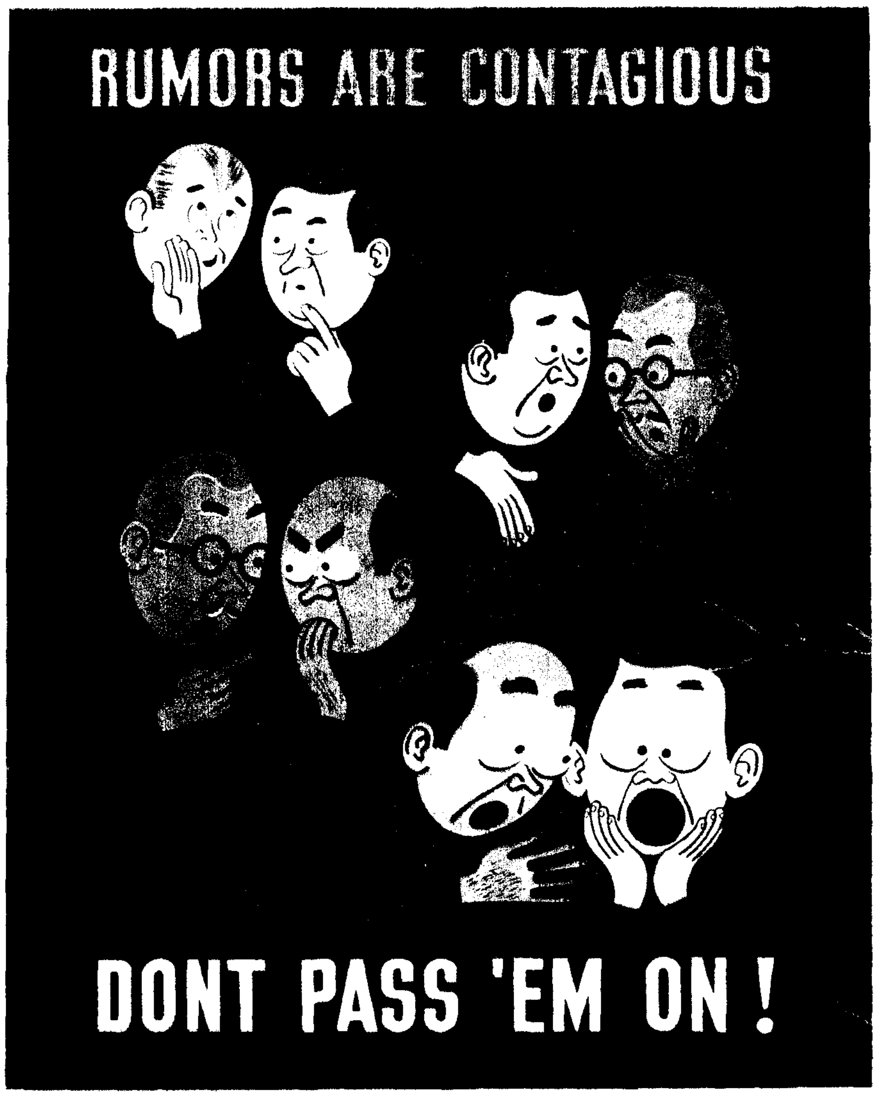
Born in Lynchburg, Va., 22 years ago, Pvt. Richard H. Wiley, Co. C, 29th Engineers, Portland, Oregon, was drafted last summer at the end of his junior year at Syracuse University, wants to be an illustrator—late



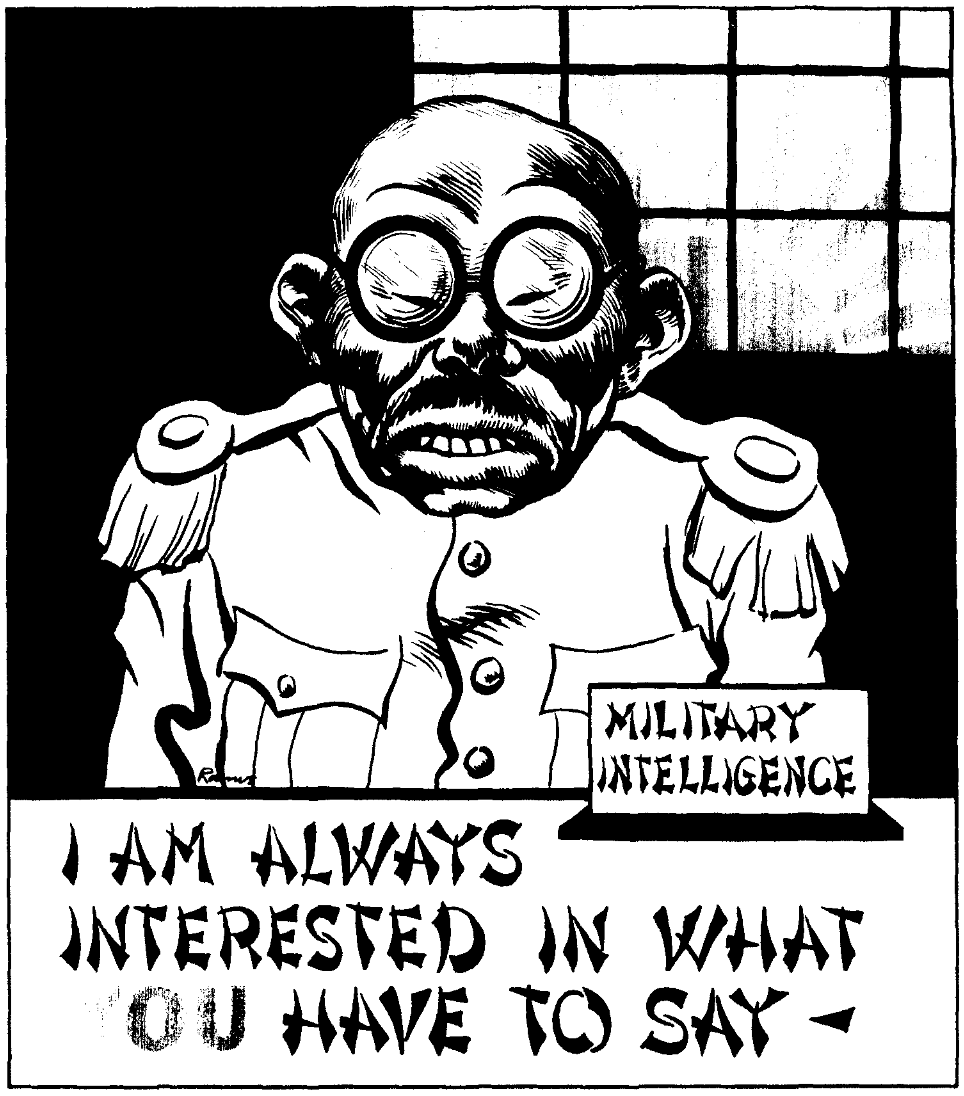
The ultimate ambition of Corp. Nicholas S. Sabatino, Hq. Bldg., SCRTC, Camp Crowder, Mo., is to own an advertising agency. Born in 1919 at Dayton, O., he started drawing at six and has done professional work

COLLIER'S SHUT-MOUTH POSTER AWARDS

On this page for March 21st and April 11th we said: "Collier's believes, as you do, that rumors should be suppressed, that loose talk is dangerous, that Shut Your Traps and Beat the Japs is one of many good slogans" and so invited the officers and men of our armed forces to submit for competition posters seriously or humorously symbolizing the importance of spiking rumors. The contest closed April 24th, Collier's editorial staff went into a huddle, and a check for $100 was sent to each of the men who produced the winning posters shown on these pages. The editors were gratified by the tremendous response to this competition and hope that publication of these excellent posters will further the nation-wide campaign against rumors—and aid and comfort to the enemy



Pfc. Sydney Landi, Battery C, 3d Bn., Fort Eustis, Va., knocked off work on a day room map-mural to draw this piece of advice. He is 33, has done commercial art and is interested in writing and photography


MILITARY INTELLIGENCE
Ramus
I AM ALWAYS INTERESTED IN WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY—

From a background of art which included Yale, New York's Art Students League and advertising agency work, this winner was produced by 25-year-old Staff Sgt. Michael Ramus, G-2 Section, Hq., 7th Army Corps

Our Fighting Men

NORTHERN IRELAND. Note to men overseas: Infantry Lt. Douglas E. Cannon, A.E.F., spent his first few weeks on the Emerald Isle writing and sending souvenirs to relatives, his old M.P. pals at Camp Beauregard, old schoolmates at Wofford College, S. C. and, of course, to Her. The immediate response to his zeal was scrawny. To be factual about it, there was no response whatever. "They've forgotten me already," the lieutenant thought sadly. Then the dam broke; or rather, the return correspondence which had been accumulating at an American port awaiting transportation finally found a spot in an Ireland-bound mailbag. Lt. Cannon counted his haul: seventy-three letters, of which number thirty-one were from you guess who.

CAMP LIVINGSTON, La. When the Iron Division opened its baseball season, 1,000 citizens of Alexandria paid half a buck each to watch them take the short end of a 5-4 score against a nine labeled the Alexandria Aces. That, our informant reports, is hardly astounding. What is, he insists, is that the entire proceeds of the game went to the Navy Relief Fund.

NAVAL RESERVE AIR BASE, Atlanta, Ga. The student was practicing landings. He was approaching solo time and the instructor was sitting behind him, more for the ride than anything. Suddenly, well up in a wide circle for a landing, the plane went into a spin. Now, in such a case the instructor is supposed to yell "Jump!" and without any exchange of diagrams or explanatory notes both the instructor and pilot bail out. In this particular case the instructor yelled, and jumped; but the student, not having heard the order, just kept right on maneuvering until he brought the plane out of its spin and onto the ground. It was a good landing and the student was pleased. He looked around and grinned. Then he almost fainted. . . . For several days thereafter, the instructor turned a sort of maroon every time anybody said "Jump!" in his presence and he promises that, next time, he's going to yell a little louder.

MAC DILL FIELD, Tampa. With a target range 50 miles long and 45 miles wide, Air Corps men here believe Florida air units have the largest aerial gunnery territory in the country. Its eastern boundary is 12 miles at sea in the Gulf of Mexico off Venice and Sarasota where the boys toss lead at towed targets. Advance planes roam the range and warn stray boats to scram, but clearance regulations don't apply to cargo vessels and Air Corps pilots give them plenty of room.

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. The camp laundry has let it be known emphatically that it has its hands full cleaning clothes and doesn't want anything else to work on. The ukase was issued when the laundry bag of a newly inducted soldier arrived at the washing works stuffed with dirty clothes, gas mask, canteen, pack carrier, entrenching tools and mess kit, including knife, fork and spoon. "I want this back by Saturday," read a note enclosed. The customer got most of the stuff back much sooner than that.

THE transparent nail polish market in Starke and Jacksonville is doing all right. Last year the boys discovered the goo was good—or bad—for chiggers; a drop of it on a chigger bite coagulated over the burrowing bug and cooked his goose. This year the lads have discovered that the polish is so much like clear lacquer that it keeps buttons and ornaments shiny for weeks.

PAINE FIELD, Wash. One of the tents here was christened The Salami Bar when Pvt. Marvin Polakoff took it over. Seems an aunt of his who runs a chain of Chicago restaurants promised to send along any food he wanted, so, unbashfully, Polakoff sent her a long list. Now, for fellow members of the 28-piece field band and for others who got wind of it, The Salami Bar houses barbecue-à-la-Polakoff sessions. A percolator is filled with G.I. coffee, one of the host's tentmates goes foraging for meat sauce, and Polakoff sets to work with his self-invented barbecue spit designed to fit inside the Sibley stove.

Officially, Polakoff plays the bull fiddle and tuba, having got his musical start in high school when the orchestra leader wangled an appropriation for a new bass, then found he had no one to thump it. To keep the school board from discovering the waste of dough, the leader persuaded Polakoff to stand behind the instrument during concerts. "As long as I'm standing here, heck, I might as well learn how to operate this thing," Polakoff thought. So he did. Now he plays one in the Paine Field band's offshoot—the seven-piece dance ensemble. For a while, the orchestra had no bull fiddle and Polakoff had to borrow one from a near-by highway night spot whenever the boys got a date. Then, with company funds, the Army bought a beautiful blond-wood job for the oompa artist, and the instrument is stored in one of the barracks instead of a tent so it won't warp. This, of course is the source of much intellectual discussion among the boys as to the relative health value to the Army of a bull fiddle versus a Tent City soldier. "Nobody," said one, "seems to care if *I* warp."

(Continued on page 61)

Highway building is hardest when the snows melt and the muskeg becomes a quagmire—as these workers can testify

New Northwest Passage

Continued from page 14

have offered a small semblance of our mail-order merchandising to residents of those big empty areas. But these trading opportunities seem infinitesimal for the size of the country.

Recent pioneers, like Grant Maconnachie and Ted Field and Barney Phillips came into the wilderness in the past ten years or so with airplanes. They cut travel time from days or weeks down to hours and they served miners, trappers and traders despite incredible difficulties. As a result, their bush-flying has grown up to become a first-class airline, the Yukon-Southern, with regular schedules from Edmonton to Dawson, the capital of Yukon Territory.

It was nothing unusual for these wilderness fliers to make shipments of gasoline around an 1,100-mile circle of streams and lakes and backwoods portages to reach a point only 400 miles away. Once, they even took over a sawmill to move the precious fuel. They had to cut lumber, build barges that would go through shallow river rapids with the oil drums, and then dismantle the boats and sell the lumber at the destination.

Up in the northernmost section of the land, our road-building soldiers have another problem to lick: perpetual frost. The ground never thaws out.

Anyone who has driven an automobile in colder sections of the United States knows about winter heaves and frost boils in graveled highways. Our boys must put down several hundred miles of road that will bridge underground frost the year around and still take the punishment of mountainous truck-and-tractor freight loads.

This doesn't worry them, either. They know a way which they figured out and made successful in the perpetual-frost areas of Alaska. They aren't fainthearted about their undertaking, though some civilians already are.

Top man for Uncle Sam on the gigantic job is Brigadier General William M. Hoge. A veteran who was decorated for heroic construction work under fire in the first World War, he is as undismayed as his boys.

Arriving at Fort St. John as a colonel, he made a quick survey of the route and the magnitude of his needs, then flew back to Washington. When the War Plans division heard his report, he was made a brigadier general and told he would get what he needed. Back he went by plane to Fort St. John and points north.

The General Knows His Stuff

General Hoge is too smart a man to pick and announce a certain day as the one when the first overland freight truck will roll into Fairbanks. He won't date the doom of Japan's submarine interference with Alaska supply.

"We'll go as fast as it's possible for humans to do the job," is all he will say about it. "We know our problems and we'll overcome them in the quickest and best ways we can."

A spectator can't help agreeing with Mr. Beatton that they'll do it. With nonchalant disregard of the enormity of their task, the boys put up a road sign

Trucks and machinery for road building are sent by rail on these flatcars to the end of steel at Dawson Creek

"Rust killed it! I forgot to clean out my radiator with Sani-Flush"

A clogged radiator can lay up an automobile—cause dangerous overheating and expensive damage. Don't take chances when it's so easy to keep the cooling system clean and free with Sani-Flush. Costs only a few cents.

Don't take chances on just flushing with water. Sani-Flush is thorough. Use it yourself, or ask your service station. *Sani-Flush is absolutely safe in auto cooling systems, when used according to directions on can.* It's in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold in grocery, drug, hardware and 10c stores. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

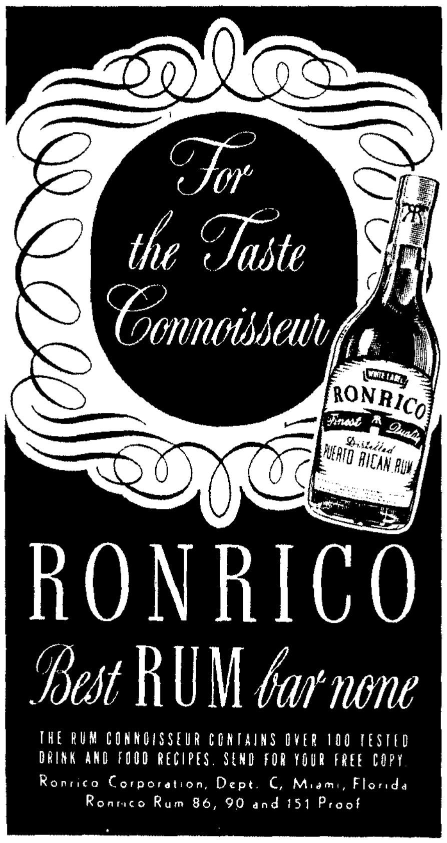
Sani-Flush

FLOWERS full of BUGS?

Kill them with Red Arrow Garden Spray. Quick, simple, inexpensive. Kills insects on roses, other flowers, shrubs. Also ants in lawns. Safe when sprayed for humans, birds, pets. 35c bottle makes several gallons. Easy directions on label. Buy Red Arrow Garden Spray where you buy garden supplies.

FREE Send post card for new, illustrated "Garden Insect Identification and Control Chart" to: McCormick Sales Co., Dept. 2D5, Baltimore, Md.

RED ARROW GARDEN SPRAY



For the Taste Connoisseur

RONRICO

Best RUM bar none

THE RUM CONNOISSEUR CONTAINS OVER 100 TESTED DRINK AND FOOD RECIPES. SEND FOR YOUR FREE COPY.

Ronrico Corporation, Dept. C, Miami, Florida
Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof

Pvt. Matturo enjoying a home-made shower in a Red Cross hut

with an arrow pointing northward, as soon as they got to Fort St. John. It said: "Fairbanks, 1,459."

What manner of lads are these that inspire Mr. Beatton's confidence? Just good United States soldiers. A year ago, they held almost every kind of job you can see listed in a city directory. They were trombone players and truck drivers, marriage license clerks and managers, factory hands and fruit ranchers.

You run into Phil Harrison of North Carolina and Hank Ebertz of Arizona; Pete Marre of Chicago and Harold Cordell of Colorado Springs are there with Don Hart of Montana and Jack Atkins of Arizona. There are boys from Brooklyn and Jersey and the Bronx—well-trained soldiers, the whole bunch, with a job understood and getting done.

When the boys exploded their gasoline and Diesel monsters into Fort St. John and along the winter road, it was 35 to 40 degrees below zero. Their only shelters were canvas tents with portable stoves and straw or sawdust floors. Bathing facilities in Fort St. John were limited to the hospital with maximum capacity for fifteen soldier baths a week. Each bath cost fifty cents. Payday was late. Smokes were scarce.

The boys didn't mind. They were on a time job, with the warming sun signaling a close dead line. Baths and money and smokes and better quarters could come later.

Alberta and British Columbia citizens made them welcome with a hospitality equaling any in the United States.

The Honorable William Fallow, minister of public roads of Alberta, announced that "just as soon as the United States government tells us what is wanted in the way of connecting highway improvements, we'll build 'em."

Women of Fort St. John hurriedly took over a vacant store and opened a Red Cross hut for the lads. They put in a piano, some drums, a coffee-and-doughnuts bar, tables, writing paper.

They also put in a shower bath that is a honey. It consists of a tin water pail, hoisted toward the ceiling by rope and pulley. Draining down from it is a rubber hose and shower brush. There is a tin washtub for the boys to stand in. The hot-water supply comes from other big tin tubs kept heating continually on stove tops.

The route of this new road which our boys are spearing through the wilds to Alaska has been chosen for strategic reasons. The highway will travel well to the east of the Rocky Mountains all the way to Alaska. Probably it was planned that way so that air-borne sons of the Rising Sun would have to rise plenty high to get at it. From a large number of Canadian government airfields and bases it should be easily defensible. If Japan should try to cut it with a land force, that force would have very bad going because there are no resources to seize in the wilderness.

Settlers' horses buck and rear in fright at the strange jeeps and trucks and "cat" tractors on the wilderness roads but there is no complaint. So fine has been co-operation of the residents that General Hoge issued an order to our soldiers to reciprocate in every way they can. Mostly, the order wasn't necessary for our troops. But General Hoge told them, for example, that if they see any civilian vehicle mired in the mud they are to stop, hook on and tow it in.

The biggest job necessary to smash the Axis is to deliver supplies from our Arsenal of Democracy to our Allies in the Pacific, Russia and the Orient. This is another most important aspect of America's Alaska road, as Mr. Beatton reflectively pointed out. It may well become a new Burma Road.

THE END

Sgt. Jennerjohn (with transit) and Corp. Tollison survey in snow country

SAY, BEECH-NUTS ARE THE MODERN SMOKE — LONG, SMOOTH, AND MIGHTY NICE
... BUT NONE THE LESS YOU GET 'EM AT A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED PRICE!
LORILLARD'S
BEECH-NUT
CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
P. Lorillard Company
DINE SIEGEL

Today's High Cigarette Prices needn't bother you . . . The modern KING SIZE BEECH-NUTS cost you *less*—yet you can't buy a finer cigarette at *any* price! Extra-long, extra-smooth, extra-easy on your throat. Try BEECH-NUTS, today!

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

FALSE TEETH *And True Love*

(OR) HOW GERTRUDE GOT HER MAN

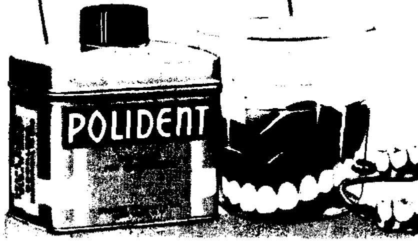
Although Miss Gertrude Gaines
had planned
To wed within the year,
Her gay romance was
nearly wrecked.
The reason? Lend an ear:

1. Her false teeth, scrub them
as she might,
Got dingy, dull and dirty.
Twixt "Denture Breath" and
ruined smile,
They made her "old" at thirty.

2. "Get POLIDENT!"
her dentist said,
"Its *no-brush, no scrub* action
Make plates and bridges 'look like new,'
Gives *instant* satisfaction."

3. So straightway Gert got POLIDENT
Her wedding? *Very* nice!
THE MORAL:
All who wear false teeth
Should take the same advice!

Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing
Do this every day: Add a little POLIDENT Powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Put in plate or bridge 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse, and it's ready to use.



CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH
POLIDENT
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30¢

ATHLETE'S FOOT INFECTS

feet soaked in perspiration

Cracks between your toes WARN YOU

The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot grow twice as fast when they feed on stale perspiration and dead skin. Then, when cracks appear between the toes, they can strike—through those cracks—and spread quickly. It's Athlete's Foot! Look between your toes tonight! Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning.

1. Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

Get a bottle today. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. FREE SAMPLE: Write W. F. Young, Inc., 2 0 1 J Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!

You gotta keep after fleas!

—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

- Fleas are no problem in my outfit, because *we keep after them.* Regular baths with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap, and SKIP-FLEA Powder between baths — we get 'em all quick.

SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder *really kill fleas*, help your pup keep normal health. The Powder's borated to soothe the old itches, too.

Spare your dog the torment of fleas. Use SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder regularly. Get them at drug and pet stores—and *free* Sergeant's Dog Book.

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 2-EE. Richmond, Va.
Please send me a free, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

Name____________________
Print Address____________________
City State

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

Durable Dai

Continued from page 46

said. "Did you know that 'air bleeds? And that the sap runs out of your 'air just like it does out of a tree in the fall? By massaging the scalp with olive oil and keepin' the 'air clipped close, so it won't kill the roots of the 'air behind it by chokin' it off, I've been able to restore me own 'ead of 'air."

The mere fact that science is baffled by a certain physical phenomenon doesn't stump Dai. For instance, the cause of caries or dental decay is a mystery to the dental profession—but not to old Doctor Dollings.

"Gas from the stomach rots your teeth," he proclaims with an air of finality that leaves no room for argument. "Eatin' before you goes to bed causes gas. If you go to bed with an empty stomach you'll never 'ave it."

Mention was made of rheumatism.

"I can cure it," said Dai immediately. "Rare bacon lubricates your insides, and washin' soda baths draws out the pizen, and your rheumatism is gone in a few days."

Dai has spent many a night after one of his fighters has been beaten, reducing a black eye, a swollen cheekbone or some other souvenir of the battle. He uses potions brewed from herbs and hot applications to bring such an ingrowing face back to normal.

A born dissenter, Dollings disapproves of the use of ice bags on black eyes and other wounds of the prize ring. Witch hazel and hot water constitute his remedy. Ice stops the circulation, he says.

The foundation upon which Dai's training system is laid is a clean and empty stomach in the morning, with which to start the new day.

Forget That Late Snack

"The food that you eats at night, sor, forms a jelly on the stomach and rests there," he explains, letting you in on Chapter I of the book on anatomy that he carries in his head. "You shouldn't put more food on top of that layer of jelly. So what I does is take a glass of 'ot water with a bit of lemon squz into it. That cuts into the jelly and melts it, clearin' the stomach for the new food, sor.

"I knows all about the ingredients of food, sor, and 'ow long it takes to digest. I tried it out on meself first."

Dollings isn't the kind of Welshman to prop a newspaper in front of him, pour his saucer of tea, and then proceed to read the boxing news while blowing softly on his spot of oolong to cool it. Eating is a function that requires all the concentration that can be given to it, he says.

"I've seen men readin', eatin' and drinkin'," relates Dai in a tone of horror. "That's orful! When you reads, your digestive juices don't flow right. And when you drink while you eat, the food floats to the top. It don't 'ave no foundation. When you eat, you should get everything else off your mind, take no liquids and then rest for an hour."

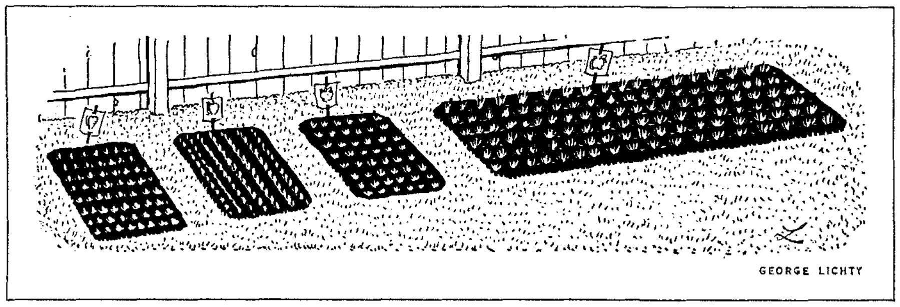
Dollings has a cast-iron stomach that will digest railroad spikes. Yet, he is a strict vegetarian. He still walks 10 miles a day except in extremely hot weather and it isn't always to save subway fare. He chews with his own teeth, although he seems to have caught quite a bit of tartar along the route. The leg he broke is two inches shorter than the other but that doesn't hamper him in getting around.

Not long ago a young squirt started picking on Dai in a New York restaurant, thinking he had found a safe butt. Dai listened as long as a self-respecting Welshman should, then let the wise guy have the straight right that he started to develop 65 years ago as a boilermaker's apprentice. On this occasion, youth was served, but right! The whippersnapper picked himself up ruefully and withdrew respectfully.

"Position is the secret of 'ittin," explains Dai. "Arf the fighters today is too close to their man. They don't get no power into their punches. And the fighters of today ain't got the endurance. I've never seen a mon that's got the endurance I 'ave. I can knock a mon out wit' me 'ead—the Liverpool, they calls it. I learned that un in the booths. There's the best school of all, sor. You 'ave to learn all the tricks or you'll get bloody well done for.

"Fighters today think they are doin' a lot of roadwork if they 'ave to run three miles. When I brought Matt Wells to America, we used to run 18 miles together, then come back and I'd put on the gloves with 'im. I'd like to see any of your bloody modern trainers do that. Trainers is what they calls themselves but all they know 'ow to do is hang around the gymnasiums and wipe a fighter's face between rounds. Trainers? Bah! They're all mouth and no 'ead. They couldn't train a blarsted flea!" Dai doesn't think there's one "bloody trainer" worthy of the blarsted name in the bleeding country.

One of Dollings' early jobs of weight-reduction was done on Matt Wells, an Englishman who really could fight. Matt came to Dai as a middleweight. The Welshman surveyed him critically, pinched his flesh here and there, then said: "You're too bloody 'eavy, lad. You shouldn't weigh no more nor nine stone seven." So, soon thereafter, Matt Wells was a lightweight. The amazing part of this was that Matt didn't lose any of his hitting power along with the 27 pounds he shed.


GEORGE LICHTY

Personality Build-up

Nor are all the improvements Dollings brings about in fighters of a physical nature. He is credited with taking hold of Mike McTigue, a notoriously timid fighter, and making a lion-taming killer-diller out of him by building up his confidence in himself. Mike was never much of a hitter until Dai taught him the secret of how to deliver a punch to best advantage. McTigue was one of the least interesting fighters to watch until Dollings took hold of him. The records show that, after spending about 15 years in the ring and getting nowhere, Mike in his middle thirties became a crowd-pleaser after finding Dai. Mike's game showing against Jack Sharkey is still recalled with a thrill by those who saw the "old man" in action against the sailor boy who soon thereafter won the heavyweight title. Mike was winning the fight until one of Sharkey's punches drove a gold dental crown deep into Mike's gum, causing him to have a severe hemorrhage in the ring. The referee had to stop the fight and award it to Sharkey.

The prize fighter who might have become the greatest, in Dai's opinion, is now a sergeant of police in Cliffside, N. J. Joe Borrell is his name and he was a middleweight when Dai was training him. Joe met the best of them, including Harry Greb, Tommy Gibbons, George Chip and Jack Blackburn, Joe Louis' trainer. But, just when he might have amounted to something, Borrell quit the ring and became a policeman.

"He'd knock out any of your present-day middleweights," says Dai, discussing Borrell. Lest one suspect Dollings of getting overenthusiastic about a fighter just because he trained him, it might be well to state that among those the Welshman has had in hand besides those already mentioned are Rocky Kansas, Harry Wills, Kid Norfolk, Frankie Genaro, Izzy Schwartz, Abe Goldstein, Jack Renault, Frank Moran, Ted Kid Lewis, Jack Britton, Digger Stanley, Billy Miske, Frankie Fay, Young Ahearn, Freddie Miller, Owen Moran, Jem Driscoll, Gunner Moir, Frank Goddard, George Dixon, Tom Thomas, Johnny Dundee and Dave Shade.

Boxing men in general place reliance on the straight left as the shortest distance between two points, one of which is the target. Dai disagrees with this.

"A straight right beats all the lefts in the wurruld," is his credo.

Dai thinks that practically all fighters of the present era show a fundamental ignorance of the boxing art when they follow the method of hitting and falling into a clinch. The correct procedure is to hit, then get away, then repeat ad infinitum.

"Today's fighters," says this outspoken disciple of the Give-Me-the-Good-Old-Days School, "are to the old-timers like hothouse flowers are to posies that grows out in the open. They're not interested in their trade. Why," and here Dai's voice took on the tone of one about to reveal something scandalous, "they don't even know how many bones they 'ave in their bloomin' 'ands!"

Dai waited a minute as if for a cue. But no one asked him: "Well, Dai Dollings, how many bones are there in the hand?"

"There's 27," he resumed, impressively, after the pause. "I knows it 'caurse I studied them all out on a chart I 'ave at 'ome."

About his age, Dai is a little evasive. But in the vast pile of yellowed newspaper clippings he has accumulated over the years is one dated 1926 when Dai, under his own by-line, admitted he was 67 years old. Since 16 years have passed since then, he must be 83 now, unless the rules of addition have been changed. But he has no thoughts of quitting his profession.

"Some tells me I'll work till I'm an 'undred," he said. "But I says meself I've got five more years and then I'll 'ave to start takin' it easy."

The agile octogenarian refuses to linger in the feathers as the years pile up on him. "Six 'ours' sleep is enough for mon or beast, pervidin' he ain't disturbed," says the Welsh Aesculapius.

THE END

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 57

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. After what happened, you can't blame Athletics and Recreation Officer Lt. William J. Bowerman for being a little bit fed up with wrestling exhibitions. He knew that in this neck of the woods professional wrestling is all a fake and that the Washington State Athletic Commission several years ago ruled you had to call them exhibitions instead of matches and rasslin' instead of wrestling, but his soldier audience apparently had never heard of this arrangement. Not, anyway, when you consider the following facts:

Lt. Bowerman found that a couple of characters named Gentleman Jim King and Jimmy Ox Basutti were wearing the khaki, so he scheduled them for an intermission exhibition on a post fight card. Referee was another soldier, Ex-fighter Eddie Wittler. The boys practiced their routine all week, timing every grunt, groan, moan, yell and prat fall. Everything was set. Came the night of the match and the boys went into their act with enthusiasm, the "good guy" fighting bravely through the pain, the "bum" huffing, puffing and making horrible faces. Climax of the display came when, supposedly irate over a ruling, the "bum" turned on the referee and gave him a tossing around. It was at this point that Lt. Bowerman discovered his audience wasn't in on the gag and was getting sore at the "bum." Very little time elapsed before a guy in the front row leaped into the fray and pasted the "bum" to the extent of one black eye. The referee tried to stop him, and also became the recipient of a mouse. By this time the favorite rassler had arisen in sound health from the mat and was engaging the intruder in lively fisticuffs, which were finally terminated only through the strenuous efforts of Lt. Bowerman and various spectators.

FORT SILL, Okla. When the 70th F.A. Bn. was motorized here, a problem arose for Lt. Claude O. Wilder, who is, or was, the battalion veterinary. "I am the victim of the machine age," said he. "Tires don't develop spavins."

5TH DIV. FORT CUSTER, Mich. The Custer artists who won national acclaim for their Army life water colors, etchings and oils, exhibited in New York and Boston, displayed a new talent when they painted the black lines delimiting the basketball courts in the new field house. They did an excellent job, but complained there was no great chance for originality.

MAKING the rounds at Custer is the following note: "With the rationing of tires and lack of all electrical appliances, typewriters, cameras, radios and almost every article made of metal, civilians are having a tough time. To bolster civilian morale, soldiers should write home more often."

CHEERING news for the man still awaiting draft call is the solemn pronouncement from Custer that "exercises before breakfast are not recommended by the Army as it is apt to weaken the body which is at a low state of efficiency upon arising." On the other hand, the statement lists the following feats as the minimum standard performances expected of soldiers:

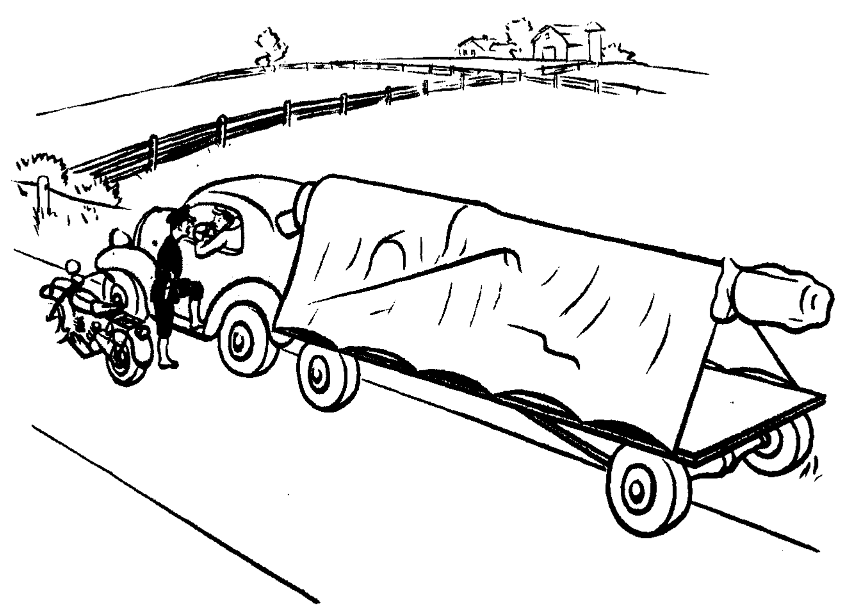
100-Yard Dash—14 seconds
Running High Jump—3 feet, 9 inches
Running Broad Jump—12 feet
Push-up from Ground—20 times
Basketball Throw—60 feet
Baseball Throw—125 feet
Bar or Fence Vault—4 feet
Quarter-mile Run—87 seconds
Half-mile Run—3 minutes, 15 seconds
Pull-up (chin)—6 times
20-foot Rope Climb—20 seconds
Try those on your torso.

GENERAL

NAVY censors are plenty thorough. A Tampa, Fla., girl opened an envelope from her Pacific Fleet boy friend the other day and extracted a narrow slip of paper on which was written: "Your boy friend still loves you, but he talks too much." It was signed: "Censor."

"JUST read about Pvt. Andre, of Baton Rouge, the civilian deep-sea diver who is now an Army hospital helper," writes a Camp Shelby private. "He hasn't much on me. For 11 years I was a commercial photographer. Drafted, I was first sent to the Field Artillery School where I studied surveying for three months. For the rest of my first year I drove a truck. But I'm a photographer. Could you help me get a job as a carpenter?"

WHAT do you wanna do—build a shutter? G. W.



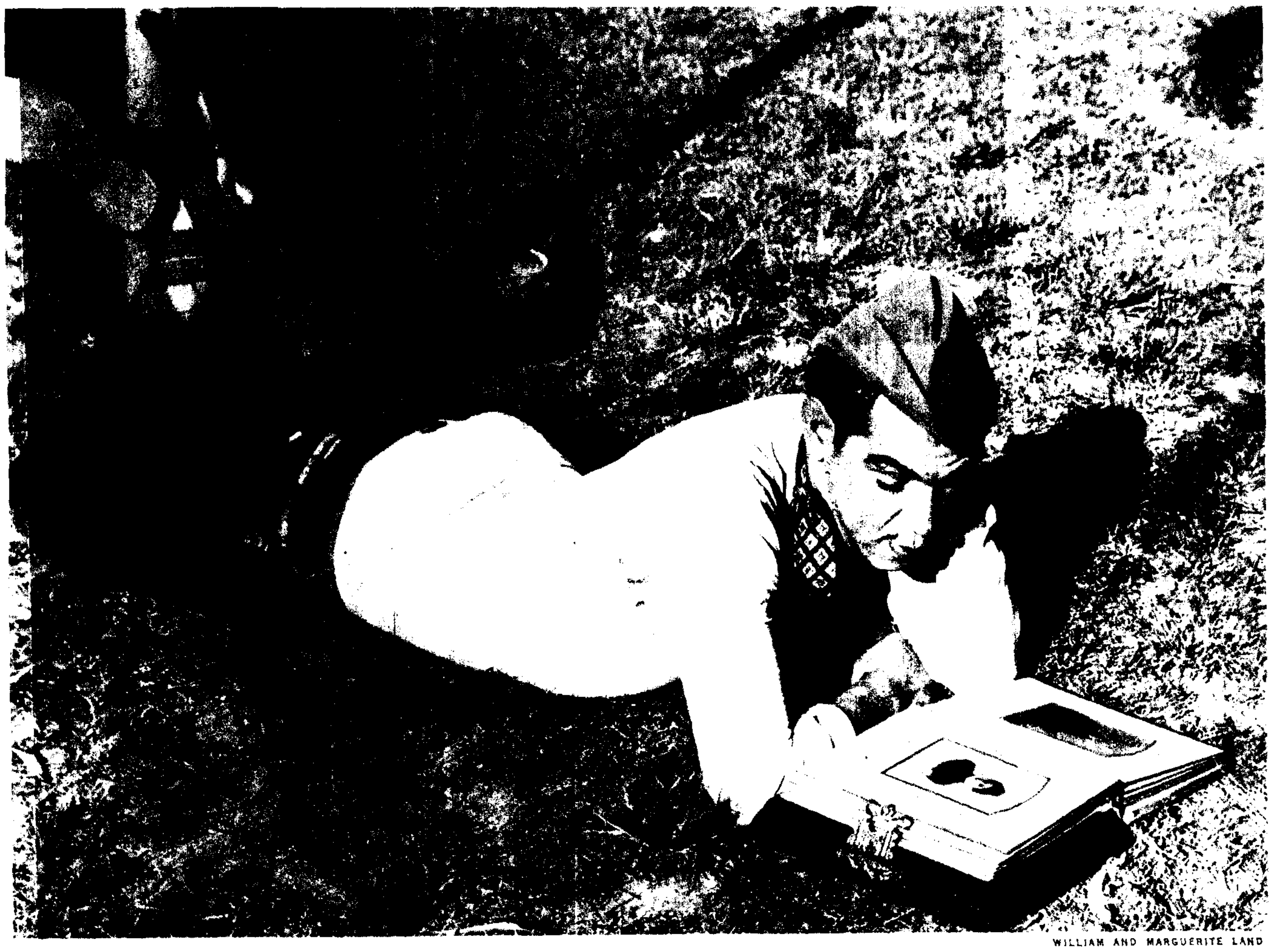
"You got a permit to carry concealed weapons?" JOHN M. PRICE

A GREAT BUY . . .
AND HERE'S WHY . . .
① *Famous VAN HEUSEN COLLAR ATTACHED.*
② *Action room at armholes, elbows, shoulders.*
③ *Shaped body-cut for natural fit.*
④ *Laundry-approved, Sanforized fabrics.*
$2.25 and up
Van Heusen Shirts
SHIRTS · COLLARS · TIES · PAJAMAS · SPORTSWEAR
COPYRIGHT 1942, PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., N. Y.

LEADING THE FLOCK!
Try the leader, Goebel Beer in the original Bantam bottle. See why it sets the pace. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit, Michigan.
GOEBEL BEER
MICHIGAN'S *National* BEER · RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL

GUZMAN

Mario Moreno, temporarily abandoning his "Cantinflas" character, dines with lovely Dolores Del Rio



WILLIAM AND MARGUERITE LAND

Cantinflas is a sentimental fellow. The family album, which he studies here, plays a tune when open

Mexico's Charlie Chaplin

Eight years ago Mario Moreno was a tent-show buffoon getting a dollar a day. Now he's Mexico's "Cantinflas"

By George Creel

AFTER a hundred and some-odd years of catch-as-catch-can debate on every known subject, with no holds barred, seventeen million Mexicans are at last in fairly happy agreement. Down to the last barefoot *pelado,* all are enthusiastically convinced that a young harlequin called Cantinflas is the greatest comedian in the whole wide world. Greater even than Charlee Chapleen! The high adore him no less than the low, and wild-eyed radicals actually forgive him his frequent lack of social significance.

What's more, other Spanish-speaking republics support Mexico's fond conviction, for Neither Blood Nor Sand, the first important Cantinflas feature film, has been acclaimed uproariously in South and Central America as well as Cuba. It outdrew The Great Dictator by three to one, and also ran well ahead of such previous record-holders as Rebecca and Gone With the Wind. His latest, The Unknown Cop *(El Gendarme Desconocido)* smashed even more records, and its mere announcement is known to have postponed an uprising.

Quite a change for Mario Moreno—to give Cantinflas his real name. Only eight years ago a poor little tent-show buffoon playing vaudeville and burlesque, glad to get a dollar a day Mex, now he draws an annual income of $50,000, and works in a real studio with his own company, high-class cameramen and a stentorian director with horn-rimmed glasses and highly polished puttees. The Unknown Cop sold, sight unseen, for large amounts, exhibitors flying from Brazil and the Argentine to buy first showings.

Hollywood big shots have pursued the rising star with tempting offers, confident that he can learn English—Los Angeles English, at least—in a short time. But until recently, Moreno had showed no disposition to leave his native heath. When Neither Blood Nor Sand was shown in Hollywood last spring, Chaplin pronounced him the greatest comedian alive. Pare Lorentz, the queer spot's newest and most highbrow director, made him the best offer—double what he dragged down for his last film.

The contract is signed, the picture will deal with a Mexican and an Okie who explore the United States on a good-will tour, a good Cantinflas subject.

Like Chaplin, thirty-one-year-old Mario is a master pantomimist, using eyes, hands and legs with the same exquisite sense of timing. Many of his best scenes are played without a spoken word. Like Charlie, too, he never varies his character, always playing the down-and-out *cargador,* or public porter, who blunders into every variety of incredible complication, only to pull out in the last reel by virtue of gay impudence and a beguiling grin.

An Edge on Chaplin

Here and there, however, the Mexican comic has the edge on Chaplin, for in addition to being a musician of parts, like Chaplin, he is an athlete extraordinary and has a voice with as many stops as an organ. According to his own modest confession, he can crack his vocal cords like a whip.

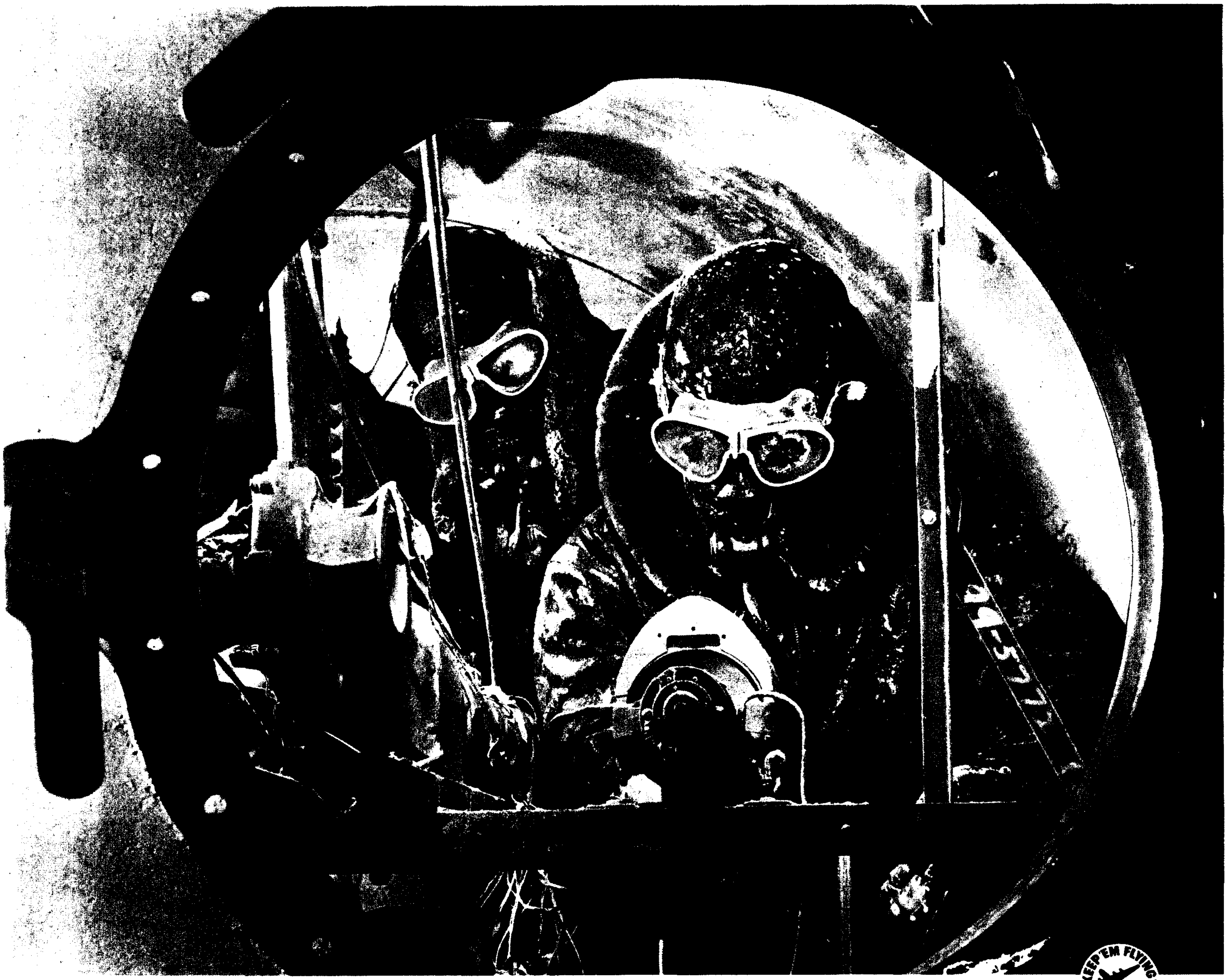
To complete his biography, he is married, has no children, and is probably of Indian descent. He can speak some English and Russian, plays the piano somewhat and the guitar like a wizard. He sings well and dances sublimely; loves baseball and has his own team, made up of actors in his company, is an excellent boxer and bullfighter; used to clown in the bull ring. Favorite authors—Shakespeare and Cervantes. He has made five features and many shorts.

As near as can be gathered, Mario started out as a droll dog and simply stayed that way. All through public school and even at the high school to which his hard-working letter carrier of a father sent him to prepare to become a doctor, the incurable comedian gagged and mimicked to the despair of his teachers. Caricature was his meat, and it is generally conceded that everybody shook hands all around when the youngster decided against a professional life and wandered off to do what he liked to do and did best.

In Mexico the *carpa* or itinerant theater is still an institution, moving from town to town as was the custom in Spain and Italy centuries ago. In weather-beaten tents, for a few centavos, the poorest can hiss swart villains, sob over the tribulations of fair heroines and scream with laughter at the antics of clowns and pantaloons. This was the training ground of every well-known comedian. The audience were peasants, laborers and soldiers. They were rough, and the actors had to be ready. Boisterous heckling and wisecracks, contributions from drunks and amateur comics made up the fare. Cantinflas had the readiest wit and handled the crowd most deftly, becoming their favorite. It was rare training for a beginner, for each actor was in large measure his own author, developing his part according to his talents.

Nimble-witted and a born satirist, Mario made good, but a dollar a day fell far short of meeting the requirements of a robust appetite. Having been a good amateur boxer, he deserted the tent for the prize ring and toured the provinces as a pork-and-beaner. Lightning-fast and possessed of a good punch, he seemed headed for the lightweight championship of the country. But soon the tent-show impresario came running with the princely offer of three dollars a day. His patrons were clamoring for the return of their beloved little bum.

"And did I jump at it?" Cantinflas rolls expressive eyes as he recalls the incident. Only



KEEP 'EM FLYING! LET'S GO! U.S.A.

They brought the Stratosphere back alive

At 35,000 feet the temperature is 67 degrees below zero. The air is so thin it does no good to breathe it. Without oxygen, a man will lose consciousness in half a minute.

This is the beginning of the true stratosphere, the region where the air does not get colder, no matter how high you go. Up there, in that eternal winter, oil becomes gum; metal shrinks; grease freezes; bullets shatter tires like clay pigeons.

This is the medium in which Boeing Flying Fortresses* do their appointed work. Boeing engineers, designers and research men have made it possible for guns to fire, bombs to fall, motors to run, propellers to drive and men to work in regions where even birds are left behind and only stars disturb the ghostly reaches of the sky.

The triumph of the airplane over altitude represents years of research by Boeing flight engineers working six, seven, and more miles above the earth. No other group has spent so much time so high.

And the job is still going on. Today Boeing flight research men bring many of their problems down to earth — to the Strato-chamber, a sealed laboratory designed by Boeing engineers to reproduce at one time the intense cold and the extreme low-pressure conditions of the stratosphere.

In this experimental chamber — the first of its kind in aviation research — Boeing engineers daily explore new ways by which men will win new kinds of freedom.

The conquest of cold is only one of many different projects that form a constant part of the Boeing engineering schedule.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

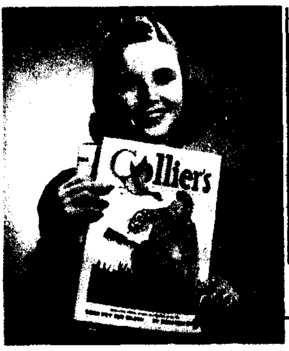
BONI SPIRITUS HOMINES BONI
Rum Carioca
West Indies
Rum Carioca Puerto Rican Rum
86 PROOF

LARGEST SELLING RUMS IN THE UNITED STATES
"A Rum to Remember"

FREE! Write for your copy of Carioca's handsome party booklet: "Recipes and Toasts for Popular Hosts"

Import Division
AMERICAN SPIRITS Inc.
30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.
Dept. C-1

Room with Bath $2.00 up
HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
← GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP



REWARD TO READERS!

MAIL this coupon and learn how you can increase your income as a Community Subscription Representative for this magazine. *Write to—*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-44
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name ....
Address ....
Town ....
State ....

the night before, a middleweight had hit me in the nose with fifty straight lefts, and in spite of my polite requests, stubbornly refused to scatter his blows."

Back under canvas again, Mario developed the costume that has become his trade-mark—dirty undershirt, battered hat and ragged pants dripping insecurely from a point well south of the hips. How he keeps them up is a secret known only to him and a million other sag-tailed *pelados*. The rope tied around his waist is typical of all his costumes, whether garbed as a bullfighter, in evening clothes, or as a tramp.

He got the idea from the Mexican *cargador,* who carries loads of hundreds of pounds on his back, with ropes fastened around his forehead. It's the heaviest and worst-paid work and typifies for Cantinflas the underdog, as Chaplin's tramp does. It is natural for the worst things to happen to this sort of fellow, and his efforts to achieve a better place in life or a bit of happiness arouse a sympathy that is transmitted unconsciously to the actor. In this way, both Chaplin and Cantinflas start with a predisposition to be regarded with kindliness, and when they are such geniuses of pantomime or persiflage, their universal appeal is accounted for in large measure.

His talk on both screen and stage is madcap gibberish delivered in a solemn manner and made up of double-talk, innuendoes, unfinished ideas followed by equally incomplete ones, and words nonexistent or mispronounced. His long speeches are usually of this type, ad libbed in the W. C. Fields manner, but his repartee makes sense and is sharp.

He explained how he got the idea for this talk: "Once, when I first joined the tent show, the announcer was sick. I'd been doing memorized bits but they shoved me on to do his stuff. I was scared and started to say something, but they laughed and I got stuck. I began something else, tangled it and finished as in a fever. I ran off and found they were applauding." A keen student of his audience later, he even then realized he had something there and cultivated it, applying it to political problems in the day's news.

Another acquisition at the time was a wife, pretty young Valentina Subareff. The daughter of famous circus performers in Russia, she had reached Mexico by way of Siberia and Japan and counted herself lucky to find work in the tent theater at fifty cents a day.

"As I was getting three dollars," Cantinflas confides soberly, "I still think she married me for my money."

A year or more rolled by and the little company, cheered by provincial success, decided to invade the capital. Not on any *avenida,* of course, but in a dingy backwater where the poor swarmed. At the same time a certain shrewd operator of the shabby Folies-Bergère heard of Cantinflas. He decided to visit the tent and take a look. One was enough. An offer of five dollars a day was also enough for Cantinflas.

During the last elections, in 1940, he would call a fellow down from the gallery and invite him to cast his ballot, announcing, "Here we have complete democracy and equality of suffrage. You may go into this booth on the right and vote for Avila, or into this on the left and vote for Camacho." The government candidate was Avila Camacho, the present incumbent. His rival Almazan, one of whose supporters owned the theater, had it closed for the outrage of assuming that he had no chance. When Cantinflas asked him "Would you like me to tell them what really goes on?" it was reopened.

The fame of the comedian spread far and wide, and the very best people fought with day laborers for the privilege of buying seats. The smart entrepreneur paid off his mortgages in no time at all, began eating at Sanborn's and had his cigars made to order.

Señora Cantinflas—for by this time the name of Moreno had become a memory—set up housekeeping and even took the chance of buying furniture on installments. Why not? The photos of her man were in every third home and he figured in editorial columns. When a politician, for example, talked much and said little he was contemptuously dismissed as "cantinflesque!"

At this point, one Santiago Reachi came upon the scene; a go-getter, for he had been trained in the U. S., many important industries sending him over Latin America to introduce their products. Returning at last to head his own advertising agency in Mexico City, he had many American accounts. One in particular, however, proved a headache. He just couldn't popularize the cab-over-engine truck, for they wouldn't have these *chatos* (meaning pugnoses) at any price.

Rolling 'em in the Aisles

Out of painful brooding over this failure came a bright idea. Why not use Cantinflas, idol of every truck driver? Hiring the largest theater, Señor Reachi put on a sound film portraying the overwhelming superiority of the *chato* and engaged Cantinflas as an added attraction. Only truck drivers were admitted on showing their union cards and Cantinflas rolled 'em in the aisles.

Señor Reachi saw that he had something. Thrusting a fountain pen into the hand of the comedian, he signed up Cantinflas for five years and then scurried around for a suitable play. Blood and Sand was being shown at the time, getting many laughs that were not expected, so the brisk impresario had another brilliant idea. If Latin Americans waxed wildly hilarious over the serious acting of Tyrone Power what would they do with a real out-and-out burlesque of the Ibañez drama? Bright young men were put to work at once and Neither Blood Nor Sand was the result.

Called on to play two parts, Cantinflas not only portrayed the lovable bum with his usual finesse but also gave a brilliant characterization of Manolette, the strutting, vainglorious toreador. It is as the *cargardor* that he finds himself in the arena at a *ganaderia* where they breed a particularly valorous type of bull. He is called upon to fight the pick of the lot. The scenes that follow, with no sound except the shouts of the crowd and the blare of the brasses, is pantomime at its best. Impudence, panic, terror, despair and finally, when Cantinflas discovers he is still alive, a proud and growing confidence sustained by numerous jolts of tequila. Only at the end, when a lucky stroke has dispatched the bull, does he awaken to the realization of what he has been through and then, looking down at the huge beast, he passes out cold.

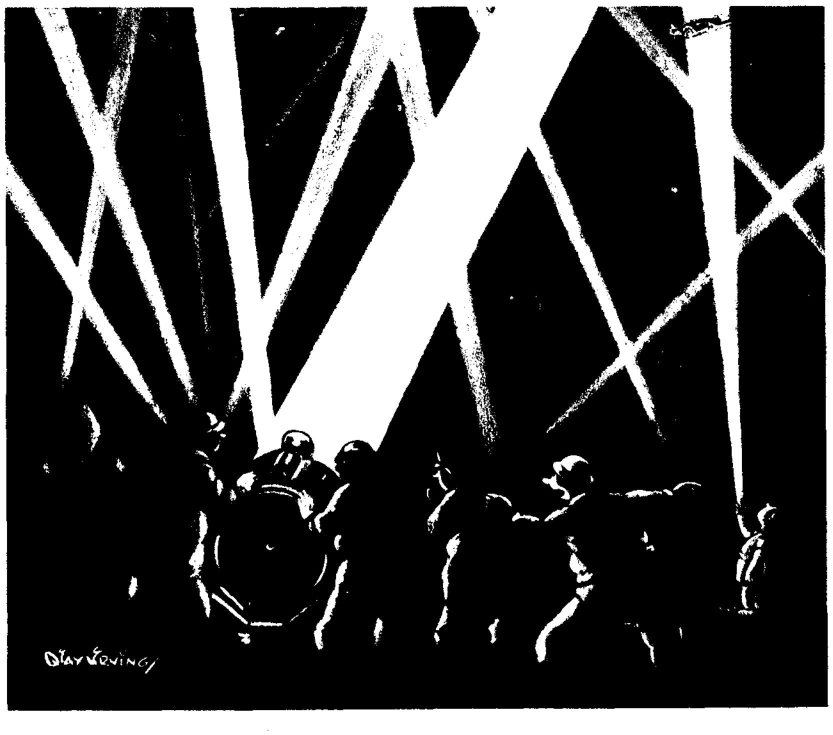
The Unknown Cop, Cantiflas' latest film, another eleven-reeler, was even more of a hit. Watching him work in it was an education in pantomime, for only Chaplin and W. C. Fields compare with the Mexican in true humor and perfection of technique. Before the director shouts "Camera!" Cantinflas rehearses the scene tirelessly, improvising dialogue, changing this movement or that expression, rejecting here and adding there. Only when he has satisfied himself that there is not another laugh to be extracted, either by word or wink, does he give the sign to shoot.

At one point when the telephone rings, the exasperated chief of police tells Cantinflas to see if he can answer it intelligently. The script called for a minute of typical cantinflesque, but after trying it out, he shook his head. Five times more he tried different styles and then, eyes lighting up, he grabbed the receiver. Now it was a woman's voice that he heard, not a man's. What purring! What joyous wriggling! And how about a date for the evening? And could she fix it up for his friend the chief? There was a man who knew how to treat a girl! While the chief stood at his side, grinned and chuckled. Suddenly the glib flow ceases, the mouth falls slack, and then, as in a case where the tragedy is so great as to transcend all human emotion, the face goes absolutely blank.

"*Su esposa, jefe!*" Cantinflas says, handing the receiver to the chief. "Your wife!"

Yes, the Mexican comic is good. No doubt about it. So good that even lack of Spanish is no bar to enjoyment of his art. Whether he is another Chaplin, however, remains for the years to tell. Even so, he is off to a running start.

THE END



"Looka, looka! Th' kid's got one!" JAY IRVING

Lucky in Love

Continued from page 11

yourself and just go on? He climbed from the beach and cruised along the crowded main street of this beach town. He had to go slowly because he was so big; he could not duck and dodge as others did. People broke against him and eddied around him. A girl in shorts and a thin white jacket struck him head-on and drew away with irritation, but when she saw his easy smile she smiled back.

Bicycles and cars made a solid, sluggish tide on the street, and the smell of popcorn and hot dogs streaked the warm night air and a metal target in a shooting gallery went "bong—bong—bong." A thin peddler in a jockey cap tagged at Big Bill Kittrick's elbow and tried to sell him a velvet monkey that jumped up and down a stick. Kittrick said, "No sale," but the little man kept pestering him until he halted and looked down. He wanted to push the little man aside; but because of his size he couldn't use his hands on the little man and the little man knew it and mocked him with a metal laugh, finally moving away. A big man always had one strike on him; the first thing he learned was to grin and take it.

HE HAD a week's vacation and this was his second day of it; but he couldn't spend five more days in the same town with Marsha. He ran into a dense crowd before a bowling alley and patiently drifted with it, thinking of Marsha. "Town's too small for both of us," he decided, and went into the bowling alley. He stood at the edge of the alleys, neither interested nor disinterested. It might be nice, he thought, to play a game if he had a partner; otherwise it was back to the hotel for a couple of hands of solitaire, a shower and the end of a rotten day.

A girl in a knitted suit stood directly before him. She had gray-blond hair and she was apparently alone. Now and then she looked around at the crowd with a slow search of her eyes and once she looked up at him. It was the same way a women might look at Yosemite—adjusting herself to a fact of nature.

The second time she turned to scan the crowd he took the risk.

"I'll play you for a beer."

He had her figured for a good egg; she had a frank, pleasant face, and a sense of humor showed around her lips. Even so she took her time and searched the crowd again. Bill Kittrick said, "If he comes, you can ditch me."

Her expression changed slightly, as though the remark dug in. "And I'll do just that," she murmured to herself. "Come on."

They signed up for an alley and went to work. He beat her by a respectable margin the first game, and then she said, "I guess I'll have to get serious," and trimmed him two games straight.

"Well," he said, "the name is Bill and I'll buy the beer. But how did you get that way?"

"Once upon a time I practically lived here. Jennie wins the beer."

He noticed, as he broke a trail through the growing crowd that she took time for another thorough glance around her; and he thought her face showed disappointment. Out on the street he said, "Didn't come, did he?"

"No."

He saw that it was nothing to kid her about. "Sorry I brought it up."

"That's all right," she murmured. "How were you to know?"

"You should take steps with a fellow like that."

"Requires two to take steps."

They went into the hotel taproom and stood at the bar. He wigwagged for a pair of beers and he rested his elbows on the bar and slid a dish of peanuts toward her. He had great shoulders and heavy arms and there was no fat on him at all. His hair was short and coal-black and he had gray eyes set deep, and solid jaws and an expression which, when unlighted by a smile, was on the gloomy side. He dipped his beer glass at her and said "Luck," and watched the way her eyes took on a glow of hope. "Same to you," she murmured.

"No," he said, "I don't want any," and took a drink.

Now she really looked at him.

"Bill, why so sad and solemn? Why don't you want luck?"

"Luck is a feast that always turns into a famine."

"Ah," she murmured, "that's it. Now I can be sorry for you."

"Don't let anybody use your heart for a trapeze, Jennie."

She looked at his hand and laid her own above it. "You're a rugged creature."

"But not tough."

"Was that the complaint?" she asked. Her nose had a faint up-tip to it and it had a freckle or two. She was a gentle girl and a sweet one; she had a sort of mild fragrance to her and she was easy to get along with.

"Jennie," he said, "how could you miss? What's the matter with the guy?"

She shrugged her shoulders and looked at him in a way that made him regret his question. It was one of those dark glances behind which something lay all smashed up. The bar suddenly got noisier than usual and voices began to push through his indifference. A coin machine spewed out coins from the jackpot and a woman shrieked; and he looked around and saw Marsha's party at the machine. One of the women and the blond man were hands and knees on the floor, retrieving nickels while Marsha stood by, amused at the spectacle. Big Bill Kittrick hauled his eyes away from her and took another drink of beer.

JENNIE was observing the party and pretty soon Bill Kittrick looked that way again and met Marsha's glance. She had been watching him, her eyes half closed and now again seeming jade-green to him. She had quit smiling. Bill Kittrick turned his back to her. He thought, "She pulled up her stakes, so what's it to her?" He felt a stinging at the back of his neck, which was blood moving up, and Jennie now watched him with close interest. He put two salted peanuts on the counter and squashed them with his thumb. "Let's move on."

"I get it, Bill."

They left the taproom and strolled toward the beach, not saying anything. He had a big man's rambling walk and he put his head down and stepped out until he felt Jennie's arm pull him down. "Where's the fire, Bill?" She looked up at him and she was laughing, but it was a gentle laugh, as though she knew all about this.

He said, "What does a man do around here to kill time?"

"Lots of nice country roads to ride through."

"I'll pick you up at nine-thirty in the morning."

She turned him back toward the street end and she said nothing until they had reached the front of the hotel. Then, suddenly, she said, "Good night, Bill," and left him. He stood still, observing her drift through the steady flow of people on the walk. At the bowling alley

CHECK ROOM
Richard Decker

"I'm not taking any chances getting gravy on my brand new Arrow Tie"

• Arrow Ties have a pedigree! Arrow was famous first for collars, then shirts — and now ties too! Arrow Tie fabrics are chosen for long wear; special linings resist wrinkles; patterns are designed to please every man! See the new perfect-knotting Arrows at your Arrow dealer's. $1, $1.15, $1.50, $2, $2.50.

ARROW TIES
As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND WAR STAMPS ★ *Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

Don't Gamble
Guard against trouble from Minor Injuries–
Cuts, Burns

Scratches or Scalds. Be wise. Guard against infections which may "lay you up." Cleanse wound instantly. Then apply effective, inhibitory antiseptic OIL-O-SOL. Used for over 40 years in thousands of factories, garages, industrial first aid stations, fire departments and homes. Works two ways: combats infection; quickly helps relieve pain. Pleasant to use. Only 50c at your druggist's. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** today.

MAGAZINES
Your Guide to
BETTER LIVING

One Never Knows!

YOU may have an urgent need for money—most every girl and woman does in the summer months. And if you had a chance to turn your spare moments into dollars and cents—would you welcome it? Well, the Pin Money Club offers you—every girl and woman—that chance. Why not send a card or letter for our free booklet?

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Dept. 172, Collier's Weekly
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"I WOULDN'T WANT MOTHS TO EAT MY CLOTHES . . . SO I SPRAY THEM REGULARLY WITH **FLIT**"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

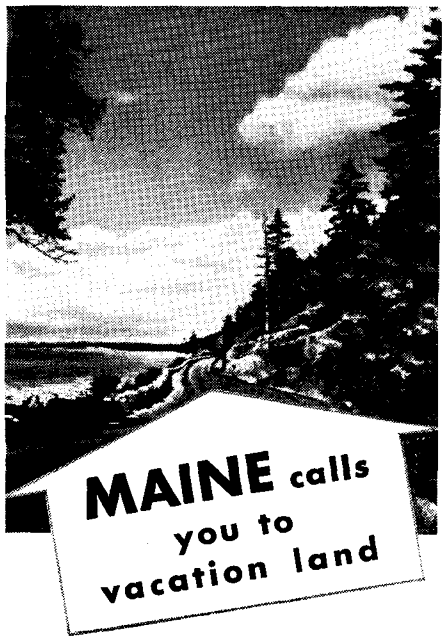
FLIT
FLIT
Kills Moths Mosquitoes Flies Bed Bugs Roaches Ants
FLIT

Flit kills moths dead . . . means *quick, sure* death to mosquitoes, flies, bed bugs, roaches, ants, and other insect pests!

Flit has the highest rating established for household insecticides by the National Bureau of Standards—an *AA RATING!*

It's pleasant-smelling . . . spray won't stain when used as directed.

Copr. 1942 Stanco Inc.



• THIS YEAR — relax and make the most of vacation. Fast trains, planes and buses make Maine close at hand. And as soon as you hit the Pine Tree State — you're in the midst of vacation land.

There's rugged, rocky coast-line. There are wide, sandy ocean beaches with gentle surf, deep pine-scented woods, and towering mountains. Sparkling lakes and shaded streams. Just take your pick. Refresh your body and spirit for active days ahead.

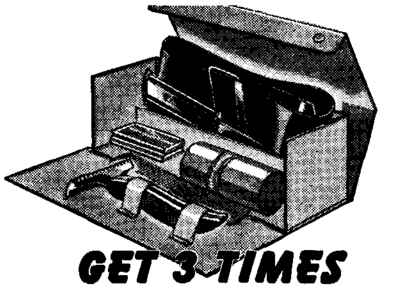
Maine packs the warm days full of hiking, camping, riding, playing tennis and golf. Swim, sail and fish in salt water or fresh. And then the cool nights bring glorious rest. Famous hotels and comfortable tourist homes make you welcome. Maine food is justly famous. Plan a Maine vacation. Write for the free picture-book that will give you full details.

HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!

MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Tourist Service, 63 St. John St., Portland, Maine

Please send me the new, illustrated Official Maine Vacation Guide for 1942.

Name________________
Street________________
City____________ State________



GET 3 TIMES AS MANY SHAVES

Perfect Gift For Servicemen

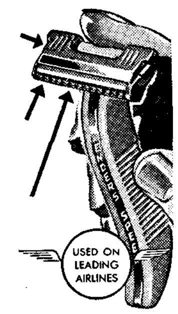
Look what you get in this amazing Enders Travel Kit:

1. Enders Speed Shaver—world's fastest shave. Blade "clicks" in, nothing to take apart. Banishes "razor burn." Clean shaves first time over. New-type head prevents nicks, scrapes.

2. Semi-automatic strop. Blades last three times as long.

3. Two packs of blades; shaving stick; handy pocket comb.

COMPLETE—$2.50 postpaid. Special—only $2 if sent to men in Armed Service.



ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

gives wings to your morning shave

ORDER TODAY • DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

she paused, and seemed to argue with herself, and at last went in.

It was ten o'clock. He went into the lobby and played the pinball machine for half an hour; he bought a paper and found the biggest chair in the lobby and read the paper from the sports page forward. He read Pegler and the editorials and Dorothy Dix; and he was halfway down the swap column when he threw the paper aside and moved upstairs. Everybody seemed to be having a wonderful time and racket rolled out of half the rooms on the floor. Somewhere a man was saying, "So I told him he was a dead beat. Right to his face. I said, 'You dead beat, you, you got a nerve—' " and a woman broke in, "Get away from that window before you fall out." Near the end of the hall a door stood open and when Bill Kittrick came abreast he saw the blond man. The blond man also saw him and stepped into the hall.

"Say, you're Big Bill Kittrick. You played fullback at Oregon in '36. That's a couple years before my time, but my brother Tige McNary played against you. I'm Hank McNary."

"I knew Tige," said Bill Kittrick. All of Marsha's party seemed to be in the room, just sitting around and chinning. He made a move to go on but the big blond lad genially said, "Come on in and join us," and put the flat of his hand on Bill Kittrick's back and pushed him forward.

One of the men was on the floor with six water glasses and a spoon; he had filled them to varying degrees so that he could play a tune and two of the girls were trying to make a little harmony out of Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. Marsha sat Turk fashion on the bed and seemed amused at them until she saw Bill. Then, as before, the gaiety left her as though it had never been and her eyes began to glow.

"Naturally," said the blond lad, "you know Marsha. Now here are the others—"

Bill Kittrick made his bow as their names passed in and out of his head. The lad on the floor said, "If you want a drink I'll empty one of these glasses, although I was just getting good."

"Let it go," said Big Bill. "I've had a drink."

"On a vacation all alone?" said the blond lad.

"Yes," said Big Bill. The big blond made a gesture with his hands and continued to smile, but he had run out of small talk and somehow the situation seemed to go haywire on his hands. Nobody else was coming into the conversation. "Well," he said, "I'll have to tell Tige I saw you."

SOMETHING like a signal went through the room, for one of the girls said, "If we're going to hike over The Head tomorrow it is time to break this up." She caught the blond boy's arm as she moved out and she gave Bill a quick, electric smile and in a moment the two girls and the three young men were in the hall, the men not quite knowing how it had happened. Marsha suddenly got off the bed and walked to a window, her back to Bill. "Shut the door," she said. "You're staying a minute."

"Remember," said Bill, "we're just a couple of strangers now." He shut the door and turned to see that she had swung from the window to face him. She was angry and ready for a fight. This was the way it had gotten to be between them during the last stages of their engagement. All they could do was cause each other misery.

"On vacation," she murmured, "but not alone."

"I'm doing all right."

The green blaze brightened. "How did you know I was coming here?"

She had beaten him to the punch and all he could do was stand and grit his teeth together; but he didn't let it show. He had never permitted her to see how much she had punished him. "That's what I intended to ask you," he said. "I was here first."

"It is too small a place for both of us, Bill."

"I'll pull out tomorrow night."

"You would," she murmured. "You always were such a gentleman. A smile and a gesture—and a polite goodby. And who is your new gal, Bill?"

He pulled in his breath and he absorbed his punishment. She wouldn't ever see how far in her punches landed. "Well," he said, "you're getting better." He walked toward her and he saw her eyes turn round; she stood still and a strange expression showed and vanished. He went on by to the open window and he reached into his pocket and pulled out the engagement ring she had given back to him. "A man is entitled to nurse a sentimental memory," he said, "but not for long," and threw the ring out of the window. "That should please you. You always liked drama."

He left the room and went to his room.

JENNIE was prompt. At nine-thirty next morning she came up the street, walking in the light and brisk way he had earlier noticed. She carried a basket and when she handed it over to him she had a smile like the smile of a youngster playing hooky. "That's lunch, Bill," she said. "I'm devoting part of this day to good works. I hate to see you so sad."

He stowed her into the car and left town and turned into the first side road he came to, south of town.

"I'm taking time out to think it over," she added. "Maybe I've gone about all this wrong."

"Didn't see him last night?"

"No. Maybe he's forgotten all about that bowling alley. I only have a week's vacation and I've spent five days of it already. Maybe I ought to go back to Portland. Then I could always at least feel that he would have shown up if I'd stayed the last two days. That's better than sticking it out to the bitter end and knowing I was a fool. Or is it, Bill?"

He said, "Start at the beginning. This fellow must be a bum."

"Oh, no. We grew up in this town together. We always went together. We had a lot of fun. He went away to university and to medical school. I went to Portland to business college. It was pretty well arranged between us that we'd get married when he hung out his shingle. We made dates to meet here sometimes in the summer. I got work in an office in Portland and he took his intern's year in Chicago. The letters got fewer and farther apart. You know what the world does to people, Bill."

"I know," he said.

"Then the letters stopped, just like that. Maybe it was his fault, maybe mine. He came back west. He's here in this town now, practicing. And I'm here on a week's vacation. I haven't seen him. We both loved to bowl. It was the one place we haunted in the evenings. That's why I go there now. If he should come back, I'd be there, and maybe it would start all over again."

"You've both got friends in town. Get one of your friends to throw a party for you. Have him invited."

"I don't want to meet him that way. It wouldn't mean anything. He wouldn't know how I felt. I wouldn't know how he felt. But if he should come to the bowling alley, alone, I'd know what brought him there, and if he saw me he'd know what brought me there. The whole two years' silence would just go away. You see how it is?"

"Sure," said Bill. "What's this fellow's name—and how do you know he's still single?"

"John Fleming," she said. "And he's single. I found out."

They left the car at the end of the road and they walked along an old logging road, through high fern and salal and huckleberry bushes and second growth and stumps turned silver-white. Past eleven, tramping up a steady grade, they came to a summit from which they saw the low mountains run away to the sea, and they stood a little while to watch the scene and started downgrade again. They reached the car beyond noon. Bill Kittrick took a blanket from it and spread it out on the ground for lunch.

He lay back afterward, a big man physically content, while Jennie sat with her chin propped on a fist, looking down the road with her eyes half closed. She was going over the whole thing, he guessed, taking her own private beating.

Much later she drew herself from her preoccupation and let out a deep breath. "I'll fight it out the last two nights, Bill. I can do no more, but I can't do less. If it doesn't work I can always remember I went as far as I could. That's something, isn't it?"

"In there the full sixty minutes."

She smiled. "It is a comfort to have you near me. I think you have gone through this. She left her hoofmarks all over you, didn't she?"

"Been at the bottom of the pile most of the time."

She studied him with her thoughtful glance. "You're still in love. I saw her just that once in the taproom. She wasn't happy and she was jealous when she saw me."

"She was laughing."

"She quit laughing. She could have scratched my eyes out. She could have killed you."

"Toward the end," said Bill, "it got a little hard to laugh it off."

"She didn't want you to laugh it off. She wanted you to break up the furniture and make her teeth rattle."

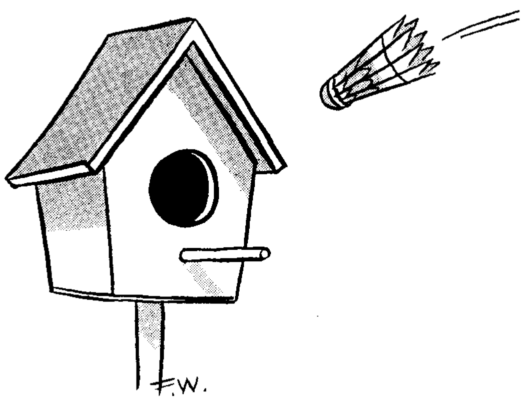
"Rough stuff," said Bill Kittrick, and scowled at the thought.

"Naturally," said Jennie. She bent toward him, a small, warm light in her eyes. "She wanted to know if you loved her enough to be jealous, if you had fire enough in you to flame up. But you were just indulgent and long-suffering. How was she to know how much of you she had?"

"Rough stuff," he repeated. "That belongs on the ten-yard line, not in a room."

"Bill," she said, "you played it wrong. People aren't that civilized. Where did she see you first? Maybe at a football game. Maybe she saw you in action when you were at your very best, and she said to herself, 'There's my man, because he's real.' Then you stepped off the field and you closed up. You're not yourself any more and she doesn't know what to think."

HE SAT up. He looked at her preoccupied face, at the gentle turn of her lips. He said, "Don't mind this," and bent over and kissed her. He straightened back and was ashamed of himself,



but he didn't say so. She was smiling; she had liked it.

"I'll bet that's one of the few times you have ever done something you wanted to do on impulse. That's real, Bill. That's the way you should always be. It is the way a woman would want you to be." She broke the glance with a quick turn of her head, and he guessed she wasn't thinking of him at all now. It was another man kissing her—the man who hadn't come to the bowling alley. He got up and gave her a hand and they stowed away the lunch basket and the blanket and drove down the road. She was far away from him and he had his mind thoroughly on Marsha; and it wasn't until they had reached the parking lot at the hotel that either of them broke the silence. As she stepped from the car she turned and gave him a swift, upward glance. "Luck," she said, and went away at her brisk walk.

MARSHA and her friends were coming out of the hotel at this moment, all laughing as they ran toward the beach. Marsha wore a white single-piece suit. The sun was behind her and as he watched her, his eyes half closed against the sun, she reminded him of an alabaster statue he had once seen in a museum—of a woman poised and ready to run. The idea was escape or freedom. She had the symmetrical roundness the sculptors loved. She saw him as she passed by and everything that was gay in her faded.

He watched the party run across the sands to the edge of the ocean, breaking far out on a clam bar; and then he walked back through town until he saw the sign of John Fleming, M.D., painted on an office window beyond the post office. A bell jingled when he opened the door and pretty soon Fleming came out of a rear room. He was fairly tall and he had a professional manner on him; he looked like a decent chap.

"I've been bowling," said Bill Kittrick, "and I guess I have pulled a muscle or a nerve. It's a sort of toothache pain right in the point of my left shoulder." He took off his coat and he stood by while the doctor moved a speculative finger along the edge of his left shoulder. "Used to play football," added Bill Kittrick. "It began about that time."

The doctor lifted Bill's arm and twisted it one way and another. "Pain comes and goes?"

"Yeah."

"Sounds like a bursitis," said the doctor. "Lie out in the sun and bake it. If it keeps bothering you, when you get back home, you could have it injected and cleared up."

Bill Kittrick put on his coat. "What's the charge?"

"It was a pretty short call. Nothing."

Kittrick said, "Thanks," and turned to the door. "I guess I'll have to lay off bowling. That's a good game. Ever try it?"

"Not for years," said the doctor, and then Bill thought he saw some kind of remembrance brush the man's face.

He returned to the hotel, feeling silly; there wasn't anything wrong with his arm. He changed into his bathing suit and walked down to the beach for a quick try at the ocean. He took the high waves beyond the clam bar until he got chilled and then sprawled out on the dry sand, soaking up the sun until dinner time; and went to the hotel. This was supposed to be vacation yet there wasn't a moment Marsha wasn't in his head. Whether he walked or sat or ran, she was with him. He dressed and went down for dinner and he asked himself: "How do you forget things like that?"

She came into the dining room with her party about the time he had finished; she sat somewhere behind him but he would have known she was in the room if he had never seen her. Her presence was that strong. He moved to the lobby and bought a paper and he sat low in an easy chair and read the sports section through. He looked at the funnies and the stock market and the next thing he knew he was reading Dorothy Dix. He thought, "Well, for the love of Mike!" and left the hotel.

He had no intention of going to the bowling alley, nevertheless he found himself drifting that way, drifting with the heavy crowd. He stopped outside the place, arguing with himself. Jennie would be in there, waiting out her luck, and she wouldn't want him around. But it was difficult staying away from her and he had about decided to go in when he saw young Fleming come down the street. Bill Kittrick stood back on the edge of the walk and he watched the doctor from the corner of his eye, and when the doctor turned into the bowling alley Bill Kittrick felt like reaching out and walloping somebody on the back and shouting "Hallelujah!" Pretty soon the doctor came out with Jennie, and Bill saw how soft and pretty and strange Jennie's expression was—and he turned sharply on his heels.

He moved back to the hotel and noticed that Marsha and her party now stood at the pinball machines, killing time and having fun at a nickel a throw. He stopped at the counter and said, "I'm checking out," and paid his bill, and continued on to the stairs. When he turned the stairs he saw Marsha below him, watching him, and he thought: "It's your hotel," and reached his room.

He felt wearier than if he had played sixty minutes in the Rose Bowl. He packed his grip. He put a dollar on the dresser for the chambermaid and he filled his pipe and lighted it and left the room. It wasn't any good trying to run away from the thought of Marsha. The thought just went along. Neither was it any good trying to play a game over. The whole thing was done and the scoreboard said zero for him. She hated the sight of him and the thought of him.

He noticed that the door of her room was open and when he came abreast of it he saw that she was in the room. She stood back from the doorway, facing him—and that stopped him. He had a last word he wanted to say:

"Next time you take a vacation let me know where you're going so that I won't be there."

"It is so considerate of you to spare my feelings."

SHE had hit that one raw spot on him too many times; he couldn't stand it again. He put down the valise and he went into the room. He reached back and he shut the door so hard that the crash sounded all through the flimsy hotel. The back of his neck began to sting and he had the same feeling that he used to have when some lad on the other team had given him the knee once too often.

"Listen," he said, "you've scraped all the hide off me there is to scrape."

"Your hide," she said, "is a foot thick. I ought to know. I have tried everything but an elephant gun. Nothing gets through."

"Now that it's all over," he told her, "I can let you in on a secret. You had me on the ropes most of the time."

She gave him an intent glance and her stormy and scornful expression changed to a wondering regret. "I don't believe it," she murmured.

"I don't cry in public," said Bill Kittrick.

"If," she said in a sudden lift of tone, "you had ever cried out once, or hit back once, if you had ever shown a single human emotion—"

"Sure," said Bill Kittrick, "you wanted to see blood—"

"You were dumb rock and patience. You were very kind, but you might as well have been a stone Buddha."

"I wish," he said, "I could forget you but every time I breathe I can feel a sore spot you left in me. But the fighting's over. Now you can pick another chopping block like—"

Somebody knocked and the door opened behind Bill Kittrick. He turned to find the blond lad in the room. The blond lad wasn't smiling. He gave Bill Kittrick a tough going-over with his glance and looked at Marsha. "I could hear this bird clear down the stairs. What's he shouting at you for? You want me to clear him out?" He got angrier with each word and hunched his shoulders at Bill Kittrick. "What you shouting at her for? How'd you get in here anyway—"

"Scram," said Bill.

"Ah," said the blond lad, "tough, hunh?" He dropped his shoulders and he took a step forward. But he was a little too leisurely in his preparations and Big Bill, stepping forward, swung his left hand upward with his weight and caught the blond lad on the chin. The blond lad went backward like a tree; his fall shook the hotel.

Marsha cried, "Stop that!"

"Shut up," murmured Big Bill, and watched the blond boy come off the floor. The blond lad was grinning, the light of joyous battle was on his face; and Big Bill knew then it would be a beautiful fight.

"Bill," said the blond boy, still grinning, "thanks for the Christmas present and here's one for you—"

BUT Marsha was between them. "Hank," she said to the blond lad, "that wallop was meant for me."

"He'd hit you?" said the blond lad in astonishment.

"Nobody likes the fellow who steps into a family quarrel. Close the door on your way out."

The blond lad stared at Marsha with complete astonishment. It took him a moment to bring his thinking up to date. When the situation finally became clear to him he suddenly laughed aloud. Still chuckling, he left the room.

"Bill," said Marsha, "it is the first time I really knew what was in your heart."

The scorn and bitterness and the resentment had left her face; it was like a gate being drawn aside. "All I ever wanted was to be loved, Bill. Kindness isn't enough." She raised her hand to him and she opened it, and he saw that she held the engagement ring he had tossed out of the window. "I spent two hours on my hands and knees looking for this. On my hands and knees. That's the way I have always felt about you. I just wanted to know it was that important to you."

"I guess," he said, "it's going to be feast and famine the next forty years. We never do things the easy way."

"Oh, Bill, I'll never hurt you again."

"The heck you won't," he said, and reached out for her. She was a beautiful girl; she was round and solid in his arms and the kiss brought everything back as it had been in the beginning. He wasn't alone any more and he didn't feel brittle and broken up. He had what he had never ceased to want.

Pretty soon she stepped back and a swift cloud crossed her face. "How'd you get mixed up with that undernourished female I saw you with in the taproom?"

But he knew now how to handle this sort of situation; he drew her back to him. "Look," he said, "did you come down here for a debate?"

"No, Bill," she said, and sighed and forgot her question, "not really. This is nicer, isn't it?"

THE END

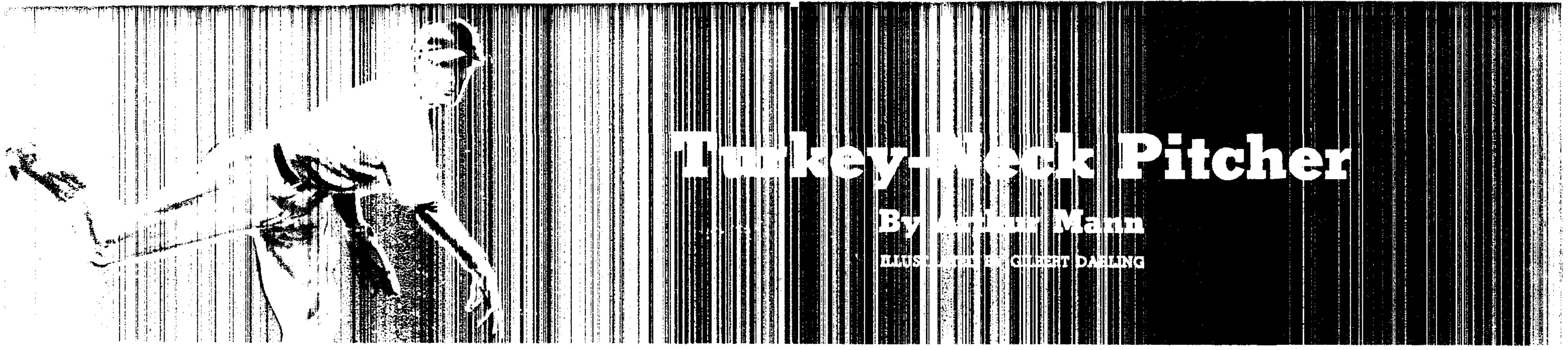
PREVENTS
PAINFUL SUNBURN

Keep fit to do your bit! Play *safe* in the sun, with SUTRA*! This new kind of Sunfilter Cream contains an exclusive compound which forms an invisible shield against harmful burn rays. It prevents painful *sunburn, ugly blistering and peeling.* BUT it does NOT interfere with the sun's beneficial and tanning rays.

SUTRA is non-greasy. It is insect-repellent. (A perfect powder base!) Get SUTRA for all the family today! At better drug and department stores, in three sizes: 25¢, 65¢ and $1.00.

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • U. S. Pat. Pend.

Artra Cosmetics, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey



Turkey-Neck Pitcher

By Arthur Mann

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

IT WASN'T an ordinary lovers' quarrel, because the retorts lacked the snap and dig of complete emotional upheaval. Moreover, they lingered in the booth long after the drugstore clerk had removed the luncheon dishes, and they twisted each other's fingers in a pleasant sort of stalemate.

"Ellen, it's the answer to everything," he argued, trying another tack. "Four thousand dollars would be a cushion. I could save another thousand from the summer baseball salary. We could almost get by on what I'd make over and above the P-and-S scholarship. By the time I got my medical degree, we'd be set. It's a big-league ball club's gamble—the same as if I got hurt right after getting the bonus."

She had begun shaking her head of black curls halfway through his plea, but it was more a gesture of doubt than stubborn refusal.

"And supposing you *were* hurt pitching summer baseball," she reminded. "Your hands, Don . . . a stiffened finger. With all your plans for surgery, what good would five thousand dollars be then? Besides," she added, wincing, "they're buying more than your pitching. They expect loyalty. If you told them beforehand—"

"Oh, Ellen, you make it so tough." He sighed and ran a big hand through a mop of red hair. "I wouldn't be the first. Other players have pulled out, and the ball clubs never make a squawk. In fact, they half expect it."

Perhaps, she murmured, but not from medical students. Somehow a deliberate scheme seemed beyond true medical ethics and seeking an easy way like this was dangerous. She wanted least of all to be the cause of it. Yet, she didn't feel equal to defying him openly. He was headstrong, proud of his work in the medical course at Monroe, and proud of the way he could beat college baseball teams.

"After all," he reminded, "Pottsy says it's okay and he's the best friend a guy ever had, Ellen . . . the way he got big-league teams bidding for me forced Chicago into a bonus agreement."

She rose at the sound of the coach's name, because she didn't like him. He was loud and fat and brassy. "You'd better be getting over to the field," she said.

"All right." He fished through his pockets. "Here's your ticket . . . an extra one Pottsy had." He gave her the ticket and cupped her tiny chin in his big hand. "And I'll show this Joe Rourke enough today to make Chicago give *him* a bonus for signing me."

IT WAS early when she reached her reserved seat in the little wooden horseshoe, but the Monroe undergraduates and a swarm of townspeople filled the seats quickly.

For the first time, as he came out to warm up before the game, she wasn't rooting for him. She hoped that somehow the State Aggies would hit his sneaking fast ball, as people called it, and hit it hard. A few innings of that, and the Chicago scout, Joe Rourke, would keep his money. At least, it might delay things a while.

But Don Wheeler wasn't hit hard or at all, not at the beginning of the game, anyway. He threw a chest-high fast ball across their letters and three Aggies batters returned to the bench in dismay. She sighed. That's the way it usually happened for three hitless innings. The next three would bring a couple of hits, but no runs. When they finally solved the mystery of his puzzling fast ball, Monroe would have hit the opposing pitcher for enough to make Don a winner.

Her alternative was to hope that Monroe wouldn't score, and they didn't in the first two. She was hoping just as hard in the home half of the third when the vacant seat at her left was taken by a puffing, burly figure who wasn't enjoying the heat of late May. He lowered his hulk into the seat with a grunt, removed a hat from a head of thinning hair, mopped his florid face with a damp kerchief and ran the cloth around the soaking sweatband. She noted the initials J. R. The hat was from a Chicago store, and she guessed immediately that this must be the Chicago scout, Joe Rourke. Of course it was, since his ticket, like hers, had come from the Monroe coach.

His eyes wandered toward hers. He smiled, nodded and muttered something about the heat. She smiled in return and they watched the ball game. After more than an inning of silence, curiosity overcame her. Perhaps if she could influence him—

"He's certainly turning the batters back today," she ventured.

The man nodded. "Pretty fast. Got a few innings to go, though. Anything can happen."

She wasn't the least ashamed of finding comfort in this possibility. If quick money for marriage had turned his red head, then perhaps fate or something would set him to thinking right. But fate was very tardy, because he turned in two more brilliant innings after allowing a scratch hit in the fourth. He seemed to be getting stronger and, when the Monroe sluggers bunched four hits for a pair of runs in the seventh, her hopes dwindled. She turned to the scout.

"Looks like his day," she said and, as he nodded, she went on: "I guess the big leagues are lucky to get him."

He turned quickly. "You a friend of his?"

"Oh, I'm a student here. But I've met him. Why?"

He listened to the crowd roar and said, "Ever hear of a turkey neck?"

"I've heard of chicken necks. Any difference?"

He leaned toward her and pointed. "Look at this Wheeler's right arm when he pitches. Behind that flip of the wrist is a flip of the elbow. See it? It's like a wriggle. We call it a turkey neck."

"Is . . . is that good?"

"Anything but," he muttered. "With steady work, it means a sore elbow. If he ever reaches the big leagues, they'll have to correct it. That means an unnatural delivery, an' a sore arm. Pottsy Miller brings me all the way from Chicago to see a turkey-neck pitcher!"

She fought the feeling of terror that rose suddenly. She tugged at his coat sleeve. "Couldn't he go to the big leagues?"

Rourke made a wry face. "He can beat most college teams with his fast ball, but that's about all."

The last words trailed off as she rose and threaded her way through the spectators and out of the horseshoe. Now it was all changed, and her sole hope was to reach him first. Giving this news brutally, after all his dreams and smugness, would wound him far deeper than he deserved.

She walked in the shade of the grandstand, fighting her jumpy nerves, listening to the joyous roaring that rose with his increasing success, and her pity deepened until she wanted to cry for him. . . .

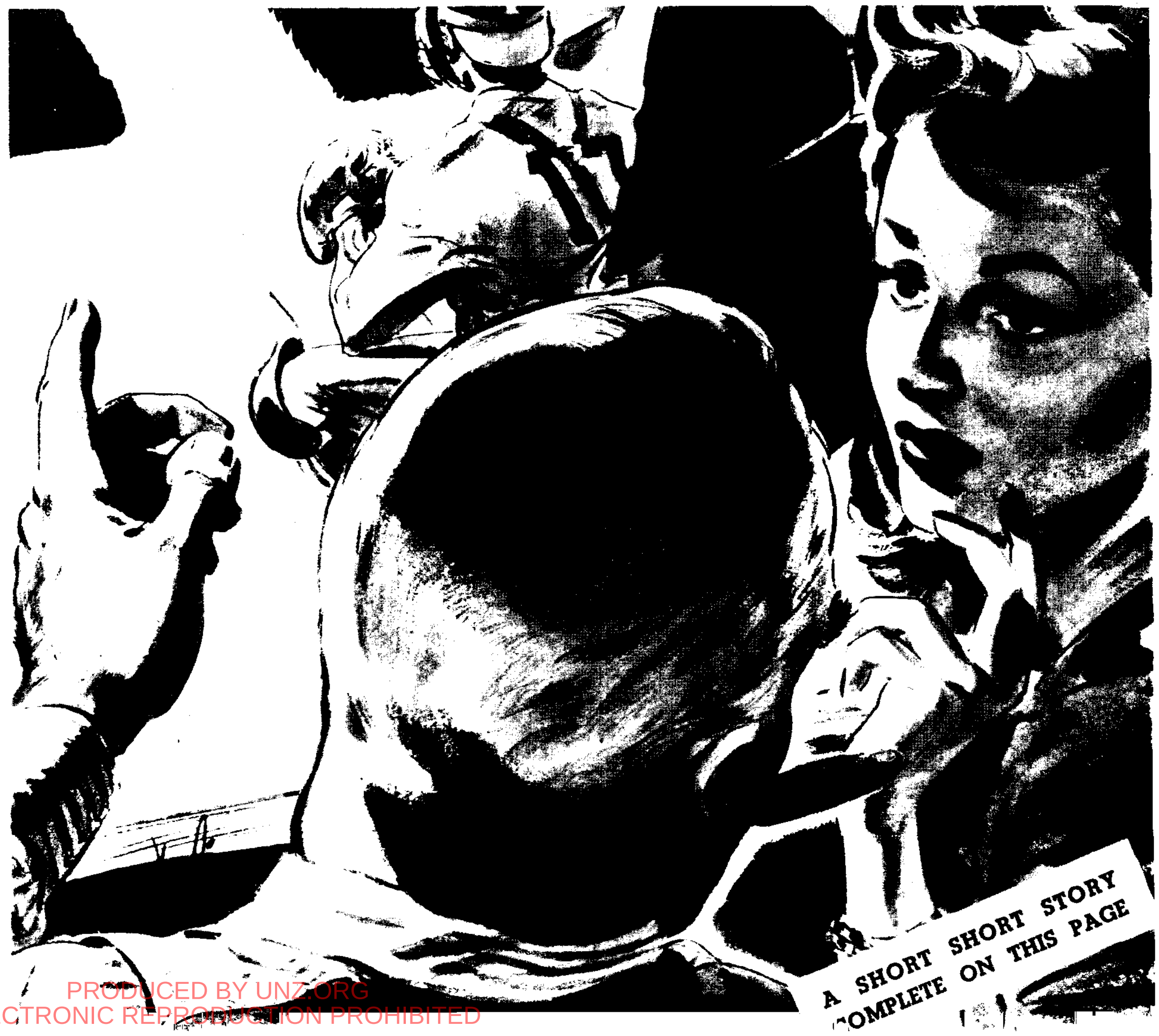
THE game was over. She waited at the exit through which he would march triumphantly to the adjacent clubhouse. There she was soon joined by red-faced Rourke, who was greatly surprised at meeting her again. An instant later the Monroe players charged through in a parade of hysterical gaiety and trooped into the clubhouse. Don and the overweight coach trailed at the end of the line, looking as though the game had been lost. The coach waved to them.

"The heat's got him!" he muttered, and led the pitcher to where they stood. "Talk to him, Rourke. Tell him he's nuts . . . claimin' he won't sign with anybody!"

"I'm not crazy!" Don exclaimed. He turned to Ellen. "I . . . I did a lot of thinking, Sweetie. Out there I . . . I seemed to get a clearer view of things. If it's still okay, we'll take the hard way."

She clung tightly to his sweat-soaked arm and turned her head to look at Rourke who evidently had seen enough ball games to know what the score was. He grasped the situation perfectly.

"The last thing we want in Chicago," he said, "is a dissatisfied ballplayer. But if you ever want to sign with anybody, Wheeler, just tell your little woman to get in touch with me. Come on, Pottsy, introduce me to your second baseman. We can use him in Peoria."



He leaned toward her and pointed. "Look at this Wheeler's right arm when he pitches. See it?"

Come in Today and Buy a New CHEVROLET

The Quality Car . . .

The Economy Car . . .

The Sensible Car for These Times

IT PAYS TO BUY THE LEADER AND GET THE LEADING BUY

NEW CAR RATIONING RULES ANNOUNCED BY O.P.A.

Now—you can buy your new car and enjoy Chevrolet's low first-cost, low operating cost, low maintenance cost.

Here are some of the relaxed rules covering proof of necessity for all eligible buyers:

1. That the applicant must travel quickly and would be better able to do so by automobile than by other means of transportation.
2. That he must transport passengers or heavy or bulky tools or materials.
3. That he would have to spend at least one and one-half hours in going to and from work without a car, and could save 45 minutes by using one.
4. That without a car he would have to walk at least three miles in going to and coming from work.
5. That his work is arduous, or his hours unusually long, or that he must travel late at night.
6. That local transportation services are overcrowded.
7. That his physical condition would make it a hardship for him to use public transportation facilities.
8. That he clearly needs an automobile because of other circumstances.

See your CHEVROLET DEALER and let him help determine your eligibility to purchase a new motor car

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
General Motors Corporation
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

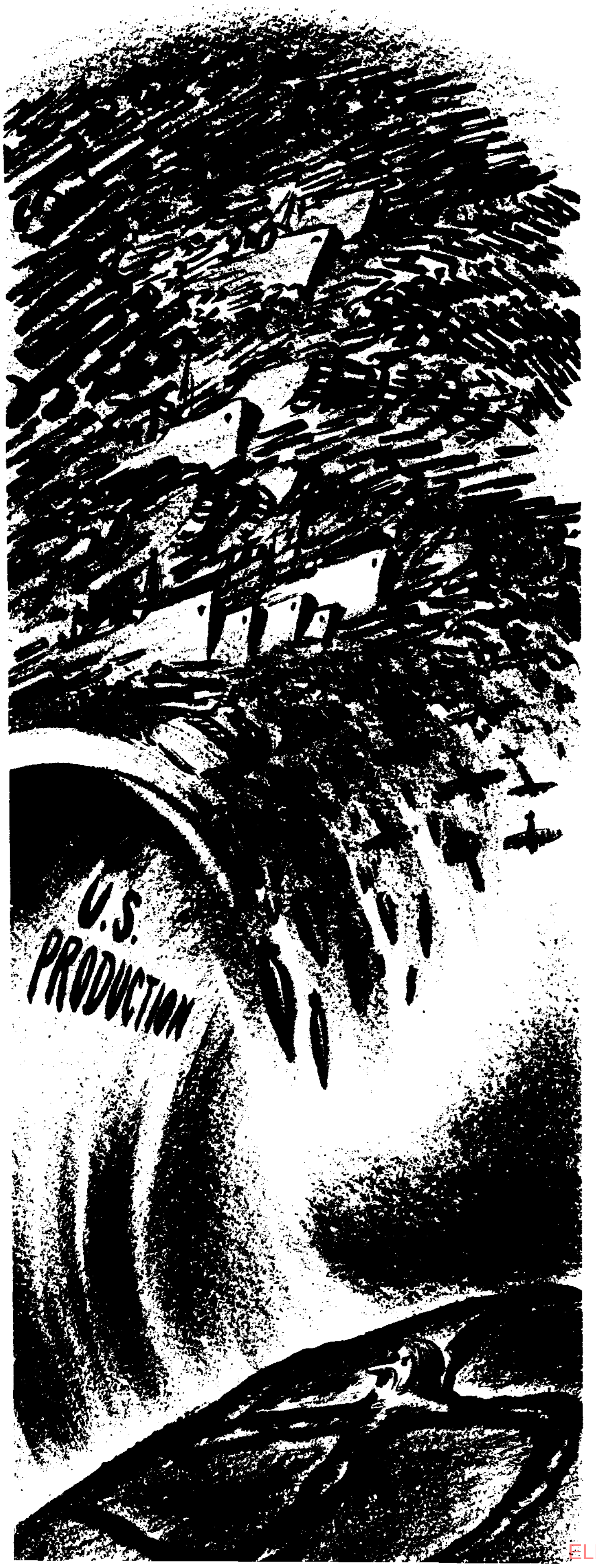
COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Editorial Communiqué



HERE is a brief report of what we think about how the war is going, from a recent extensive tour of various shipyards and war factories, generals' and admirals' offices, and other focal points of United States war energy:

This country's war-production machine is rolling—and we mean rolling.

Exact figures on production of planes, guns, tanks and ships are military secrets, of course. About plane production, though, it is permissible to state that it is now phenomenal, that no reason has yet appeared why the President's huge goals cannot be reached on schedule, and that there is more than an even chance that they will be surpassed.

Tanks are coming off the assembly lines at rates which remind you of automobile production in boom years—and this is only a start.

The Axis submarines off the Atlantic Coast have been taking some fat bites out of our shipping and that of our allies and friends. The big bottleneck in the United Nations' war effort since we entered the war has been shipping. But our shipyards, by and large, are now turning out huge tonnages per month, smoothly and efficiently and with a minimum of labor trouble. If our Navy and naval air forces can't lick the submarines (which in time they probably can) the overwhelming weight of our shipyards' output will.

Smaller bottlenecks are always developing; but as fast as they develop, agile brains and dauntless hearts go to work at smashing them—and succeed.

American civilian morale—the will-to-win—is high. Especially impressive is the way in which women are going into war plants and doing work hitherto believed strictly men's work. About 1,000,000 women, from all walks of civilian life, are believed already to be working in war plants and doing a superb job of it. Incidentally, most of them draw wages equal to those paid men for the same sorts of work—and properly so, we believe.

Much of the credit for the magnificent showing must go to the businessmen and production experts whom Thurman Arnold & Co. have been kicking around and trying to smear for political purposes. These men out on the firing lines of the home front have already earned the undying gratitude of the American people; and will collect it in time, we are convinced.

In short, this nation has gone to war almost 100%. Seeing the giant of American industry shelling out planes, tanks, ships and guns as deftly as a capping machine slaps out beer or soft drink bottles ready for the ultimate consumer, you cannot help being confident that the Axis is going to be bitterly sorry that it ever tangled with us. Indeed, you come to feel that there may be something in the more optimistic of the military, naval and air men's flat assurances that this war is two thirds won already.

Thumbs Down on John L.

JOHN L. LEWIS has launched an ambitious scheme which, if it goes to its logical fruition, will make him food czar of the United States. A man who can control a nation's food supply has a strangle hold on that nation's throat.

Lewis is trying to haul, first, all the dairy farmers in the land, and then all the other farmers, into —hold your hats, now—his United Mine Workers labor organization. These alleged unionists would turn over to him, in addition to generous monthly dues, the power to deal for them with jobbers and middlemen. Thus Lewis would boss the whole American food supply setup.

What some farmers think of the idea is indicated by the fact that a bona fide farm organization in New York State, where Lewis is staging his initial big drive, has undertaken to insure New York farmers up to $10,000 for any barn that may be burned by "peaceable organizers" from Lewis' union. What kind of union is it whose prospective members begin to insure against goon squads, thugs and hoodlums the moment it sets out to bring them its blessings?

We hope this bid for dictatorship will be kicked in the teeth.

Special applause, we believe, is due to Thomas E. Dewey who once broke up a lot of rackets in New York City and has now taken the field to fight this one up and down New York State. It takes real courage to fight even a phony union.

We hope the various farmers' organizations will exhibit no less courage. United and bold, they can lick Lewis. Divided and timorous, they will be his meat—and we'll all suffer for it.

War Bonds as Investments

WITH the Treasury Department stepping up its efforts to sell War Bonds, a good many people are wondering just how good these bonds really are as investments.

Certainly some Washington radicals, who want to see a new revolution after this war, are doing their best to make these bonds bad investments. There is a way, however, as we understand the mechanics and arithmetic of the situation, to keep these bonds the solid investments that they are now. That way is for all of us who can buy any of them to buy as many as we can.

If the majority of us are loaded up with these bonds, the majority of us will naturally be opposed to the inflationary and taxpayer-destroying ideas that are the stock in trade of the radicals. The more bondholders there are, the more effective will be the fight they can put up against these schemes for making the bonds worthless.

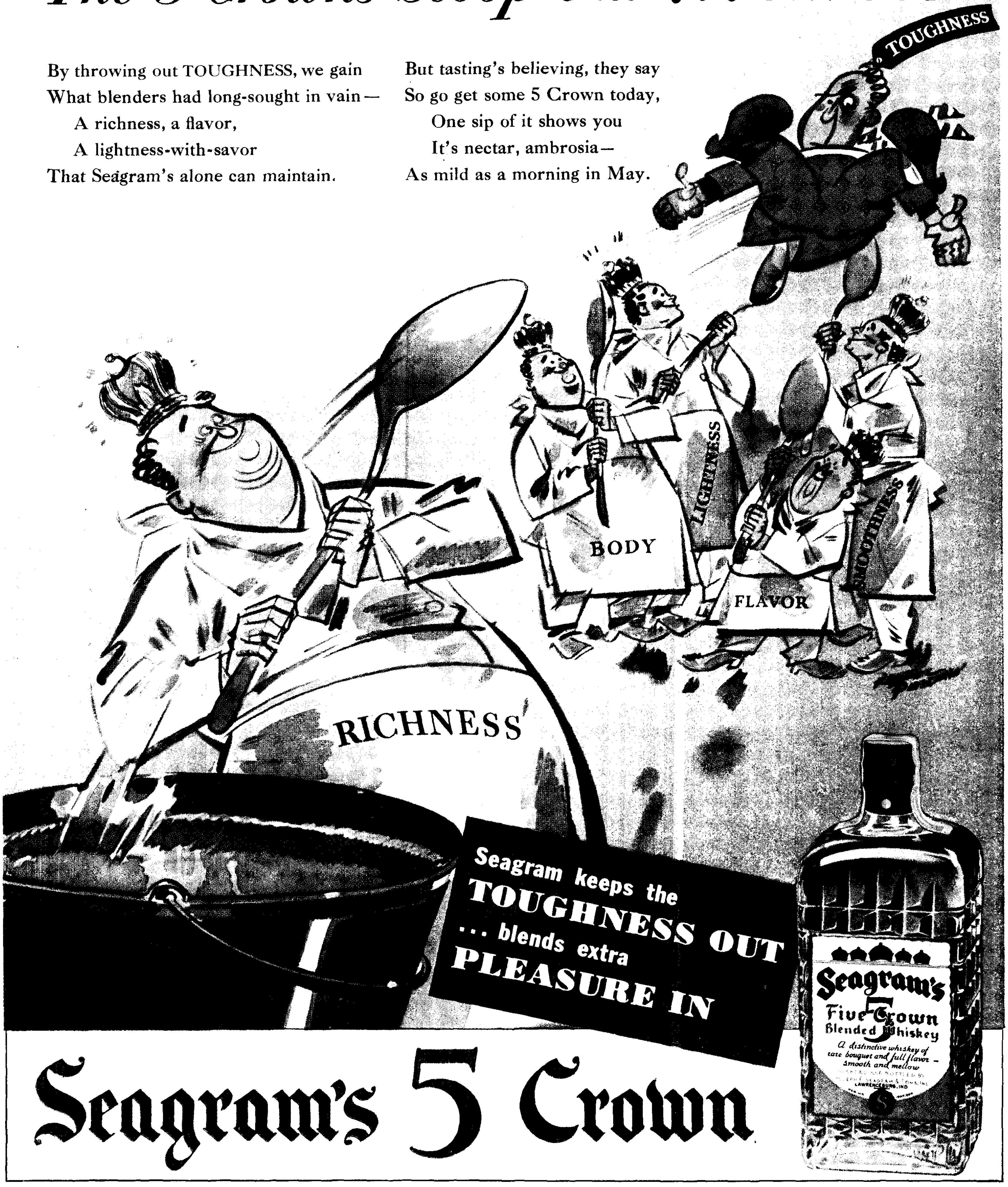
It may happen that our eventual war debt simply cannot be either paid off in full or carried in full. In that case, some readjustment will have to be made. If most of us are holding bonds at that time, that readjustment will be made as fairly as possible for all of us. If only a handful of us have bonds, the majority will most likely be led by demagogues into some foolish kind of national-debt revamping which will hurt us all—though the majority won't realize that, until the injuries to us all have progressed too far to be halted.

It's the old story: We've got to hang together if we don't want to hang separately, and that goes for the financing as well as for the fighting of this war.

The 5 Crowns Scoop Out TOUGHNESS

By throwing out TOUGHNESS, we gain
What blenders had long-sought in vain—
A richness, a flavor,
A lightness-with-savor
That Seagram's alone can maintain.

But tasting's believing, they say
So go get some 5 Crown today,
One sip of it shows you
It's nectar, ambrosia—
As mild as a morning in May.


TOUGHNESS
BODY
LIGHTNESS
FLAVOR
SMOOTHNESS
RICHNESS
Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
a distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor - smooth and mellow
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

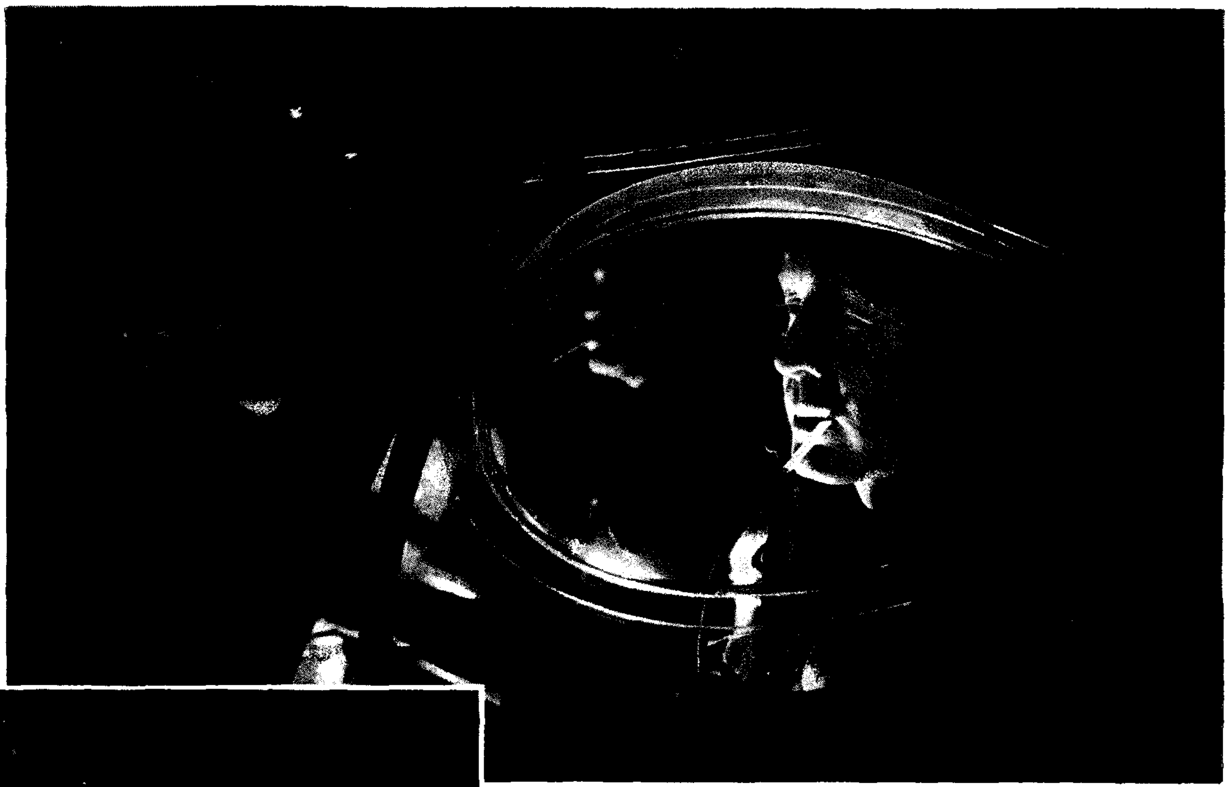
Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

Seagram's 5 Crown

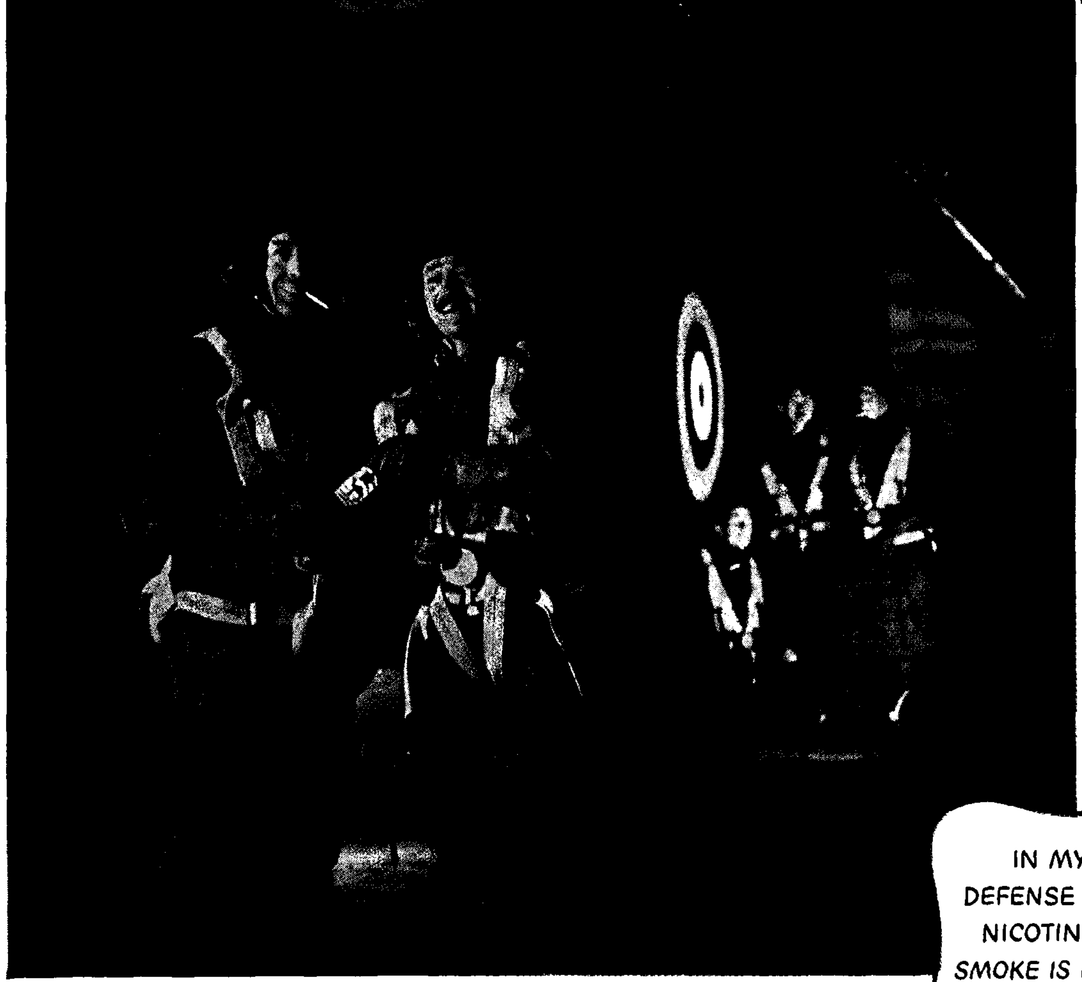
SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're flying Uncle Sam's bombers across the ocean



GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice . . . you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain *(nearest camera)*, a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"



WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), *(second from left, above)* says: "I've found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO CAMELS

There's LESS NICOTINE in the smoke

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

IN MY NEW DEFENSE JOB, LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE IS IMPORTANT TO ME. I STICK TO CAMELS
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina